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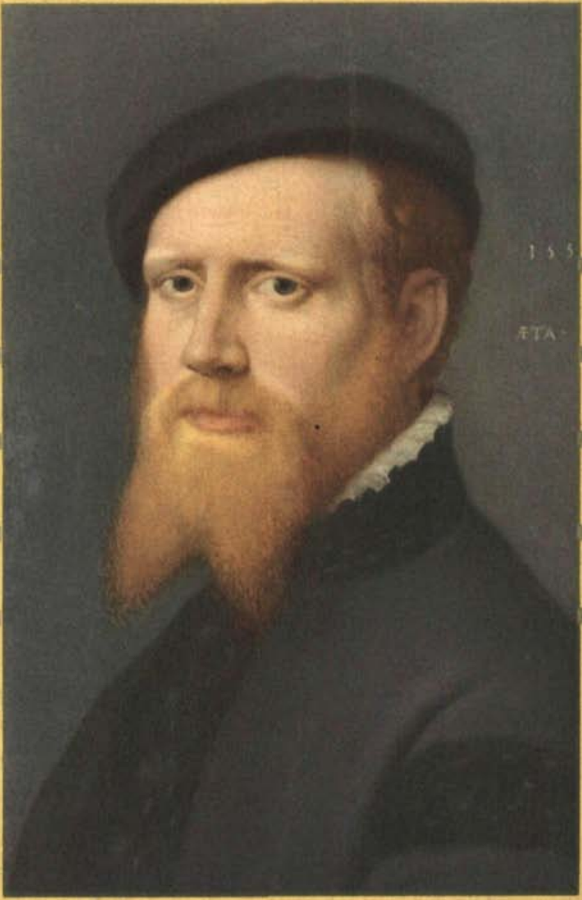

NOVEMBER, 1937

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PUBLISHER

CORONET
Nov. 1, 1937

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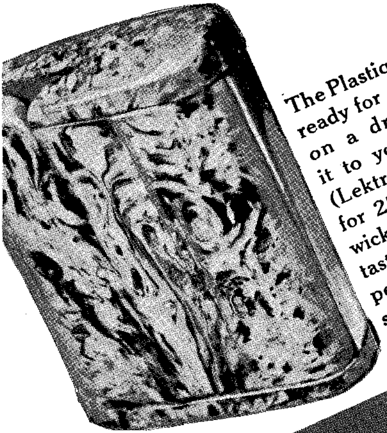
Whole No. 13



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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Poking around at this year's Auto Show, the thirty-eighth, by the way, probably will be Charles E. Duryea, whom the Automobile Manufacturers Association credits with being the inventor of the first successful gasoline-driven motor vehicle. After seeing his dream expand to one of the largest industries in the world, Mr. Duryea is now working on a new automobile to revolutionize everything that has gone before.

The basis of the new idea is simplicity, and along the same lines, Mr. Duryea has taken time from his experiments to invent a simplified spelling also. Reads the letterhead of a note on which he accepted an invitation to the show:

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★ ★ ★

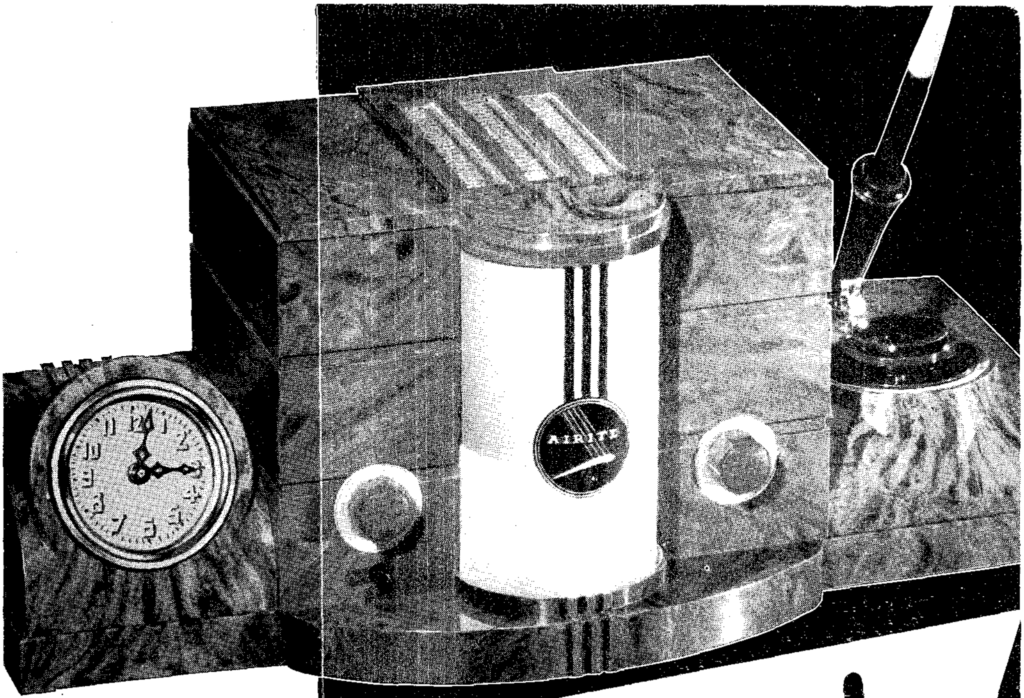
The perennial gentleman from Indiana, Booth Tarkington, is at it again, and his newest volume, *Rumbin Galleries* is the Literary Guild's selection for November. But not only has Mr. Tarkington, clad in an old brown bathrobe and perched at a drawing board on a little gallery that runs around the living room of his Maine home, been working at his own books. Kenneth Roberts, a Kennebunk Beach neighbor, reports that he read large sections of *Northwest Passage* to Mr. Tarkington who tore it apart and suggested revisions that Mr. Roberts made.

★ ★ ★

Every so often the Newspaper Institute of America gets around to puzzling over its student roster. For represented on the list are five would-be authors from Java, two natives of Nigeria, several from the Federated Malay States, Samoa, Kenya, Latvia and the Fiji Islands. Some of the pupil's occupations are even more exotic; fire rangers, radio operators, miners, yes, and deep sea divers and baronesses. Most inspiring of all, a young lady enrolled in a journalism course is an eye-puncher in a needle factory.

★ ★ ★

Away back in 1910 Dobbs started making men's headsize hats for women and at the same time named each model, just as they do today. Where today a flip young miss may have her choice of "New Yorker," "Scalawag," "Sew and Sew" and "500," the Gibson girl sat in front of a mirror and looked at "Amazon," "Fortune Hunter," "Monte Carlo" and "Motor Club" before buying "Chocolate Soldier."



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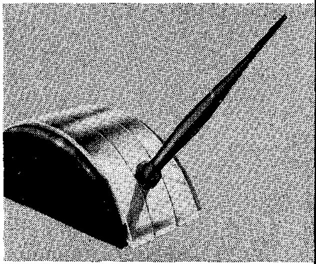

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American Express has been called on to do practically everything for its customers and non-customers in inaccessable parts of the world, but seldom have they leaped into the breach more successfully than they did recently in Paris.

An American tourist fell in with some Gallic cardsharpers and was rapidly being fleeced of his funds as he sat in a little Montmartre buvette. In front of each of his new friends a little pile of bills and American Express checks grew higher and the Yank got visibly unhappier.

Suddenly out of the shadows stepped an American Express private detective. Just like Dick Tracy he dealt each sharper a glance from which he cringed and then he picked up all the American Express checks and put them in his pocket, dropped a card in front of the American and with a cryptic "Drop in at the office in the morning," strode off down the street.

The traveler, sheepish but thankful, turned up the next day for a lecture from American Express.

★ ★ ★

United Airlines passengers flying from New York to Chicago with Captain Bob Dawson are not aware of the fact that they are flying a mile off the regular course when they are between Bernardsville and Basking Ridge, N. J. For Captain Dawson is building himself a fine rambling house with a swimming pool and he drops over on every run just to see how it's coming along. He notes that the roof is nearly on.

★ ★ ★

It's almost possible to sit in a glass house and throw stones around the living room now that Cora Scovil has been inventing things again. Mrs. Scovil produces most of those mannekins with three-inch eyelashes which lure women into paying more than they should for clothes, and her latest opus is cellophane furniture.

Cellophane is putting it a bit lightly, for it is really cellulose acetate pressed into sturdiness. But it is completely transparent, including the piano, a tiny upright with every string and lever in full view. Mrs. Scovil is planning a bedroom set for herself now and is toying with the idea of putting a light under the bed so she won't have to feel around for her mules.

★ ★ ★

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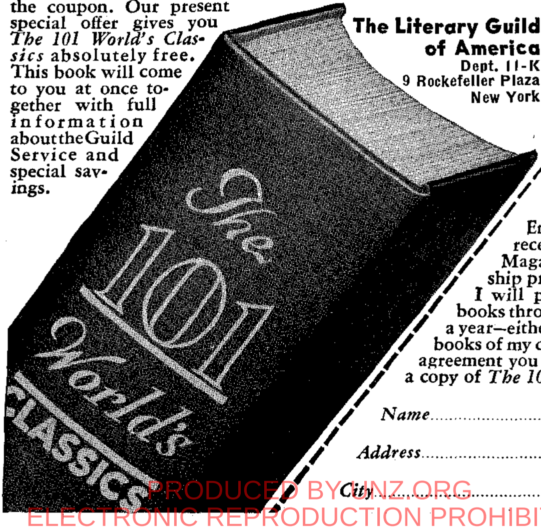

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- Camille
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- Allegory of the Cave
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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

For those who can see through their nostalgic tears, a peep into the prospectus issued more than forty years ago by the Hickory foundation people is well worth while. After several pictures of the Hickory supporters fitting well under a bustle and not interfering with an erect military figure are two pages of "the frivolous fad of the hour," trick garters without which no wardrobe was complete.

There for the edification of a literal younger generation is the garter adorned with the left hind foot of a rabbit caught in a churchyard in the dark of the moon, there is the radiant hued silken band with gilded rosettes which tinkle, there is the distracting device fitted out with a purse for carrying powder chamois, jewels or money, here is a funny one with a thermometer attached, and here, oh here, is the one about which the booklet says nothing touches a woman's heart more nearly, the one with the baby doll and the scroll "I'm a warm baby."

★ ★ ★

Schiaparelli's salon in Radio City, a lush background for her new perfume "Shocking," is something of an artistic triumph. A blend of several French periods, with a gold leaf accent on that of Louis XV, it features the penetrating magenta shade that bears the same name as the scent.

But the exquisite proportions of the Louis XIV console, the Louis XV mirror, candelabra and cabinet are not what most delight the heart of Count Waldemar Armfelt, who presides over all this splendor for Mme. S. He loves to sit and look at a perfect little Napoleon chair, now quilted in pink satin, which he first saw in a dilapidated state in the front of an antique shop in the Rue de Cherche-Midi in the Montparnasse. The shopkeeper had marked it down because the back was broken and Count Armfelt walked away with it for 25 francs.

★ ★ ★

In the mammoth showrooms of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation in New York stands the most recent addition to the famous family which has been looked through from coast to coast. He is called the Thermal Boy and is a member of the dynasty of the Dresden Man and the Glass Woman.

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Captain Robert B. Irving, O.B.E., R.D., R.N.R., who has been acting as the commander of the Cunard Line's *Queen Mary* on her last few voyages is the chieftain of a Scottish clan dating back 1100 years, and when he is ashore on the other side, he hurries to Bonshaw Tower, seat of the clan, which is in Kintlebridge, near Dumfrieshire.

He is very fond of his fine collection of pipes, and after showing a lucky visitor twelve fine specimens on a rack in his cabin, he will warn him solemnly to start out every new pipe by giving it two drinks of whiskey to season the wood.

★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer got the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer press agents all excited when the makeup experts discovered his cranial measurements to be almost exactly those of Napoleon, whom he is impersonating opposite Carbo's Walewska in "Conquest." But their enthusiasm knew no bounds when it came out that M. Boyer, also like his illustrious model, was unable to remember a tune.

Bonaparte was only able to whistle one little nursery rhyme all through his career; it was the French version of "One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, All good children go to heaven." It took Boyer three hours to learn it, M.G.M. proudly reports.

In the half acre or so of pottery and china spread out in the New York showroom of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, Inc., there is a display to delight the hearts of the almost extinct generation brought up on a childhood of R. S. Surtees and Captain Marryat. On a background of finest bone china dinnerwear, the figures of John Leech, who was to Surtees what Tenniel was to Alice in Wonderland, come to life in glowing colors. The wondrous adventures of the grocer Jorrocks, including Pigg in the Melon Frame, the Hill on the Cat and Custard Pit Day, a Bye on the Sly and Jorrocks Minding the Bull are all here for their sentimental contemplation.

★ ★ ★

A flower show without a single Latin name or a lady gladiolus lover is being staged at Marcus, Inc., this fall, and it is probably worth more than all of the displays in Grand Central Terminal put together.

Luther Burbank had nothing to do with it, but the roses are red with rubies and white with diamonds, or yellow with canary diamonds. The double pansy is shades of blue and lavendar sapphires with canary diamonds and the morning glory combines pale blue sapphires with diamonds. Pearls and diamonds fashion the lilies of the valley, yellow sapphires and canary diamonds the coreopsis.

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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Johnny-on-the-Spot for Thomas Cook & Son-Wagons-Lits Inc. is J. E. Lewis, who sometimes thinks he has the world's strangest job. Mr. Lewis is a shipping expert and in the line of duty has packed zebras, Bellanca planes, emeralds and gold-plated Buicks.

His favorite job, next to the time he had to land a baby elephant, trumpeting with rage and exasperation, was when a crate of canaries arrived from Europe. A few boards got loose, the canaries got out, and Mr. Lewis and his cohorts had the wildest canary chase West Street has ever seen.

★ ★ ★

The girls at Elizabeth Araen's find that it isn't safe to pop in on their boss during the day for advice on applying herbal masques and things. For at the drop of a milk bath, Miss Arden grabs them by the wrist and starts experimenting on nail polish color effects and the girls often find themselves running around with one hand tipped with cerise and the other with scarlet.

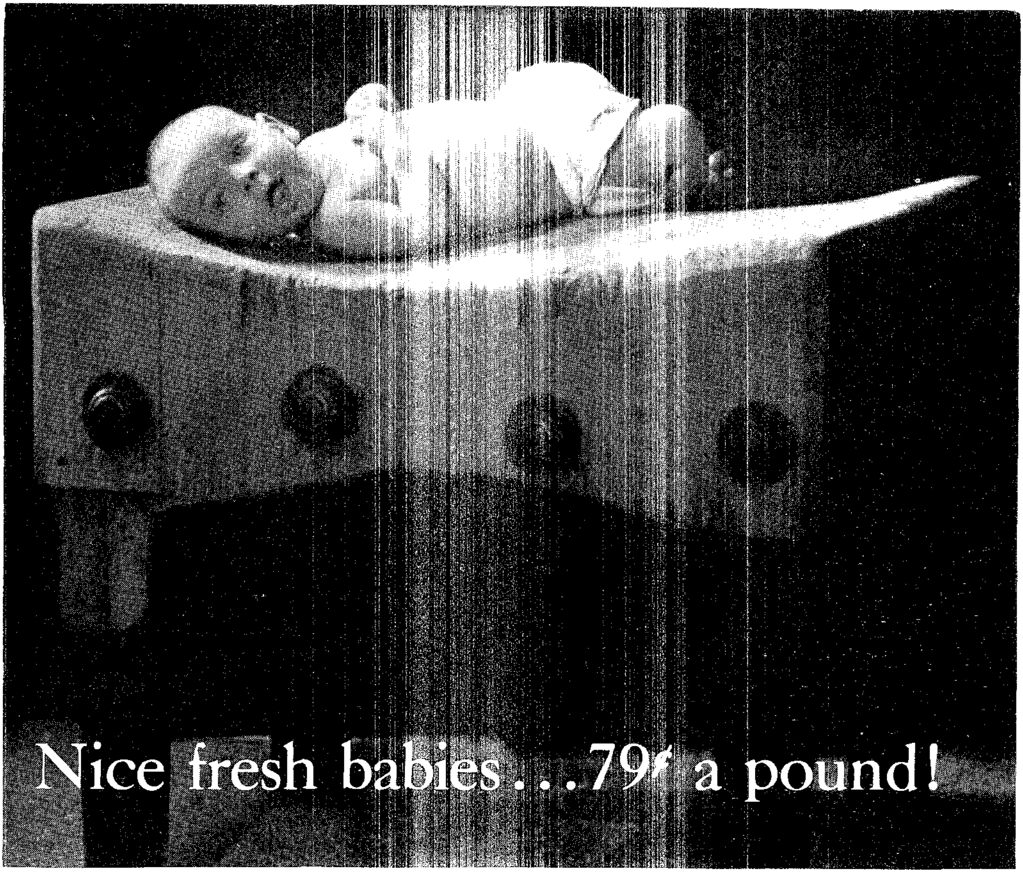
One young miss, all set to meet her boy friend at the end of a long day, stopped in to discuss skin problems for a minute with Miss A. and found herself going out to dinner with a different shade of polish on every nail.

The boys in Warner Brothers' publicity department always know ahead of time just what is the first flash to send across the country when Paul Muni starts a picture. They simply say that Mr. Muni is deep in the study and preparation of a new and remarkable makeup which will make all the others look like a couple of crepe whiskers. When "The Life of Emile Zola" got under way, though, the department had to scurry around for something else in the way of a story. For Mr. Muni crossed them up by keeping the same beard he wore in "The Woman I Love," and with the addition of a little false hair and wig was ready to start defending Dreyfus.

★ ★ ★

When *Tovarich*, the Robert Sherwood comedy drama of life among the Russian exiles, now on tour, was in the middle of its long New York run, an outraged ikon expert with the Hammer Galleries called up to protest the use of a cardboard and papier-mâché ikon in one of the scenes. He offered the loan of a genuine thirteenth century piece for the run of the play, just for accuracy's sake. The stage manager reluctantly refused the offer for two reasons; the ikon had to be electrically wired for a bit of stage business, and the artificial one looked more natural than the real one.

—Margaret O'Brien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• • •

This baby-bounty business is one of the more revolting indications of the war insanity that afflicts the world today. We may consider ourselves here in America as removed from it all . . . as determined to stay out . . . as wanting only peace.

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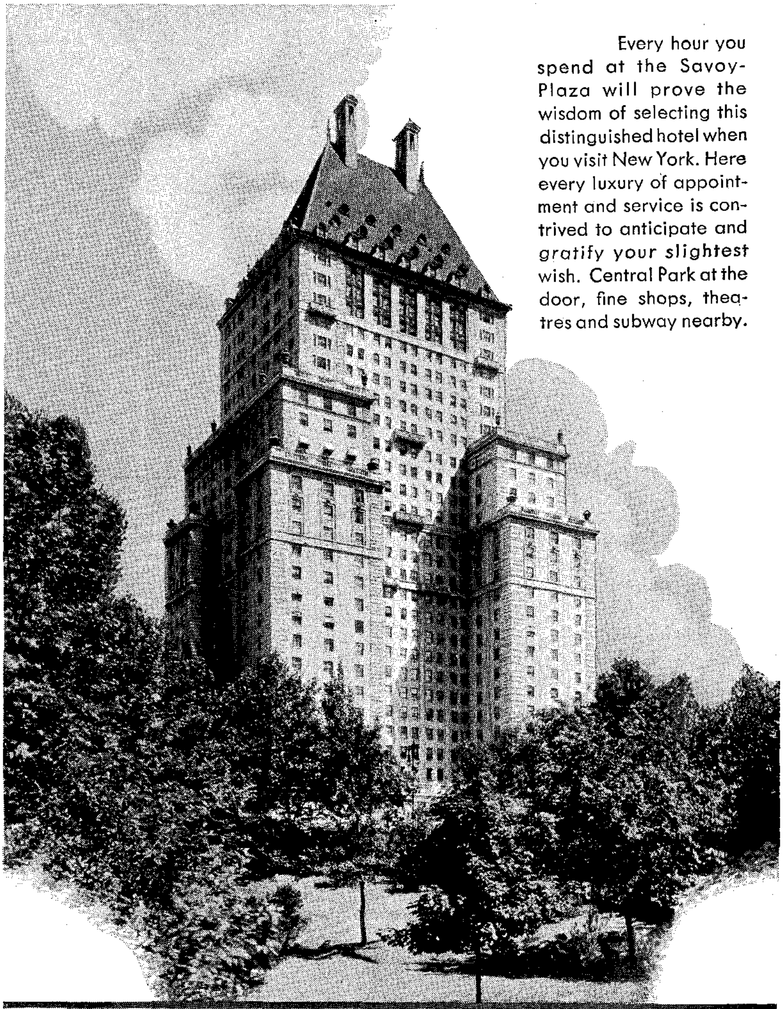

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THE RISE OF THE QUEEN

HOW THE PRESTIGE TO WHICH A KING IS BORN HAS BEEN ACHIEVED BY THE BRITISH QUEEN

When historians come to appraise the career of the recently created Earl Baldwin of Bewdley it is possible that they may consider his action in dismissing a reigning king from the throne less important for posterity than his vindication of the British queen. For the scarcely appreciated consequence of the court crisis of last December is that for the first time the queen has become in some sort a constitutional figure. Baldwin wrote her into the unwritten constitution of the British commonwealth as a symbol hardly less important than the king himself.

Hitherto she had been—except when as in the case of Victoria and Anne she was sovereign in her own right—but a cipher in the British monarchical system, a mere appanage of the British crown. She was chosen by the king and crowned by his command. And thereafter she played but a minor rôle in the kingdom, and no rôle of any kind in the constitution. Her principal, indeed her only, duty in the eyes of the king and his subjects was to bear a male heir to the throne. But since December, 1936, a subtle but important change has been recognized in the status of the British queen.

The Revolution of 1688 established the right of the British Parliament to choose its sovereign. The silent revolution of 1936 equally established the right of the parliaments and peoples of Britain to choose their queen. The fact is a tacit recognition of the immense increase in social power, prestige and national importance acquired by British queens during the past hundred years.

In the eighteen-fifties the queen had not yet reached her modern position in the country. Victoria was far from the triumphs of her diamond jubilee toward the end of the century. Her marriage was scarcely approved of, even by her ministers. Her husband was a prude and a bore. She narrowed the gulf which had been steadily widening between the monarchy and the nation in the Georgian era, but she did not attempt to bridge it entirely.

Victoria nevertheless raised the monarchy to heights which it had not known for two hundred years. She enthroned the sovereign on new and more durable pillars of affection and respect. She enhanced the mystery as well as the majesty of the throne. The kingship emerged from her long reign more stable than it had entered it. But her success as sovereign was primarily as such. It remained for her daughter-in-law Alexandra, and still more for her granddaughter-in-law Mary, to invest the queenly title and queenly part with its modern aura of popularity, social activity and prestige.

Alexandra wore the queen-consort's crown in middle age, but at her coronation she was still a gracious and even lovely figure, with a long tradition of beauty and popularity as Princess of Wales.

Queen Alexandra shared her husband's immense popularity with the humbler Cockney. Nevertheless to the nation at large she still remained a lovely but elusive person, delicate, rose-complexioned, fragile, a creature of porcelain. She aroused sympathy. But Alexandra never acquired the formidable national affection and prestige which were to fall to her dignified, less fragile, more matter-of-fact, more shrewd and sensible daughter-in-law, Mary, the consort of George V.

Mary Princess of Teck had the supreme advantage of being English born, like Victoria. She was the daughter of a popular princess at Victoria's court, Mary Duchess of Teck, and niece of the queen. But it would be foolish exaggeration to say that she was popular when she became queen. The growth of the social and national prestige of Queen Mary is one of the most curious phenomena of the post-war era in England. It had begun during the war, when the social activities of the brief Edwardian reign were no longer possible, and a new phase of royal interest was inaugurated—the four years of hospital visiting, of Red Cross organization, of the stimulation and supervision of the war work of British women in munition factories, of visits to shell-shocked and wounded soldiers and sailors.

At the armistice Queen Mary suddenly revealed herself in a new light, as a would-be, if constitutionally impotent, social reformer. She visited the slums of London's East End, and in other ways showed signs of her interest in national problems, and of her awareness of the changing times. Her real popularity dates from this period. Dignified and distant as she may have seemed to the frivolous London hostesses of the Edwardian era, she was simplicity itself to the wife of the British workingman.

With Mary it may be said that the long history of the queens of England reached its climacteric. She had outshone and outlived the Empress of Germany and the Tsarina of Russia, and had seen the Empress of Austria a young widow in exile. And in the years after the war she shared in the triumphant experiment of a crowned republic, a monarchy weathering the storms of war and revolution and riding easily and successfully the troubled waters of the new age of the swift ascendancy of labor and democracy.

Queen Mary's private like her public life was above reproach. In the provinces of England, and still more in Scotland and Wales, the mass of the nation is deeply religious in the Victorian manner. Divorce is frowned upon. Sunday is a day of at least outward piety. To this provincial England Queen Mary became a pattern of conduct, a symbol of domestic virtue, a paragon of the respectable conventions. She was the ideal English queen. Not a queen of majesty and mystery like Victoria. Nor a queen of romance and beauty like Alexandra. But a symbol of the plain, practical, middle-aged English womanhood of the small town and village, the country parsonage, the small manufacturers and shopkeepers, the industrial and commercial classes, the *rentier*, and even the humblest of the poor.

Queen Mary's triumph, nevertheless, was not gained by her own qualities alone. Three powerful modern influences aided her in accomplishing a silent revolution in the status of queen. These influences were the Press, the Radio, and the Screen.

Queen Mary's direct radio talks have been limited to the transmission of a few words spoken at public ceremonies. But indirectly she has been the subject of considerable radio publicity.

The screen and the newsreel have also played a notable part in the publicizing of the queen. But of the three modern pillars of a democratic monarchy the most powerful is undoubtedly the British Press. Until the world war the principal British newspapers limited their references to the royal family on ordinary occasions to the publication of the Court Circular, a brief and not very communicative bulletin.

With the rise of the sensational press under the late Alfred Lord Northcliffe, the royal family came more and more into prominence in the public prints. The king and queen became news. The wall of secrecy which had surrounded Queen Victoria, and which seemed fairly intact in the early years of the reign of George V and Mary, was at last broken down.

With Queen Mary the rôle of the British Queen, once isolated and obscured, reached its zenith. The age of the solitary monarch had ended with the Georges. With Victoria, at the close of the succeeding century, ended the fiction that the king alone represented the principle of monarchy. Alexandra had indicated the completer rôle of the queen consort. And Mary fulfilled it. With Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, begins a new phase of the British monarchy's long history —the phase of the family enthroned.

Not for over three centuries, since the accession of the first Stuart, James I, has a British king succeeded to the throne with a young wife and children. The present king, George VI, came to the throne at thirty-nine. He is now forty years old and his wife is thirty-six. Their two children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, are respectively eleven and six. Since she became queen the former Duchess of York has steadily increased the popularity she gained after her marriage in 1923.

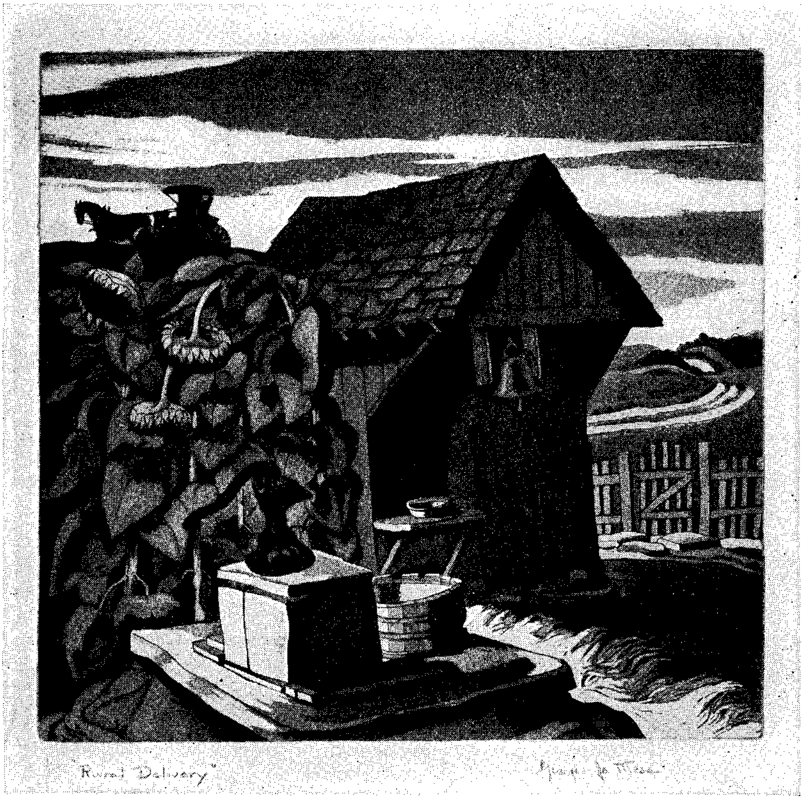
The new royal consort has manifestly modeled her actions and interest on the example of her predecessor, Queen Mary. She has youth, vivacity and charm and has acquired a good deal of the dignity and simplicity of Queen Mary in her public appearances. She is usually accompanied by her children, and the three make an attractive picture which never fails to win the enthusiasm of a sentimental and loyal nation.

The abdication of Edward VIII has had many consquences, some of them predictable, some of them unexpected. One of the subtlest effects of that domestic drama in the house of Windsor has been the appearance of a young queen and her children in the still somewhat stiffly Victorian Buckingham Palace, and the satisfying spectacle, to the British nation, of that domestic felicity without which Edward VIII announced that he could not continue to bear the burdens of the throne. The abdication was a tragic and painful phase of British history, but its sequel has been the opening of a novel and auspicious chapter in it, and the beginning of a new era in the relations between the crown and the people.

The monarchy in England has been stripped successively of all its powers and prerogatives. It remains solely as a link between Great Britain and the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The crown is the symbol of unity, a pure abstraction like the totalitarian state of Hitler and Mussolini, but stronger than any dictator's abstract state because it does not exact obedience but merely loyalty.

And the loyalty is mutual. The king is subject to the law. In a democratic monarchy the king obeys, the people rule. The crown is the symbol of the nation's authority. The king is the first servant of the crown, i.e., the people. The monarchy is, or should be, the sublimation of the nation itself.

What the monarchy lost in political power it has more than gained in social influence. Since it ceased to command obedience and began to offer it, it has found new roots of stability for itself in popular affection. Its sentimental power was never greater than now, and never more mysteriously exercised. In George V and Mary the average Englishman and his wife saw themselves enthroned. In George VI and Queen Elizabeth a new generation sees itself crowned and sceptered. At the beginning of this century the queen-consort emerged from her historic semi-obscurity and even humility. The British queen has risen to her full stature, and her children have joined her on her new pedestal of power and importance. —George Slocombe

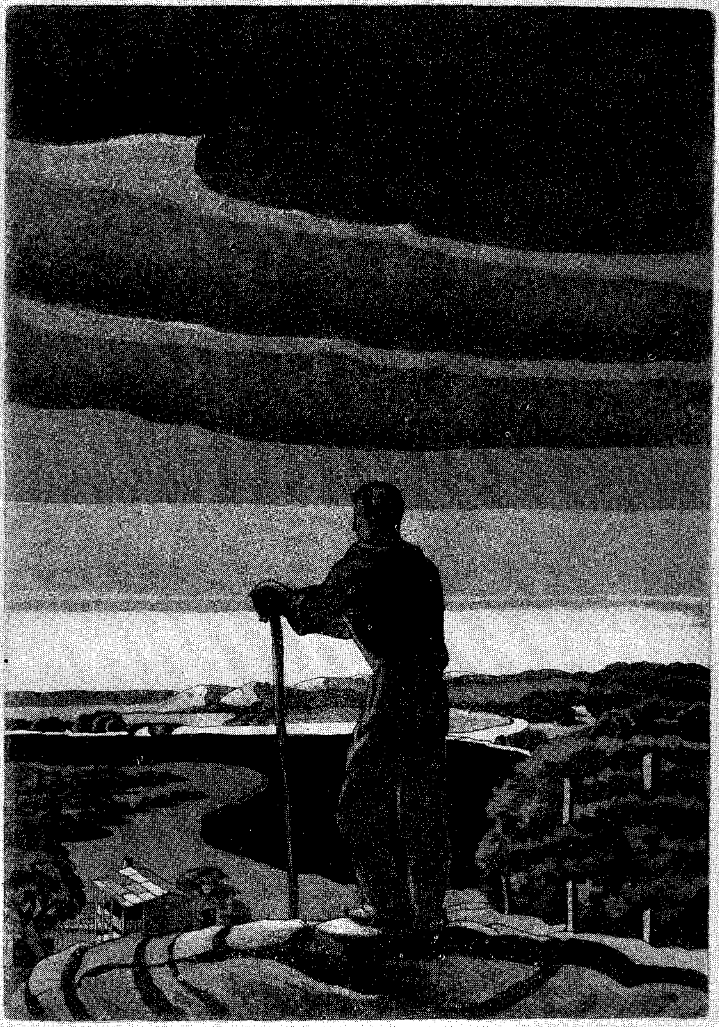


RURAL DELIVERY

Where sunflowers sulk over picket fence,
Where old men doze in impotence,
A sullen sun breeds indolence;
  While windmills groan abysmally.

Where brown shrubs die in hopeless drought,
Where the dull brass note of bees drones out,
The carrier wheels on his dusty route;
  While distant dogs bark dismally.

—Freeman Black



"A Visitor from Delphi"

A VISITOR FROM DELPHI

Pausing among the grapes, brown hands at rest
Upon the hoe's worn nub, how could he know
Who the stranger was who stood below
Watching the brown gay children play with zest
A dancing game before the cottage door;
Turning a face whose curve of lips and brow
Might well have been a sculptor's dream
No marble could retain, a face that wore
The majesty before which princes bow;
Turning eyes whose depths had seen the gleam
Of peaks beyond all peaks that mortals know;
Gazing across the vineyard's flame of leaf and grape
Splashed with the crimson of the ripening year—

How could he know, seeing the stranger turn
Slowly to the blue seas' murmuring near,
That Apollo had come once more to learn
The sweetness of the earth, how the warm sun falls
Where a worn hoe rests, how earth can make
Hearth and home for a loved one's sake—

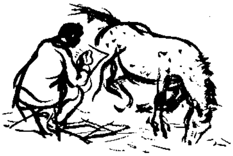
How could he know, a keeper of vines,
That Apollo had lingered a moment there,
Dreaming among the golden grapes
Of all that might be, could he share
Cot and hoe and children's glee—

How could he know that wearily
The great god passed—weary of power, glory—all,
And most of immortality!

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

ARTIST OF THE PEOPLE

A NOTE ON EDMUND BLAMPIED, WHOSE SKETCHES HOLD DISCOURSE WITH HUMANS AND ANIMALS

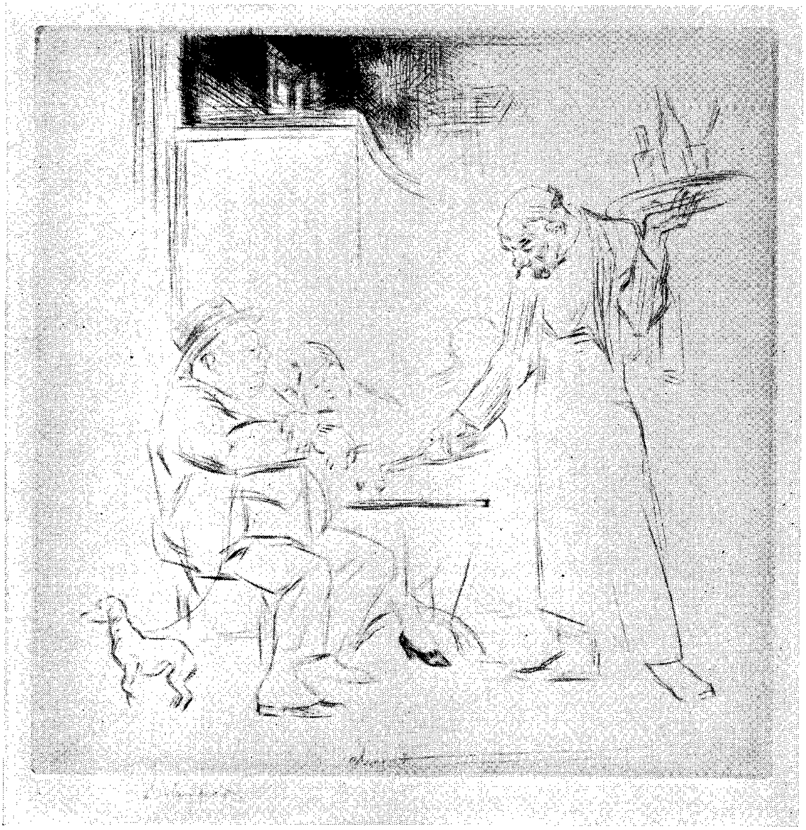


EDMUND Blampied is rooted in solid soil. A native of the island of Jersey, his formative years were spent in the company of horses and peasants, with whom his drypoints and etchings have made us familiar. He does not condescend to the earth, he accepts it and revels in it in the manner of a laughing Millet, a happy-go-lucky Millet who will not be bowed by the weight of centuries. Out of his knowledge he has given us perception, of people and of animals, with both of whom he knows how to hold affectionate discourse. Up to the age of seventeen, when he first saw the spires of London, Blampied's most select company had been field laborers, seaweed gatherers, potato planters, with whose mighty arguments and festivities he has made a generation of collectors familiar.

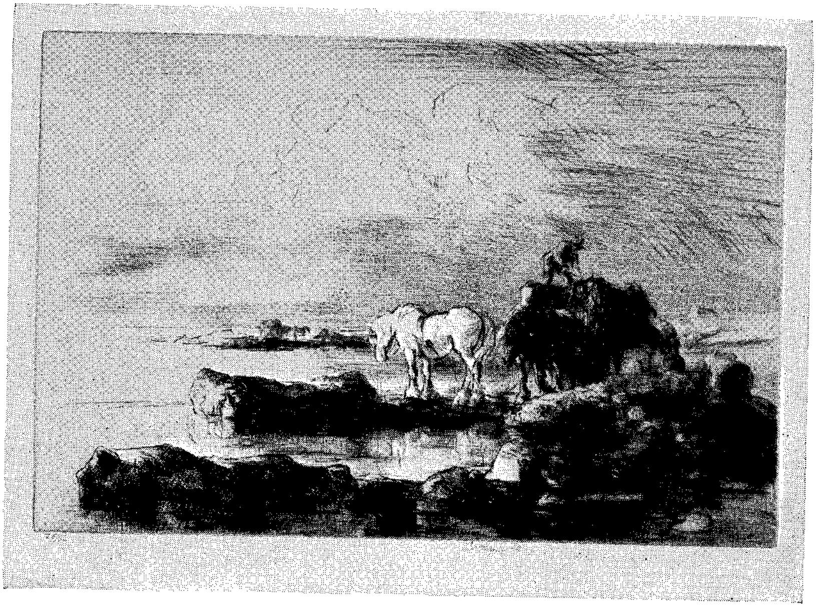
In America we know Blampied only as a black and white artist. But it seems that he has been working in water color and even in oil. He has apparently been regarding the human race with eyes of downright caricature and in activities utterly foreign to the simple isle of Jersey. His dogs pontificating as men will hand almost anyone a laugh but the effect of these drawings is trivial, artificial, momentary, compared to the truly profound humor implicit in his sincerely affectionate perceptions of common men. The bored greyhound looking at his millionth painting at the art gallery and the Scotch and Irish terriers pursuing their golf game are tokens of the civilization that has seeped into the bones of one who was once a peasant. But they are fun and we need not quarrel with an artist who has plumbed depths because he wishes to turn a somersault on the surface.

The color drawings, made partly with wash and partly with lithographic crayon, constitute a *tour de force* compared to his average production. Blampied knows what it is to conquer trouble. During the war, in which he served he sharpened an old nail and scratched a drypoint on copper with it. The war forced him to postpone until 1919 his gallery debut as a printmaker, but his work had only to be seen to be admired. Today the fame of Edmund Blampied is world-wide.

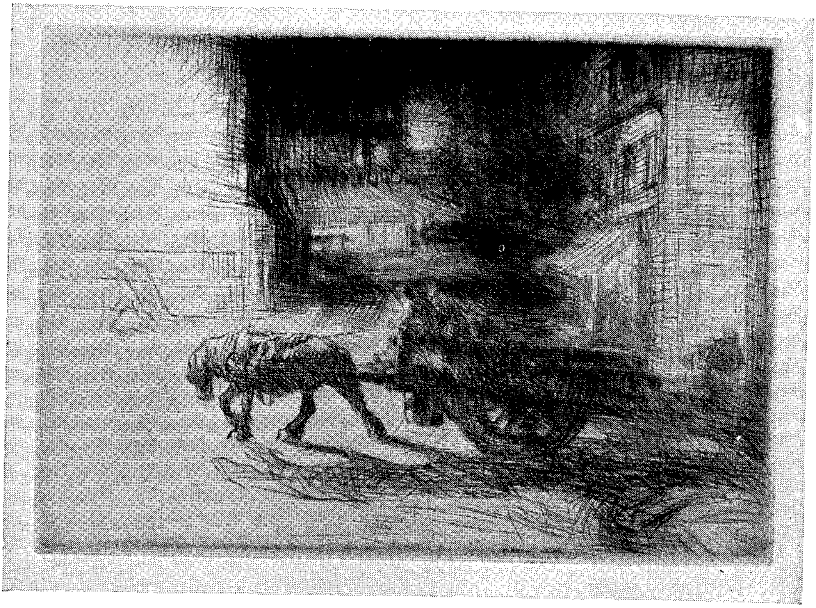
—HARRY SALPETER



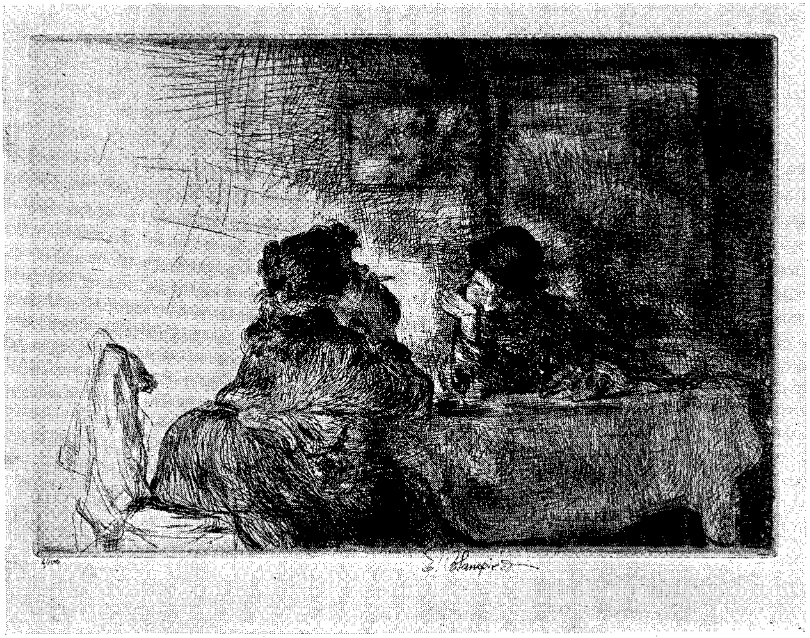
COGNAC FOR TWO



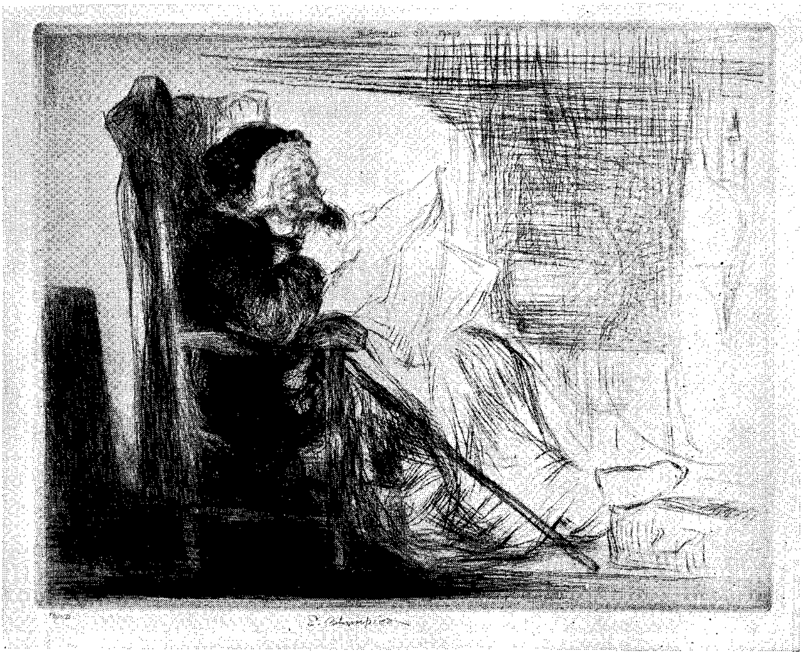
SEASON OF HARVEST



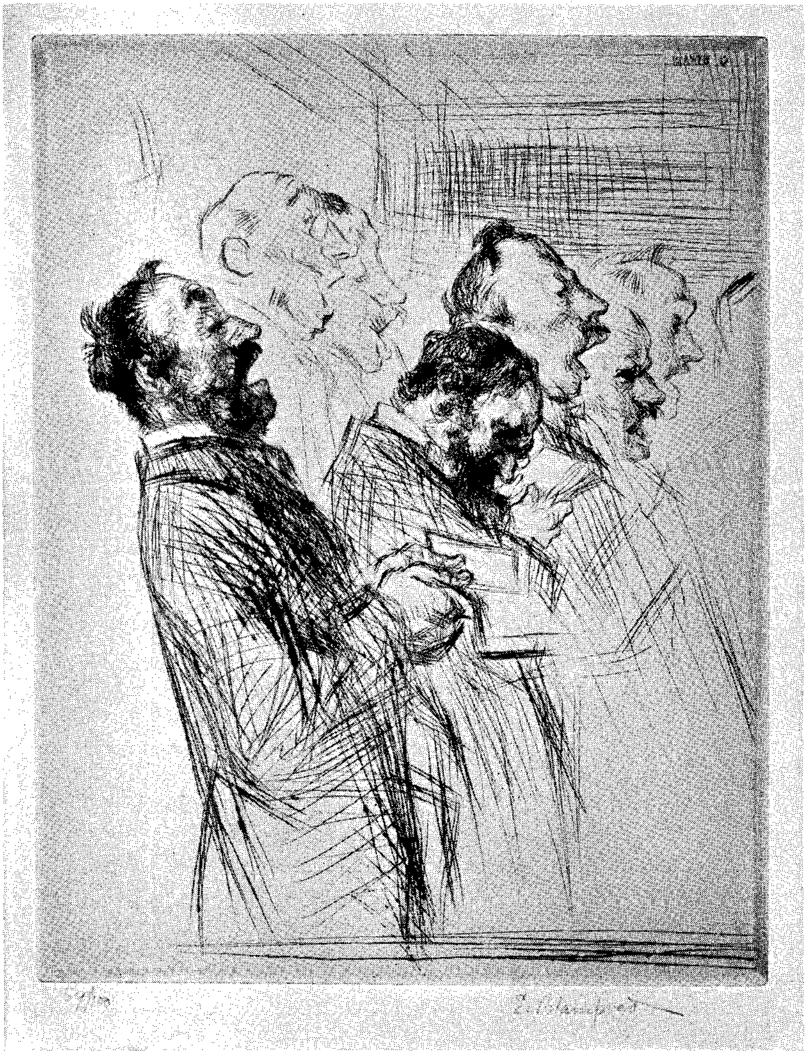
NIGHTTIME DIEPPE



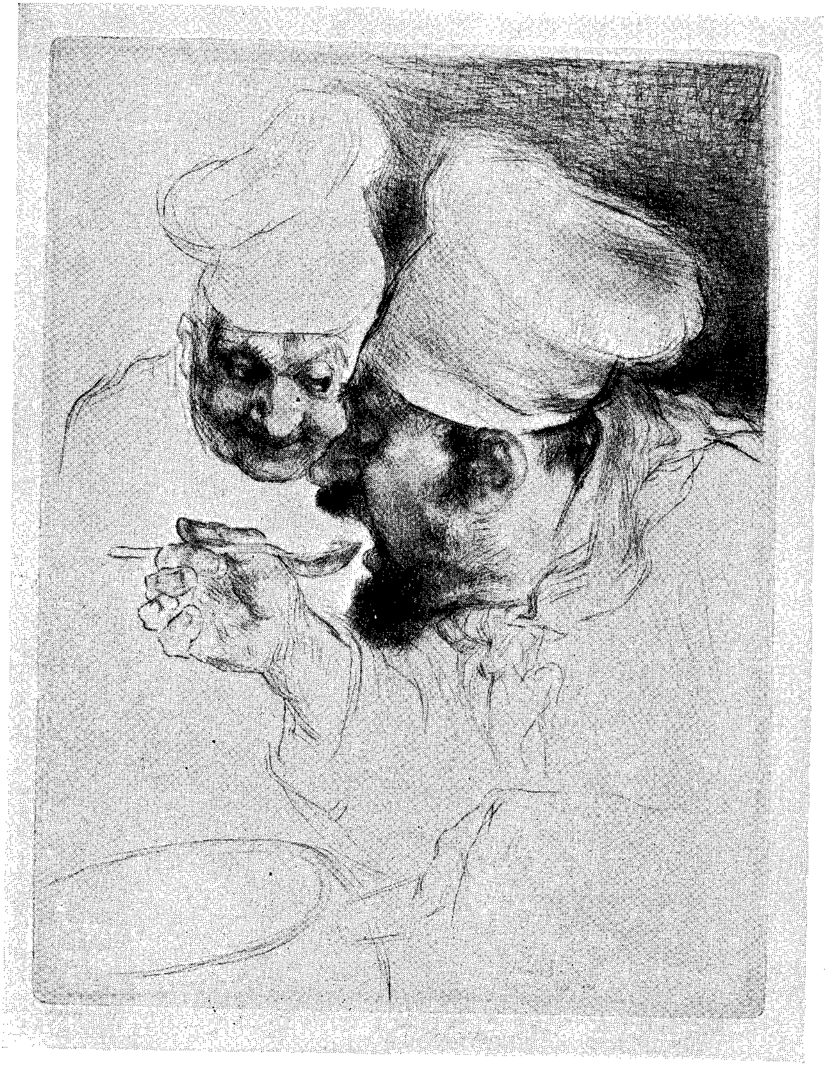
CHEZ MADAME DU PONT



BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES

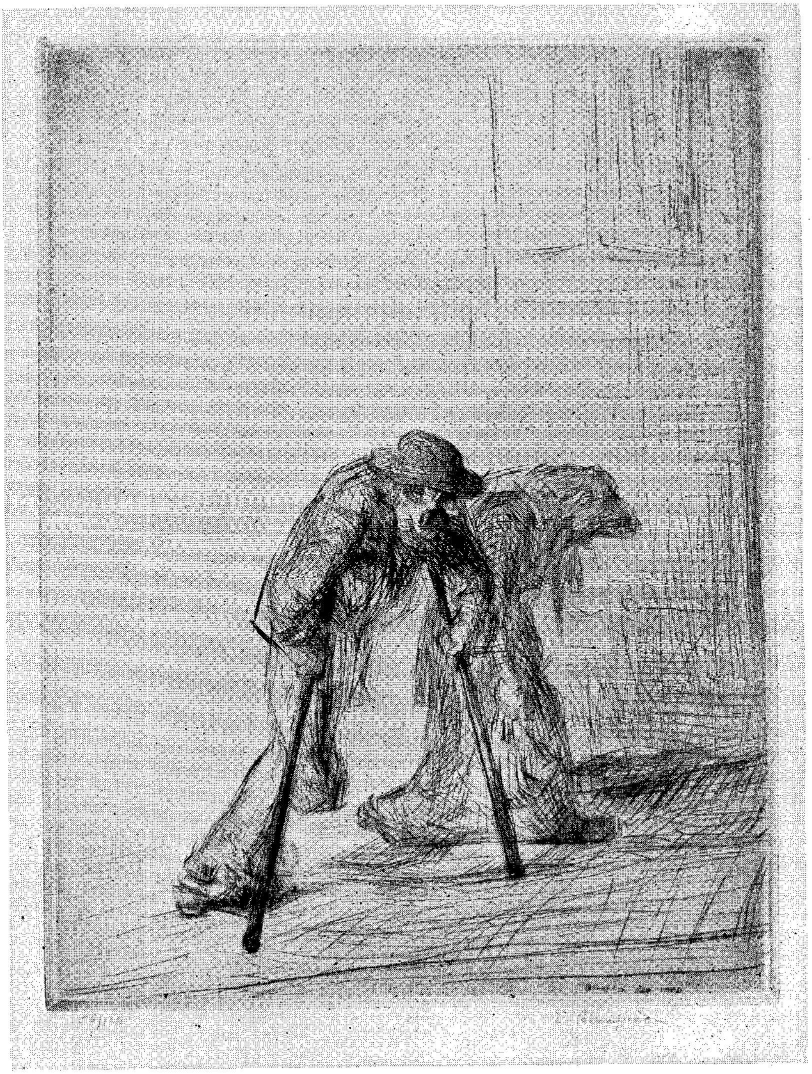


MALE CHOIR

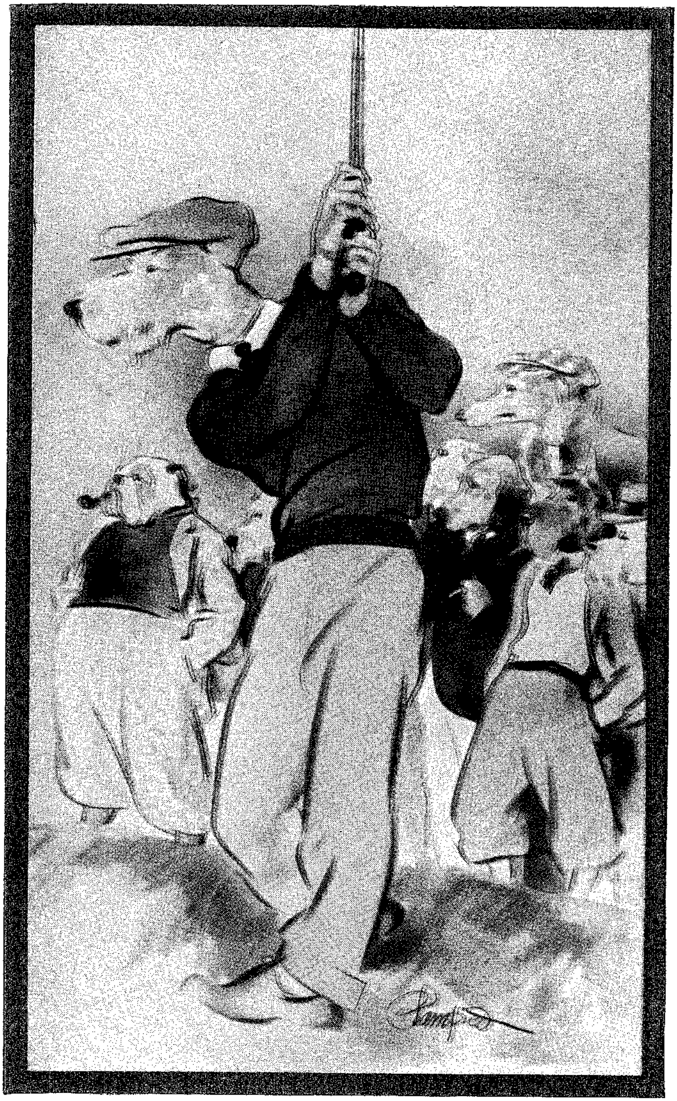


CHEF D'ŒUVRE

NOVEMBER, 1937

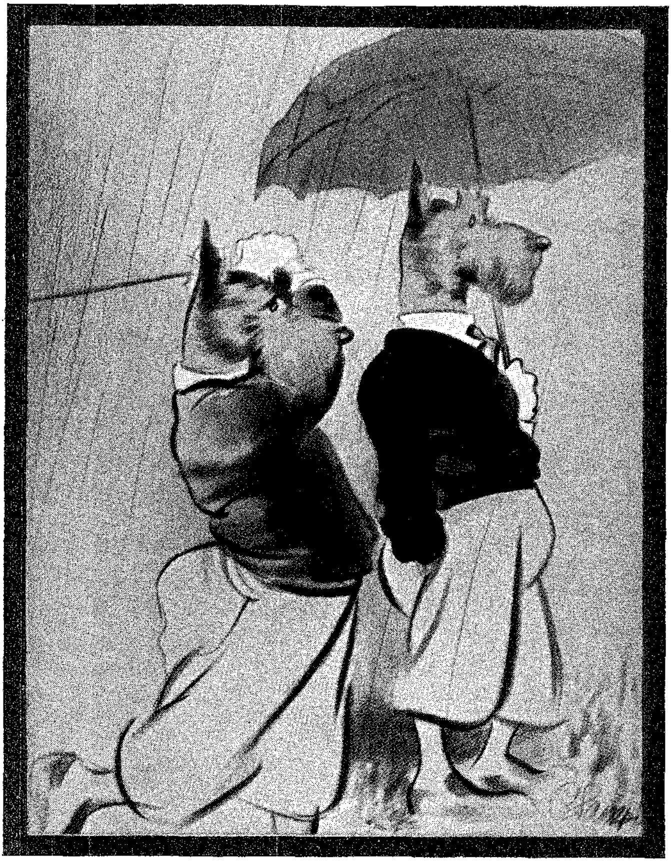


POOR PEOPLE

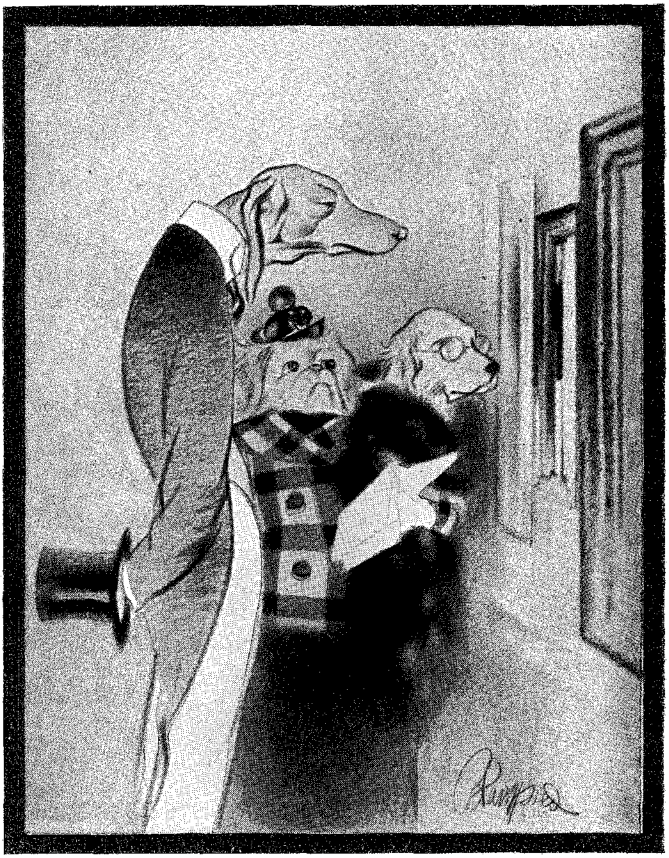


THE ART OF BIFFING A LITTLE BALL

NOVEMBER, 1937

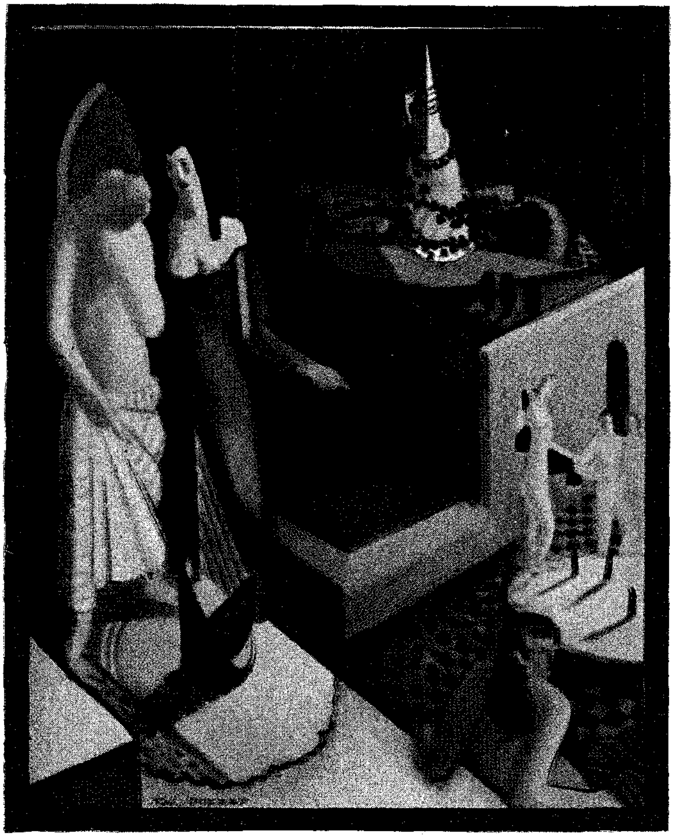


BUT IT'S A GREAT GAME



CONNOISSEURS OF ART

(PAGES 11-21 COURTESY GUY MAYER GALLERY, N. Y.)



MEETING PLACE BY THEODORE ROSZAK

His are the canvases which other painters may admire, for technical and studio reasons that can hardly interest the layman. This does not mean that Roszak is incapable of creating beauty even on the layman's terms, but it will be the beauty that shines out of abstract form.

ABOUT THEODORE ROSZAK

A NOTE ON AN ARTIST WHOSE CAREER AND REPUTATION ARE IN THE MAKING

THEODORE ROSZAK is an artist who plays with forms to create abstract patterns. His pictures, most of them, indicate preoccupation with machinery and mechanics. Although he may be put down as a surrealist, he is decidedly not of the lunatic fringe, nor is there a profound philosophy requiring program notes concealed in his paintings. Picasso had something to do with the sharpening of his vision, so did de Chirico.

His pictures show preoccupation with the mechanical because he is himself mechanically inclined. He works in metals. He constructs sculptures out of aluminum. He builds his own frames and carves wood for purely decorative purposes. He works also in lithography and has done some excellent color prints in that medium. He possesses, too, the mechanical virtues: he is clean, neat, meticulous, precise, deliberate. He is quiet and self-contained, a retiring person, living intensely in his creative work. Above all, he is an artist without pose or blah.

Only thirty years of age, he has the makings of a reputation and the promise of a career. He was born in German Poland but was brought to this country at such an early age, six months, that he may be set down as an unhyphenated American. He spent his formative years in Chicago, which gave him both his art education and incentives for development.

He received his art education at the National Academy of Design in New York and at the Chicago Art Institute. From the Institute he received a scholarship which enabled him to travel through Europe. During 1927-29 he taught composition and lithography at the Institute and within that period, in 1928, was awarded the Institute's prize for the "Best Painting of the Year." For his most unmechanically-entitled *Madonna* he won, in 1934, the Eisendrath award. At the World's Fair in Posen he was awarded a silver medal. He has exhibited in the leading American museums: the Whitney in New York, the Corcoran in Washington, D. C., and the Pennsylvania Academy, not to mention the Institute. He has also had one-man exhibitions in Chicago and Albany galleries. —H. S.

NAPOLEON'S DOUBLE

AN EXPLORATION OF THE PERSISTENT THEORIES THAT THE EMPEROR DID NOT DIE IN ST. HELENA

SOME individuals, whose principal occupation is that of spending all their hours in libraries, will from time to time devote their energies to a restudy of all the incidents relating to a few important historical questions. Their research may be motivated by the fact that the anniversary of a certain event is drawing near. They may also believe that they have hit upon the answer to a problem that may have been puzzling students of history for years. As a result, we are not surprised to learn that a Belgian historian recently declared that he was positive that Napoleon escaped from St. Helena.

Such a theory, of course, is not new. At the time of his exile, many people found it hard to conceive of the great eagle dying on his lonely rock. Though he had been conquered, Napoleon still bore the hopes of a great many of the French and still had his ardent followers. Despite the great distance lying between St. Helena and France, one can well suppose, therefore, that many were thinking of his return.

It is undeniable that many plans for his escape were formed. From the private papers of Metternich we find the evidence of many plots which the Austrian was skillfully able to frustrate. Furthermore, in the personal documents of the Rothschilds we find proof of the interest that the banking family took in the Emperor's return.

The possibility of his escape continually haunted the English. The British Government's uneasiness was well reflected in the words and gestures of the Emperor's jailer, Hudson Lowe. It is known that this famous exile was never allowed to be alone. Many eyes were watching his every move on the island. Yet with a good ship and a trusty sailor at the helm Napoleon could by himself have reached the French coast, or better still, succeeded in boarding a friendly vessel on the high seas. All that was needed was money, and the Bonapartists had plenty at their disposal.

If he did have the means to escape, why then couldn't he have availed himself of them?

It is now known that Napoleon had a double who took his place on various occasions. Fouche, the Minister of Police, commissioned one of his officers, Ledru, with the ferreting out of this "rare bird." In Ledru's memoirs, published at Liege in 1840, he relates how he discovered François Eugene Robeaud, a soldier of Napoleon in the light infantry, born in 1771 in Baleycourt, in the department of the Meuse. The latter closely resembled the French Emperor feature for feature, and Napoleon must have been well satisfied with his services.

After Waterloo, Ledru tells us, Robeaud went back to his native village, but a few months later the Mayor of Baleycourt, a sympathizer with the Restoration, announced to Louis XVIII's police that the Emperor's double had suddenly dropped out of sight. At first there was a slight investigation into this strange disappearance, but after awhile the case was forgotten. Officially it became an unsolved mystery.

Is it possible that Robeaud was substituted for the Emperor? You are tempted all the more to cling to such a supposition when you read the following notation in the Baleycourt town registry:

"François Eugene Robeaud, born in this village, died in St. Helena on . . . ." The date has been scratched out . . . Why? Might it not have been May 5, 1821, the day the Emperor died? Isn't it possible that it is Robeaud whose remains repose under the dome of the Invalides? Let us remember that this same Robeaud "died in St. Helena" without supposedly ever having been there. The English documents agree that no person answering to the name of Robeaud ever belonged to the Emperor's staff on the island.

Let us review the facts. General Gourgaud departs from St. Helena. He takes with him, carefully concealed in the soles of his boots, the plans for the Emperor's escape. Madame Letizia collects the necessary funds and the services of Robeaud are bought. This son of a poor farmer has, incidentally, a sister who rather suddenly changes her residence from Baleycourt to Tours, where she is destined to maintain a standard of living unknown to her hitherto. Her son, Robeaud's nephew, becomes a magistrate.

In the meantime, Napoleon must wait until the English suspicions are lessened and his guard becomes somewhat relaxed. It is not until 1818, that the substitution can take place. Three years later it is Robeaud, therefore, and not the Emperor, who dies.

To corroborate such a thesis, we have the testimony of Miss Maud Richie, who saw Napoleon at St. Helena after having known him previously in Paris. In her diary and in letters to friends she discloses her great surprise at having found the Emperor such a changed man. "I had no idea," she writes, "that sickness could have worked such a transformation in a man." Other witnesses were also amazed at the rough manner and the lack of respect with which General

Bertrand and the Emperor's private physician treated the Emperor during the last years of his exile. May we see in that another indication of the substitution, or was it because a certain bluntness was necessary in dealing with a difficult patient?

THE EMPEROR'S COUSIN, NOT THE EMPEROR

According to another theory, the Corsican abbot, Vignali, who through the efforts of Madame Letizia was allowed to visit Napoleon frequently, was the one responsible for the Emperor's escape. After his return to France—and it is true that Vignali left St. Helena for no conceivable reason—he could have sent to the Emperor in the guise of a priest a certain cousin of Napoleon's, who was suffering from a cancer in the stomach and who had no chance of ever recovering, according to the doctors. In support of this hypothesis, it is interesting to note that beginning with the arrival of the new priest who took Father Vignali's place the Emperor's health suddenly took a turn for the worse. Now he never went out. Was it to conceal the difference between the two? He also began to vomit almost continuously. Couldn't it have been that this Bonaparte who was sacrificing himself for that illustrious member of his family was being adversely affected by the change in climate?

OTHER THEORIES

For what country could Napoleon have set sail? America looms as the surest refuge he would have chosen. We must remember that the Emperor, in the course of his negotiations with the English, offered to abdicate and depart for America, with the condition that his son should reign in his place.

His followers? Napoleon had plenty of them. Despite the jealousy and dissension that divided those who had supported the Emperor, there was not a single person who would have refused to sacrifice himself for his idol. Napoleon also numbered many sympathizers among foreigners. Even on St. Helena Napoleon was able to win the friendship of such strangers as Miss Robinson and Miss Balcombe.

We must not forget to mention, also, Colins, a Belgian, who proposed to help the Emperor escape by means of a dirigible balloon.

The plan offered by the Englishman, Johnson, bears relating, too, for it foreshadows our modern submarines. This adventurer, who was a spy, a smuggler and an inventor, had built a boat capable of moving under water. Johnson had presented his invention to the British Admiralty, but it had been rejected as having no "scientific value." Despite this, Johnson demonstrated the efficiency of his submarine boat by successfully piloting it across the mouth of the Thames. His pride had been hurt by the refusal of English officialdom to welcome his invention; he therefore resolved to place his boat at the disposal of the exiled Emperor and bring about his escape. Johnson met Madame Letizia in Rome and it appears that the Emperor's mother gave some consideration to this means of seeing her son once more.

Now let us turn to another theory. According to a book published in London in 1840, *The Second Life of the Emperor*, Napoleon descended the rocks down to Prosperous Bay through the aid of cables and was carried by a small boat to a merchant ship, which in turn immediately directed its course toward America. A heavy storm, however, obliged the ship to make for the African coast, but it sank before any help could come. Though all of the Emperor's friends were supposed to have given him up for lost, it seems that he miraculously succeeded in reaching some island inhabited by savages, where he died on July 15, 1830.

A Stranger in Verona and Schönbrunn

All these theories agree on one point—that Bonaparte's escape took place in 1818.

During that year General Bertrand's wife wrote to a friend living in Russia:

"My dear Caroline, at last we have triumphed! Success is ours! Napoleon has left the island!"

That same year, an optician, about fifty years of age, opened up a shop in Verona. People began to call him Napoleon, because of his marked resemblance to the Emperor. He is supposed to have been a highly intelligent man. In 1823, however, he left the city. Before departing, he first handed over a certain letter to his neighbor, a jeweler by the name of Petrucci. He told him:

"If I am not back in three months, send this letter to the King of France."

The man did not come back, and Petrucci forwarded the letter as he had been asked to. A policeman then arrived from Paris and liquidated the store. Petrucci's silence was bought with 100,000 crowns. In 1853, however, the jeweler decided that enough time had elapsed since that incident and that by now he was no longer bound to hold his tongue. He therefore publicly announced that he was positive that the man who had been his neighbor was Napoleon.

It is known that the strange Veronese optician closed his shop on August 23, 1823. Now, in the registry of the police station of Schönbrunn, under the date September 5, 1823 the following notation was found:

"Last night some stranger attempted to enter the park by climbing over the wall. The sentinel fired at him. The unknown man was fatally wounded, and just before he died he muttered these last words: 'Duke of Reichstadt . . . king . . . son . . .' He carried no papers that might identify him, but he must have been an important French personage, for officials of the French Embassy, highly perturbed, claimed his body."

We all know the love the Emperor bore for his son. It stands to reason, therefore, that he would have tried to see him. It also is quite possible that he might have died in the attempt.

MORE SUPPOSITIONS

We may also mention certain documents of German origin that appeared in 1828. In order either to excuse or explain them we must remember that the personality of Napoleon had so made its mark upon the times that, even twenty years after his passing, his name was still on the lips of many people.

It seems that in 1828, when war had just begun between Turkey and Russia, a certain man who had landed in Greece on an American vessel offered his services to the Sultan. This unknown soldier, who was in charge of the Turkish Army at Iraktscha, answered to the name of Hussein Pasha. And Hussein Pasha was none other than Napoleon, according to the pamphlets printed in Leipzig by the publisher, Rein. The latter went on to say that the Sultan, defeated, might have sacrificed the chief of his army.

Just how much stock can we place in this? Did Napoleon, who had always dreamed of an oriental empire, hope to regain his power by joining forces with the Turks?

This hardly seems probable, yet the Russian soldiers of Iraktscha always maintained that the leader opposing them was none other than that famous little man with the grey frockcoat.

Let us say that Robeaud replaced the Emperor in 1818 and that the illustrious victor of the battle of Austerlitz died like a common thief in the park at Schönbrunn. There still remains Las Cases' *Memorial of St. Helena*. This was written on St. Helena from 1815 to 1818 when Las Cases, with many others, returned to France. There naturally would have been no reason for his wanting to stay on and keep Robeaud company.

The death mask by Antommarchi? Let us not forget that the latter only made public his model of the dead Emperor's head nine years later, in 1830. It was fifteen years then that Napoleon had not been seen in Paris. Antommarchi never succeeded in proving conclusively the authenticity of his work.

There remains the will, written by the Emperor entirely by hand on the 15th and 16th of April, 1821, and the codicil of the 24th of the same month, just a few days before his death.

Before us is the report of a graphologist, who states:

"The handwriting of Napoleon in his will shows the effect of his sickness. It is only in rare instances here that one can recognize the genius of its author, which is most marked in earlier specimens of his writing. It is the handwriting of a weakened man, one who has greatly changed."

Shall we then conclude that Robeaud wrote out a will with which Napoleon had acquainted him before the escape? —PIERRE ARTIGUE

YOU CAN'T WIN

EVEN A DUB SHOULD SEE THAT THE SCORE CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST HIM IN GOLF

THERE is a silly game called Sticks. I played it the other night for the first time, and was roundly trounced by a psychologist in a rousing living room set-to. He blasted me off the living room carpet by the score of 531 to 377. You know the game, a commercialized jackstraws—you let a lot of colored sticks fall in a bunch, and then see how many you can pick up without moving any other stick. Fine practice for a surgeon or a pickpocket, and otherwise a way to kill an evening quietly.

There is an even sillier game, and the name of it is golf. There is no sour grapes in my anti-golfism, for I quit the game at my peak, having climbed down from 126 to 88, and no lessons from a pro, either. The time came when I couldn't stand the absurdity of operating on a ball with a kit of tools, of concentrating intensely on the job of putting the wee thing down a wee well. The fact that this sport, if that's what it is, took one out into the open in the midst of a pruned, manicured, and denaturized nature, was insufficient to balance the ludicrous aspects inherent to the game.

The chief silliness about golf is its being so contrived that you can rarely win, and that every time you do win, you make the next triumph so much the harder. For in golf you do not play an opponent, as in baseball, tennis, boxing, fencing, shuffleboard, pinochle, or even horseshoes. You play your own best score. Your present is pitted against your whole past. Your so-called opponent is doing the same thing on his own hook, and is merely along for company, or for a bet on the next hole.

Well, comes the day you break a hundred for the first time, and you feel great. You take an extra swig at the 19th hole. But there is no occasion to feel cheered; you have only set your standard higher, you have made it henceforth impossible to be satisfied with anything over 99. And the more you cut your score the less chance you have. You multiply occasions for discontent. In short, the better you get, the worse for you. The man that travels around in par is doomed. Let him get what kick he can out of the admiration of the dub; nothing but birdies and eagles can make him happy.

Games are supposed to be recreation, but golf is a worry. The golf fanatic worries more about his game than he does about his business or his wife. All this speculation about which one of the thirteen clubs to use, these preliminary swings and consultations with the caddy, would put to shame a harried board of directors faced with a C.I.O. sit-down, a balky stockholders' minority, and a bold new competitor all at once. Add all the clap-trap about form—the wrist just so, the arm stiff, this hip relaxed and that one frozen, the chin down, following through, pivoting—if only half the conscience were put into the state of our souls the world would reach a new low in sin.

Again, golf is so arranged that the dub does the most playing. The expert takes maybe 75 strokes for the round, the dub 120. Doesn't it seem odd to arrange a game so that the better you are the less you play? And let me rub it in that the dub has a far better chance to achieve 119 and happiness, than the expert has to tie that 75 he made the day in his life that everything went well.

A man who shoots a 75 for 18 holes has only seventy-five wallops for his day's complement of fun. That is too few, considering the acres he covers. Two or three bad strokes—a topped ball, a drive into a trap, a slice into the woods—can ruin the expert golfer's chance that day for a creditable card.

But tennis—how different! With time out, three sets take about as long to play as 18 holes, but in a three-set match each player makes at least a thousand strokes. Let him perpetrate a horrible dub shot, let him over-drive, double-fault, push a few into the net—there is always the saving consolation that enough strokes remain to give him the opportunity to retrieve himself.

In tennis you are actually fighting someone, and not shadow-boxing with a score card. There the enemy lurks on the other side of the net, trying to trick you or blast you. You pit your wits, your skill, against his every move. This answers, in a nice, gentlemanly way, the call of the wild in the breast of even the most desk-ridden of us. We are primitive warriors in flannel shorts, and as we wallop the ball and watch the opposition flail at it in vain, something that was sleeping inside us back there in the office uncurls itself, rises up, stretches its legs, and gets ready to pounce on the prey.

But golf isn't a fight; it isn't even stalking or pathfinding. The caddie will see to it that you don't break down under your weapons, and that you find your way back to civilization from your heartbreaking lie in the rough.

Such a game could only originate with a people like the Scotch, who are a complete psychological mystery anyway; and it could only be taken up in a mass way by Americans, a people who will work themselves to death at any game. —LAWRENCE MARTIN

A SNOWFLAKE IN STEAM

WHEREIN IT MAY BE SEEN THAT THE PATH OF THE COLONIZER LEADS BUT TO ASSIMILATION

OZIKAMA AKIRA was only a sergeant in the victorious army of Japan but then the Village of Complete Steadfastness was just a hamlet of mud huts which had stood unchanged through twenty centuries. Ozikama had been given a notebook with implicit directions for the modernization of China. He was left in charge of remodeling Complete Steadfastness after the pattern of Japan. Although the Village was a small one, Ozikama was pleased with the commission, for he considered himself an efficiency expert and this was the first opportunity he had been given for demonstrating his ability. Furthermore, success meant promotion, whereas, failure, to the proud Japanese, meant worse than death—disgrace.

Sergeant Ozikama Akira consulted his precious notebook. The small book with soft leather covers fitted neatly into an inner pocket of his uniform. These notebooks had been printed by the million far from the villages and hamlets where they were to be used. They were very precious to the Nipponese who had been deputized to bring up to date the millions upon millions of Chinese villages. They were not only a badge of authority but a *modus operandi* as well. Without such instructions how could a sergeant know how to proceed or what to say?

On consulting his book, Ozikama was told: first, to contact the headman of the village or hamlet; second, to bring the headman up to date; third—But there was no use in reading further until Numbers 1 and 2 had been accomplished, so decided the efficiency expert.

Ozikama found that the headman of his Village was a certain Old Chow, owner of an ancient hostelry called Azure Cloud Inn. He stalked to the inn and found Old Chow in his rock garden reading aloud from the Classics. His loose, comfortable gown was open and the old man was contentedly fanning his bare stomach.

The efficiency expert mopped his face and no doubt thought of the price he paid for progress. He ran a finger under the tight high collar of his heavy uniform and tried to appear completely at ease—a state he was not to know in the Village of Complete Steadfastness for some time to come.

Ozikama proceeded to the business at hand:

"Aged Teacher," he began patronizingly, "I, the most unworthy of the Emperor's subjects, have been sent to bring the benefits of Japanese culture and science to the underprivileged inhabitants of Complete Steadfastness." That speech went off nicely for he recited it from his notebook.

Old Chow did not respond eagerly as the book said he should. He merely grunted, all the while eyeing the Japanese.

Ozikama fidgeted. He did not know what the grunt meant and his book did not tell him. He decided to proceed as instructed. He cleared his throat and made another heroic attempt:

"Japan can do for China what China can never do for herself," he spoke mechanically but accurately. All was well if Old Chow did not interrupt him again.

But interrupt Old Chow did and that immediately: "Can a salted fish be taught to swim again?" he asked quietly.

Ozikama frantically turned to the table of contents his superiors had added to his book for greater efficiency. There was no "salted," "fish" nor "swim" listed. He was again at sea.

While he waited for his answer, Old Chow looked meditatively over the rose-covered wall of his garden upon a watch tower and the parapets of the Great Wall as it rose and fell over peak and ravine as far as eye could see. He said nothing. Then his eyes fell on a straggling branch of the rose on his own garden wall. He went to a shed and got a blunt, dull knife and haggled it off. He returned and laid the knife beside him.

During this time Ozikama had recovered his composure and was able to proceed as directed. He decided to cross off No. 1, for had he not contacted the headman of the Village? He proceeded with No. 2—which was to make over said headman after the standardized pattern.

The sergeant cleared his throat and started his next speech, reading from his book:

"The first point in the ten-point program for the modernization of China is to substitute modern literature for the ancient Classics—"

"Very well," agreed Old Chow, interrupting again, "let us exchange books immediately. I could do very well with your honorable notebook right now and you could profit from reading my wretched volume."

"But—but—" stammered Ozikama loathe to give up his token of authority.

"Does not your honorable book say to substitute your new for my old?" the old man insisted, stretching forth his hand.

Ozikama's hand trembled. Things were certainly not proceeding in the routine manner. He began to perspire uncomfortably.

Old Chow smiled benignly upon

him and read from his old book a saying from the sages: "Now listen to my reading. My book says that one may stay a thousand days at home in comfort but when he goes abroad his troubles multiply."

Ozikama Akira was insulted. His Emperor was insulted. His notebook was for the moment of secondary importance. In reaching for the knife on the table, he let the book fall from his hand. Something in Old Chow's eyes held the Japanese fascinated. He did not see Old Chow's hands reach out. One held the knife and the other quickly seized the notebook and slipped it in his sleeve. Ozikama was angered at the spell the Chinese cast on him and wrenched the knife from Chow's grasp. The sergeant made a move toward the Chinese.

"Killing the headman of the Village would but attract your superiors' attention to your failure," Chow cautioned.

Ozikama recognized the truth of the statement and drew back.

Quick as a mountain tiger, Old Chow pulled the precious notebook from his sleeve, tore it in two and thrust a part in each of his shoes.

"Long have I been needing such paper to reinforce my shoe bottoms," he remarked, his keen eyes watching Ozikama's every move.

Ozikama Akira turned pale. Even if he took the parts of the notebook and pasted them together, he had failed in his commission for he could do nothing with such a headman as Old Chow. Failure meant disgrace. Disgrace was worse than death. His people, for generations past, had had a way of escape. Death by disembowelment was preferable to shame. The means for accomplishing this end he held in his hand. He had not noticed that the knife Old Chow provided was dull and blunt. His stab therefore made no impression on the thick uniform.

Old Chow was at his side and spoke with authority:

"Listen, my son," he said. "Life is precious to all. Even the leprous beggar will not step upon a rotten span. Beneath yonder Great Wall is buried many a secret. There is room there for yours. Under the watch tower is a secret passage leading to a chamber within which you may safely hide until your superior officers give you up as lost. Then shall you come forth and become one of us. A strong coolie girl shall be given you and a parcel of the common land."

Thus speaking, Old Chow threw the knife over the garden wall. Ozikama Akira saw that he had no choice.

Today a placid villager with legs shorter than those of the other men of the hamlet of Complete Steadfastness may be seen tilling his fields with a crude plow drawn by a contented coolie woman. In his leisure he reads the time honored Classics of his adopted race. On market days, he rides in his springless cart over the deep-rutted roads of the village he had tried in vain to modernize.—MARY SMALL

THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL

A LEAF FROM THE REGISTER OF THE ALGONQUIN, WHEN HIGH JINKS WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY

When New York was New Amsterdam, a colony of Dutch and Indians, Governor Kieft built New York's first guest house. That was in 1642, and the inn was called the Stadt Huys. It must have been about two years later that another inn—the Algonquin—was built. Certainly it could not have been, as the management claims, only as long ago as 1900 that the Algonquin was erected for it must have taken at least a century or two to gather all the legends, fables and stories connected with that Forty-fourth Street hostelry.

Out-of-towners forming their ideas of the Algonquin from the printed word, are prone to picture it as a glittering edifice of stone, steel and marble; the sort of place a Hollywood producer might dream of after dining on a double portion of Welsh rarebit. They could not be more wrong, for it is a small place tucked away on an inconspicuous side street. The lobby is a rambling collection of unrelated furniture, and a lazy grandfather's clock that tolls off the hours with the old world leisureliness of Big Ben. At first glance there is nothing about it that impresses and yet, like the Mermaid Tavern, it will be remembered when all other hotels of its era are forgotten, for in its two hundred and fifty unprepossessing rooms it has housed more famous people than any other hotel in America.

In course of time it was practically an impossibility to open a newspaper in the Algonquin lobby without sideswiping a celebrity. But in the days when such ink-stained youngsters as Frank Ward O'Malley, Richard Harding Davis and Booth Tarkington first put in their appearance, the hotel was as green and struggling as themselves. True, it was already an inn of singular distinction inasmuch as it was run by a young fellow named Frank Case who had a soft spot in his heart (and hotel) for those who pursued the arts, and soft spots for that portion of the population were then, as now, few in New York. It is not known when Case first discovered this spot himself, but it is a well-known fact that when he was a room clerk in a hotel in Exchange Place, Jersey City, where the street cars ran right through the main lobby, each week on his day off he would ferry across to the Everat House in New York and gaze wistfully on the lobby chair in which Mark Twain was wont to sit.

News of the artists' haven spread like wildfire and it was not long before it penetrated Alaska, whence came Rex Beach with a coat of raw sealskin, a paper valise, ideas and a desire to live at the Algonquin. Before long there was quite a crowd of these lads going in and out the door. They were a very jolly crew and a lot of fun to have around, but apart from Beach's weekly rent, very little ready money was seen around the hotel in those days.

As though life were not difficult enough for the management with this perpetual state of insolvency among its guests, these Puckish fellows devised further ways and means to drive the "help" frantic. From the day of its founding there had been a rule at the Algonquin that the "front help" (that is waiters, bell boys, clerks, doormen, etc.) must be able to speak to guests by name. On one occasion a bell boy, overflowing with the spirit of the thing, met the boss in the lobby and said, "We're certainly getting a lot of literary people lately, Mr. Case."

"Is that so?"

"Oh yes!" said the boy. "Why only last night Charles Dickens registered, and the night before there was Mr. Thackeray, and not ten minutes ago Edgar Allan Poe went upstairs."

Suspecting that this trio were occupying even more celestial quarters at the moment, Case inquired of the night clerk and was told that Frank Ward O'Malley had been prowling about for several nights, which explained everything.

It was O'Malley who originated one of the Algonquin's most memorable gags. Having gone away and prospered more than those who stayed behind, Richard Harding Davis returned with stacks of luggage, a great aura of importance, and a valet. He registered as "Richard Harding Davis and man." A few moments later O'Malley entered, gazed long at the register, solemnly flourished a pen and wrote, under Davis' name: "Frank Ward O'Malley and TWO men."

John Barrymore was another Algonquinite at this time and, like most of the brotherhood, was eking out a rather precarious livelihood between being a staff artist for the *Evening Journal* and slinking about in a vain effort to secure endorsements for a beauty cream then on the market. He received small recompense for either effort and was more often broke than not, but he was seldom embarrassed by a bill for board and room. He was not entirely without appreciation for the tact thus displayed by the management and, strolling down Broadway one day, he met a friend who said to him, "Tell me, what kind of a fellow is this guy Case?"

"He's swell!" said Barrymore. "There isn't anything he wouldn't do for you. Why, he'd give you . . . " Then, growing somewhat incoherent, Barrymore pointed to his snowy bosom and blurted, "This *is* his shirt!"

Many years later, after the last triumphant curtain had descended on Barrymore's opening night of *Hamlet*, all New York was looking for him in gilded drawing-rooms and swank restaurants. In reality he was eating cold sandwiches and drinking beer in a darkened dining room of the Algonquin where he and Frank Case remained until five the following morning talking over the old days.

While Barrymore and O'Malley were cutting up, a couple of young boys arrived at the Algonquin and initiated the guests into the mysteries of paying bills with actual cash instead of promises. The others resented this as putting on too much side, and rushed to the register to find out who the culprits were. They learned there that these young fellows were a couple of chaps called Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

It happened that the then unknown Tarkington and Wilson had a play in their systems which they proceeded to get out by the novel process of telling it to their typewriters instead of to the other boarders, and with only occasional complaints to the desk about some young upstart named Douglas Fairbanks who was in the habit of working-out daily in the room directly overhead. They managed to finish the play in spite of Fairbanks, and called it *The Man From Home*.

Fairbanks, then with never a thought of pictures and only the vaguest dreams of the stage, was neither an actor nor a writer, but was accepted by the others because of his prolific aptitude for thinking up amusing things to do, and for his bubbling enthusiasm for the stage and letters. What matter then that he was but a prosaic salesman of soap?

Fairbanks first wandered into the hotel with the determined effort to place his soap, thereby gaining a commission which would be extremely welcome to a rapidly diminishing bankroll. After gaining admission to the proprietor's office he talked vociferously for a long time, and was but momentarily stopped when the young proprietor interrupted him by asking: "What's so much better about your product than the soap which I already have in my house?"

Dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper, and leaning confidentially across the desk, Fairbanks replied, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Case, I don't know a damned thing about soap."

"Is this the first place you've tried to sell it?"

"No," said Fairbanks with the smile that later became famous. "No, but it's my first order."

And it was.

In its day of struggling young players the Algonquin also harbored a feather-footed couple, Carl Hyson and his wife Dorothy Dickson, who have since become famous in London and on the Continent, but in the days of which I am speaking they were "resting," and paying their room rent was a matter of higher mathematics. Fooling around with the hotel menu was out of the question; they brought their groceries in daily, against the strict orders of the management, from a Sixth Avenue delicatessen, and sought what encouragement and cheer they could from the fact that they were keeping their dancing bodies lithe and graceful on this diet.

One Christmas Eve they went out and returned with the usual ham-on-rye and pickles. Back in their room they phoned downstairs for a pot of coffee with which to celebrate. In due course the waiter returned to remove the empty coffee pot and, as impressively as possible, Carl Hyson said, "Check, please."

"Check," echoed the waiter. "There is no check. Mr. Case, you know, always plays host to everyone in the hotel on Christmas Eve. You ought to see the dinner some of the people are eating!"

By now you may have conceived the idea that money is looked upon with scorn at the Algonquin. Not at all. Money is, of course, a consideration even at the Algonquin, but it is treated as between gentlemen. One must be very careful when discussing money with artists, they might not understand. However, it recently became necessary to discuss money with an ex-guest—quite a lot of money.

Not long ago a monetary altercation, rare for the Algonquin, cropped up, the chief character in the tragedy being a well-known playwright now in Hollywood under contract to pictures. He had stayed at the Algonquin for over a year when things were not breaking for him, excepting in the middle, and while living at the hotel he had graciously allowed it to support him in a style to which he rapidly became accustomed. Money with which to buy incidentals (and theatre tickets were listed among incidentals) was drawn from the desk, food and laundry, cigars, cigarettes and phone calls (several to Hollywood) were but a few of the items on his bill.

Finally, after this writer got going, the management did not consider it a breach of good taste to forward the long overdue bills to the once more successful man. After months of forwarding bills, the debt was repudiated. The story got about and George S. Kaufman, meeting Proprietor Case in the lobby one day, said, "Have you ever been able to collect from So-and-so?"

"No," said Case. "I've turned the account over to a Los Angeles attorney, but he doesn't seem able to do much about it."

"But something has to be done about it," said Kaufman. "What do you think you'll do eventually?"

"Oh, I guess I'll just have to charge it up to profit and louse," said Case.

There are far too many anecdotes about the Algonquin ever to be included in a short sketch, but one of the most characteristic tales is Robert Benchley's story of Samuel Merwin coming out of the Players Club one storming night and hailing a taxi. "I want to go to the Algonquin," said Merwin somewhat tartly. "I don't suppose you know where that is," he added as a gloomy afterthought.

"I ought to," grunted the driver. "There's only three of us left in New York."

"Only three taxi drivers who know where the Algonquin is," gasped Merwin in the unbelieving tones of one beaten at his own game.

"Naw," said the driver, thrusting a hawk-like beak into the rear of the cab. "Only three Algonquins."

And then there is the story about Ina Claire and Max Reinhardt whom she glimpsed one afternoon in the dining room. Going to greet him, she said, "Professor Reinhardt, I want to congratulate you on your superb production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* What a pity that it isn't in English so that we might all understand it."

"They have to play it in German," replied Reinhardt, "otherwise it would lose all its original flavor."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Claire, "but there is a good English translation, isn't there?"

The Algonquin has gone far since the days when a young wastrel called Barrymore drew pictures on its walls. A short time ago I glanced at the register myself, like the O'Malley of old, and saw inscribed therein the names of Frederick Lonsdale, Noel Coward, Marie Belloc Lowndes, Gertrude Stein, John Langdon Davies, Evangeline Booth, Rabindrinath Tagore, Max Schmeling, Elena Miramova, Antonio de Lare, H. L. Mencken, William T. Tilden, Sinclair Lewis, Fritz Kreisler, Florence Easton, and a host of others. But I'll bet it is not as much fun around the joint now.

—Chase Carroll

IT'S ONLY LOGICAL

A friend of mine, about to buy a ticket in a big union station, discovered that he had carried away his hotel key. The tag bore an inscription which bade him drop the key into the nearest mail box. (Nearly all hotels, of course, have an arrangement with the Post Office Department to guarantee postage on keys thus deposited without stamps in a mail box.) My friend went to the box but, instead of dropping the key, he put in his ticket!

The ticket was in his right hand, the key in his left hand, and it just seemed more natural to let go of the pasteboard even though it was small and worth nearly $9.

When this traveler returned to the ticket window for another ticket, the agent there showed no surprise.

"People often make that mistake," he said, stamping the second ticket.

"I suppose it doesn't seem logical to drop a piece of metal into a mail box when you're used to putting in paper."

—Fred C. Kelly

PIONEERING THE ARCTIC

SOVIET RUSSIA TAKES THE INITIATIVE IN COLONIZING THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE WORLD

THE dramatic landing at the North Pole and the sensational flights across the pole from Moscow to the United States introduced many persons to the fact that Soviet Russia is doing a vast job of pioneering in the arctic. These pioneers of the last great unoccupied region of the world have discovered oil and minerals, have founded industries and built cities. Theatres and newspapers, radio stations, air lines, and scientific laboratories now dot the Russian arctic region, which has a pioneer population of more than a million. These pioneers are adding another unique civilization to the world's variety—a polar civilization running clear across the map on the north of Europe and Asia, comprising 51 per cent of Soviet territory, an area equal in size to the United States. This is practically the only part of the world in which pioneering still survives.

"Northward the course of empire takes its way!" When Vihjamur Stefansson, one of the world's greatest arctic explorers, urged pioneers to change their direction, his book *The Friendly Arctic*, written to persuade Americans and Canadians to develop their polar territories, sold five thousand copies in the United States, two hundred in Canada, and twenty thousand in Soviet Russia.

The polar circle today is to the Soviet Union what the Mississippi River was to Americans a hundred years ago. Men and women are streaming across it by the hundreds each year to create a new world in virgin territory. Since the Soviets have at their command the magnificent resources of modern science and technology, this pioneering is carried on on an even wider scale and at a quicker tempo than our West knew in the days of the covered wagon and the pony express.

In Russia today, earth's last frontier is vanishing. The tempestuous arctic, throughout history considered inaccessible to man, is becoming the site of a modern industrial civilization. Factories and mines and schools and steam-heated apartment houses are springing up along the 10,000 mile arctic shoreline from Murmansk to Vladivostok. At new cinemas, theatres and concert halls, Charlie Chaplin, Shakespeare, Beethoven and jazz are enlivening the arctic night.

The flights of Soviet aviators from Moscow to San Francisco via the North Pole to lay the groundwork for a Russo-American arctic airline and the journey of Dr. Otto Julius Schmidt and his assistants to the pole for research preparatory to establishing a weather bureau there are only the dramatic climax to sixteen years of exploring, subduing and colonizing the frozen seas and harsh tundra of the arctic.

Already in 1921, despite the devastation of the country by famine, the Soviets sent twenty-three expeditions into the arctic. Today they appropriate more money for arctic exploration than any other nation. Permanent scientific workers in the Soviet arctic now exceed 1500 and the summer's quota of itinerant explorers and research workers is approximately 500 more. Geologists have turned up in the apparently barren wastes of the tundra platinum, gold, coal, oil, copper, nickel, sulphur, tin, cobalt, and a dozen other minerals. Agronomists have adapted wheat, potatoes, oats, barley and fruits to the brief polar summer in proportions that will eventually make a vast arctic population nearly self-sufficient in food supply.

On the Kola Peninsula last summer I saw two cities changing from mud villages to sophisticated urban centers. Murmansk, which before the war was a primitive settlement of log huts, under the boom of the new arctic trade and the development of one of the first mechanized trawler fleets for polar fishing, had built a modernistic hotel where workers and sailors made nightly whoopee to a jazz orchestra, and a modernistic House of Culture for study, games, and relaxation. A dozen new apartment houses and forty schools were going up.

At Kirovsk, the seven-year-old "socialist" city built to exploit the vast apatite desposits in the Khibiny mountains, modern buildings also dominated a bleak, gray landscape. The last frontier of modern civilizations has become the vanguard of its art and technique as Soviet architects used khibiny, a native material resembling cement, to express new modern designs.

The arctic pioneers are as dramatic an army driven by adventure and necessity as the men and women who crossed the Rockies. Thousands of them were political prisoners or criminals sent north to "re-create" themselves. Except that they were deprived of the right to vote, they had the same privileges as other pioneers. Their salaries and living conditions were the same. Many, judged by the town or district Soviet fully "reconconstituted," have been restored to citizenship.

Most of the arctic settlers are men and women driven by restlessness or by the promise of adventure or achievement. To populate the tundra, the Soviets offered double pay and the privilege of retaining rooms or apartments, still precious as Russia's housing shortage does not abate, in the workers' home town for the two or three years' duration of his arctic contract.

Few of these people have left the arctic. The challenge of building a civilization in a vigorous and untouched country and the age-old fascination of the strange arctic climate prove stronger attractions than comfort, family ties or equable temperatures. In the cities, there are schools, universities, libraries, and newspapers to supplement movies, radio and theatre. Kirovsk is superior in vividness and variety of entertainment to most cities of 60,000 in our Middle West.

Among the summer vacation trips now offered to Russian citizens, cruises in polar waters are becoming yearly more popular. Bear and walrus hunting is part of the vacation. There are also tours of the arctic cities, in each of which a House of Tourists supplies hotel facilities and "conducted tours." Owing to the lack of Intourist facilities, the arctic is not yet available to most foreign travelers.

In factory and government the Russian's co-worker is the Eskimo, who is being made a literate and urban creature by the Soviet's high-pressure educational program. From grade school through university the natives of the arctic are educated in their own tongue and in Russian. Soviet scholars have given alphabets to tribes who have lived without them since the dawn of history. But the assimilation of Eskimo tribes into urban life has been slow. The majority pursue their traditional hunting and fishing and farming in hunting and fishing collectives or on collective farms.

More than forty radio stations, forming a chain along the Arctic Ocean from Murmansk to Vladivostok, keep cities, farms and wintering stations constantly in touch with one another and with Moscow and Leningrad. They guide the course of polar aviation. Several times a month the hazardous Moscow to San Francisco polar flight is duplicated in lesser form by mail planes which fly between Moscow and arctic cities.

Flying now constitutes the most reliable form of winter transportation in Russian polar regions. Arctic aviation knows no season. The search for new air routes goes on winter and summer. Major arctic cities are connected by a network of daily air services. The aim of the Arctic Administration is to have each fur station and polar station visited by a plane at least once a year. Planes have been used to make topographical surveys of little known regions and to chart ice floes and record ice movements. In several cases aviators have discovered that the continent extended two or three hundred kilometers farther out into the Arctic Ocean than had previously been believed.

Behind this new civilization and its spectacular achievements stands a solid program of arctic exploration.

The establishment of the northeast passage is the result of the painstaking charting of unknown seas by Professor Schmidt and his associates over a decade and a half. The search still goes on, as explorers hunt for waters at far northern latitudes believed to be kept free by warm currents which will enable navigation of the passage without ice breakers. Every summer groups of explorers, hydrologists and geographers study and chart unknown seas. They still occasionally find unknown islands. They study the weather, movements of air and water currents, the movement of clouds, upper air strata, earth's magnetic currents, the strength of the sun and its rays. Their work is carried on throughout the year by more than one hundred permanent observation posts, scattered throughout the arctic.

The Soviets have put arctic navigation several steps forward by using powerful ships which can cut their way through the ice rather than small ones which must find cracks in the ice. They have developed a new type of ice breaker, built chiefly of steel and strengthened against ice pressure. They have greatly enhanced the life of arctic explorers and navigators by equipping ice breakers, especially those destined for explorations of two or three years, with libraries, pianos, guitars, sewing and washing machines, canteens for candies and cigarettes and even ice cream freezers.

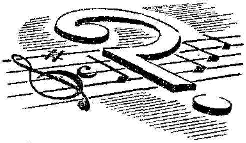
Radio and airplane have revolutionized the technique of arctic exploration. The old-fashioned method of sending out exploring parties for a limited period has been replaced by permanent stations equipped as modern scientific bases, kept in touch with the outside world by radio and airplane.

The old pioneering was individualistic and haphazard. The pioneer's conquest of the last frontier, the arctic, is planned and scientific. In the Hydrographic Technicum in Leningrad the Soviets have founded the world's first school for training polar explorers. Men and women are put through a course in all branches of geology, hydrology, and other sciences to prepare them to guide the arctic exploration of the future. Ten years ago the arctic was an icy wilderness, in which a few wintering parties of hardy scientists and explorers fought desperately to maintain themselves while they transacted their heroic business. Today it is becoming a matter-of-fact country, full of cities and people, work and play. Within another ten years it will be a new civilization, to which you will be able to buy a steamship or airplane ticket. There will be nothing different about it except the scenery and maybe the height of the mercury in the thermometer. Man will have subdued the inhospitable and dreaded Frozen North. You may even be able to go there from say, Chicago, by way of Edmonton, Alberta; Fairbanks, Alaska; and the pole; in the Polar Super-Clipper.

—Oril Brown

SCHERZO IN 'BE SHARP'

BALD QUESTIONS FOR LONG-HAIRED MUSICIANS AND THEIR AUDIENCES



HERE are fifty questions designed to test your general knowledge of music. Count 2% for every correct answer. A rating of 60% is fair, 70% is good, 80% is very good, 90% is exceptional, and 100% is perfect. Answers will be found on page 86.

1. Name the lowest compass of the adult male voice.
2. What device is used to deaden or reduce the volume of sound of a metal wind or string instrument?
3. What is the mouth organ called?
4. With what implement is tone produced in instruments of the viol class?
5. What kind of music is best suited to a private room or small hall?
6. What word is used by the audience to recall a performer?
7. Name the two flat metallic discs that can be clashed together.
8. What is an ensemble of four performers?
9. What is the name of the stick or wand employed by a conductor in leading?
10. What is a loose chain of melodies called?
11. Give the term that is applied to any group or company of singers.
12. Give the popular name for an oriental drum.
13. By what name are small pairs of ivory or hard wood clappers known?
14. What is the common term for a folk song that appeals to popular sentiment and tells a story?
15. Name the noted Polish dance that was supplanted by the waltz.
16. What is the name for an accompanied operatic melody sung by a single voice?
17. What is the name for the art of weaving together two or more related but independent melodies?
18. Give a synonym for soprano.
19. What is the term for the total tonal effect produced by an orchestra playing together?
20. What name is given to the leading female singer?
21. What name is given to a dreamy, pensive instrumental composition?
22. What is the term for a song of mournful character to accompany funeral rites?
23. What kind of opera has a serious text?

24. What is the lowest female voice?
25. Name a famed Scotch wind instrument of the reed class.
26. Which voice part is next above tenor?
27. Give the general term for a boat song.
28. Which instrument is the bass of the oboe family?
29. What is the term for a sprightly, humorous composition or movement?
30. What is the name for a musical recitation in which the words are delivered in a declamatory style?
31. What is a sailor's work-song called?
32. Name the keyboard in a pipe-organ.
33. What is the general term for a Christmas carol?
34. What is the military signal at daybreak called?
35. What is the military signal at nightfall called?
36. What wind instrument utilizes the reed mouthpiece of a clarinet?
37. By what name is an instrumentalist of masterly technique, who demonstrates his skill publicly, known?
38. Give the name for a mechanical device that marks time.
39. What is the name for a light stage play with spoken dialogue and sparkling songs?
40. Name the body of persons employed in a theater or opera house to stimulate applause.
41. What is the name for an elaborate work for a solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment?
42. What is the name for a composition or movement in a slow tempo?
43. What is a song of joy, praise or exultation?
44. What is the name of the oval, ebony plate that is attached to the rounded edge of the violin body?
45. What term is applied to a short orchestral passage in which the brasses predominate?
46. Give the name for a special concluding passage of a composition.
47. What is an orchestral prelude?
48. In vocalization, what is a wavy, oscillating tone called?
49. What is the direction for returning to the beginning and repeating?
50. What is the knowledge of bells and bell-ringing called?

—A. I. Green

TWO IS COMPANY

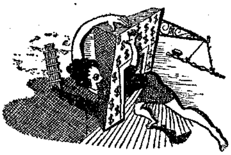
New York hotel managers find that men stay longer in the metropolis when they bring their wives along. This seems to refute the old theory that taking one's wife on a trip is twice the expense and only half the fun.

The explanation is simple enough. Two people, having both common and individual interests, can find at least twice as many things to keep them in New York as one person can.

—Fred C. Kelly

HOW TO BE SIMPLE

WE COULD ALL BORROW A LEAF FROM THE SURREALISTIC MRS. SYSTEM—OR COULD WE?



THE chic and clever Lady Honor System is the personification of simplicity.

Instead of having a kitchen-garden, Lady Honor has a garden-kitchen. Salvator Dali's sister (one of the Dali sisters) designed the stove especially to incubate plover-eggs. The wooden drainboard is by Jean-Michel Frank, whether he says no or not.

Twice daily water is sprinkled thereon. The vegetation that sprouts forth is used as grazing-ground by Billy the Kid, Lady Honor's smart house-goat from Schiaparalysis. (Mr. "Sissy" System, her husband, is president of the Goat Club de France of which his old Nanny is concièrge.)

Instead of kitchen utensils the walls are simply lined with money. Lady Honor keeps her skates in the refrigerator and keeps her moths in a specially designed cupboard at a safe distance from: the sink where alive or undead seals are wont to play in winter, although in summer they are sent to Revillon.

Acutely aware of social changes, the Systems give their cook 168 hours a week off. The Systems travel a great deal. When Lady Honor unexpectedly wakes up in Vienna in the Hotel Bristol and insults the management by demanding breakfast from the Ritz, all is regulated in the simplest fashion when she gets a good slap in the face from Mr. System.

Although she has taken the Tower of Pisa for the winter (in order to straighten things out) and is considering taking calomel or poison next spring, most of the time Lady Honor is quite contented taking the lift to her flat in the rue de Rothschild, although it is on the ground floor.

Lady Honor never uses cold cream which is bad for her, although like sugar, it is good for coffee.

Before becoming a resident of Paris Lady Honor was attached to the late Tsar's bodyguard, all of it.

Lady Honor System closes her eyes in religious ecstasy and inhales deeply, her favorite form of exercise.

That's all I have to say about Lady Honor. However, I can add (but not over ten, and never on Sundays) that she has never been seen to put powder on her nose. She sniffs it. *Ça fait simple.*

—SYLVIA LYON

BLACK HOLLYWOOD

EDUCATION, NOT SEX, IS THE THEME OF THE MOVIES OF THE POOR BENIGHTED AFRICANS

"BLACK boy meets black girl; black boy loses black girl; black boy finds black girl."

There's a neat little plot which the African motion picture colony, located at Vugiri in the Usumbara Mountains, Tanganyika Territory, may film when they get around to being a little more civilized. Just now the company which for two years has been producing films in Africa, by Africans, for Africans, is concerned with such savage themes as taxes, banking, agriculture and education.

The International Missionary Council, of all people, is backing this cinematic venture, but its motives are not mercenary. In fact, its flyer in theatrical star-gazing is strictly in the line of duty, and the films are to be used as an auxiliary of the Church, placing a new instrument of education in the hands of the missionary.

Recognizing the movie as a potent for good *or* evil, and the inevitability of eventual native cinema circuits throughout Bantu Africa, the Council hopes to establish a production and distribution system for suitable, wholesome film entertainment using Negro stars and tribal themes. Only in this way, it feels, can such a potentially lucrative market—50,000,000 people in British African Colonies alone—be closed to inappropriate foreign films which would be certain to have a detrimental influence on native life if a taste for them were cultivated and exploited by grasping, outside interests.

J. Merle Davis, Director of the Department of Social and Industrial Research of the Council, recalling futile instances of missionaries who were sent to China only to have their work undone by consignments of European and American celluloidal erotica and graphic crime courses brought over in the hold of the same ship, resolved to get the jump on M-G-M, Gaumont British and other commercial studios in a bid for the dusky fan trade. With an original $55,000 Carnegie grant, since augmented by the East African Governments, he set up a film studio in the heart of Africa under the direction of Major L. Notcutt, electrical engineer and former sisal planter.

The Central (Africa) Casting Bureau suffered a surprising upset in blue-printed procedure with the discovery that native women couldn't or wouldn't act. Females had to be impersonated by young boys. Consequently, Bape, a clever midnight-hued lad, is the first Norma Shearer of Africa, at the princely—or should we say "princessly"—salary of 30*s*., or $7.50 a month.

Another deviation from Hollywood technique is the expedient prevalence of light backgrounds, so the audience won't wonder where an actor went while it is still looking at him.

The first film to go before the cameras was "The Gourd of Poison," a two-reel melodrama portraying the conflict between a progressive chief and a witch-doctor. The cast included a hero, villain, and the male heroine.

A black and white staff collaborates on production. Scenarios are prepared by Major Notcutt with suggestions by British Colony officials and others experienced in African lore. Natives have been trained to help with camera work, direction, and imaginative details.

Because the primitive audiences are illiterate, a "talking" picture is necessary, but as the films must be exhibited in localities using different languages, the sound-on-film process is impractical. Synchronized gramophone records are made in six or more tongues at about one-tenth the cost of the other method. One of the native directors, a former play producer in Zanzibar, does Lowell Thomas commentaries in Ki-Swahili. He is adept at recording his remarks extemporaneously while watching a screen performance, and introduces all manner of subtleties which are greatly appreciated by equatorial audiences.

The first program was shown to 3,000 squatting natives at Tanga who had never before viewed a motion picture. Eight one- and two-reel films comprised the evening's entertainment. A simple description of photographic technique preceded the show, to prevent tribesmen from thinking the performance was due to magic.

One of the hit pictures was a knockabout farce starring Manyaro, a local Chaplin without the baggy trousers—without much of any trousers, in fact. Manyaro is shown playing pranks and being chased around the village, dodging blows and tripping up pursuers in the Mack Sennett tradition.

Another feature which proved extremely popular, to the surprise of the exhibitors, was a serious instructional film demonstrating how the poll tax money is expended—and this had to be encored. Imagine Americans applauding a reminder of taxes! Bantu movie critics also gave four stars to a film on soil erosion in Kenya, and some mild propaganda dealing lightly with tea-growing and preparation. True British subjects, the late savages are taking to the English custom of tea-sipping with gusto.

The missionaries are determined to sponsor no gangster thrillers, but crime is sometimes depicted in a good cause. A two-reeler which showed a thief stealing wages buried under a bed is said to have boomed the Post Office Savings Bank business in the vicinity. Bank Night in the Jungles!

One film showed by example the wrong and right ways of housebuilding. A native health worker on a bicycle stops to inspect a new dwelling and the following conversation takes place:

"That is your house, is it? It's not a good house, Kanyera. Dear, dear, dear!"

"Why?"

"Well, to start with, I can't see that you have any windows."

"Why should I want windows?"

"Well, God gave us light and air. We must not shut them out. Without windows, the good air can't get in and the bad air can't get out."

After disapproving of cooking in the house, an unsanitary lavatory, rats in the granary, and the wasteful burning of potential fertilizer, the enlightened native appeals to the other's logic thus:

"Have you any money in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it. . . . Now, throw it away."

"What do you mean? I'm not a fool."

"But you are a fool. You throw that rubbish away and that rubbish is money if you know how to use it."

Our hero than takes the blundering fellow to inspect the kind of house he should have put up, while the onlookers sit as spellbound as a bunch of high school girls at a Gable matinée.

Less appreciated were a travel film and reels showing the proper and improper ways of preparing hides, and the uses of schools. But there were cheers at the end of the program, before the audience dispersed into the star-lit tropical night, spears in hand to protect them from wild beasts on the homeward journey—a three to six mile walk for many of them.

On the Copper Belt, African miners are said definitely to prefer the indigenous films to Western productions which have been shown in the compounds. Pictures are not unknown in the largest East African towns, but the inferior worn-out prints which find their way there present only a demoralized and violent side of European civilization which is either quite unintelligible to the savage or is an incentive to lawlessness.

After seeing a film taken during the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires, some natives of South Africa asked the missionary "If all these people go to Heaven shall we still find a place there?" On the other hand, they understand the films made for their own edification—but they cannot comprehend how the white men can also understand them!

The animated cartoon will also be introduced and used to perpetuate folk-lore and fables of the tropics. Mickey Mouse may soon have an ink-complexioned counterpart, squeaking with a Swahili accent!

—Weldon Melick

THE SKI REVOLUTION

THE THREE TENETS OF MODERN SKIING ARE: SPEED, MORE SPEED, AND STILL MORE SPEED

TRYING a few acrobatic stunts on a 1908 Blériot monoplane, which looks somewhat like a big bird cage, or driving to work in a well upholstered landau would not startle your European friends as much as seeing you ski with last year's clothes or the technique of two years ago. This most elusive of pastimes, which consists in making a sleigh of your feet and standing on them, has the habit of changing as subtly and completely as newly born babies. So completely, in fact, that some of the men who spent the last few winters in the tropics or at war (there was a war going on last year, during the skiing season) lately decided to appear on the snow disguised as utter beginners, who, while being ridiculous, are much less so than the 1934 expert.

Of course the foundations of the sport are still the same. You put on skiing clothes and skis. You try to reach as high a spot as you possibly can, with whatever means your ingenuity or the local hotel keepers' association has devised. You let yourself slide down, as fast as you dare, and, by means of clever undulations, try to avoid fir trees, fat ladies, rocks, or those treacherous cabin roofs which snuggle against the mountain side, buried in just a few inches of snow, and on which your skis usually come to a sudden halt, catapulting you into the air. If you want to stop (you might have dropped a good hat, might want to speak to a friend, or take off your skis for dinner), you go into some sort of contortions of legs and hips until the desired result is miraculously achieved.

Roughly speaking, skiing is still that. All these things are still done, more or less, but there is the same difference between the style of today and that of a few years ago as between grandfather's timid courtship and the sort of thing contemporary young people call love. The technique has been so throughly revolutionized that you look at yourself in a 1934 snapshot and wonder how the poor boy could have kept from breaking his legs every week end.

The most apparent change came in the clothes. Everybody remembers the day when white flannel trousers and a white silk waist-length coat were the smartest thing on the Continent, and one thought it extremely important to wear bright, amusing colors, perhaps to be more easily found and dug out of a snowslide. Those were the days when we believed, a little too naïvely, that when one promenades twelve thousand feet nearer Heaven in midwinter, one should carefully clothe himself with warm wools, mitts, ear guards and heavy socks. Ridiculous. Utter nonsense. The best people in Cortina d'Ampezzo or Saint Moritz wear nothing but dark blue gabardine trousers, a flannel shirt, something tied around the hair to keep it from getting into their eyes. No reindeer fur boots, no Finnish gloves, no fancy cut trousers. And, above all, nothing tied around the ankles: no socks to roll over the boots, no puttees. Everybody seems to try to take off as much as he can, and to look as if he were engaged in something far removed from skiing, like painting the back porch on a chilly day or duck shooting. Nothing shocked the nicer kind of skiers more than to see the suit the former Prince of Wales once chose for himself at Kitzbühl. It was a rough white thing of heavy wool, which he wore with red socks and a red sweater. The most appalling feature of it (somebody really should have warned him in time) was that it looked especially designed for skiing. It couldn't be used for anything else.

It all started, probably, when the old-fashioned Alpine trek lost its popularity. A short time ago people would leave for a day or a fortnight in the mountains, with an itinerary marked with red pencil on their map, knapsack, skis and food. It took a lot of planning. Skis were sturdy and heavy, the clothes warm and waterproof, the sacks packed with a standard list of things which included hard boiled eggs in individual aluminum containers, biscuits, blankets, candles, brandy, salt, tea, ski waxes of all varieties, sugar, alcohol lamp, light raincoat, Bovril, jam, prunes, knives, soap, comb, toothbrush, flashlight, note book and pencil. It took a good, practical knowledge of the geography of the Alps, of the treachery of snow and ice, and the ability to take care of oneself in any emergency. Snowstorms and snowslides, at twelve thousand feet, far from the possibility of help, make you often think of your early childhood, your sweetheart's face and generally of all the things you're supposed to think about when the end is near. The trip was usually planned in such a way that you got to a cabin or a cave at night fall. You could lie down on dry wooden planks, after a slight supper, a hot cup of tea and a pipe. Often a storm or a difficult passage slowed the party's progress during the day, and you had to bivouac on the ice when night came, and sleep in a hole dug by yourself, with a couple of blankets over you. All this took nerve and knowledge.

That was the heroic age of skiing. Men alone took these trips, sometimes accompanied by one or two guides, if the going was especially risky. Women were not wanted, because they complicated matters incredibly. You had to be sure they were strong enough, before accepting them, and had to worry about a chaperon. The few I have seen were somebody's sisters, and had come especially to show someone or other in the party how strong, reliable and uncomplaining they were. They came in handy for cooking and washing utensils.

Even if you only had an afternoon to yourself, in the good old days of 1931 or 1932, or could not be bothered with the planning and the expenditure of a lengthy trip, you climbed to the top of a mountain (which march took you anywhere between three to five hours) and slid down in something like three or four minutes at the speed of forty miles per hour. Even a three-hour climb required good clothes, a knapsack, a bottle of brandy for convenience (unfortunately St. Bernard dogs are not so common as one is led to believe), and the skier always resembled vaguely those pictures of polar explorers which hang in Burberry's shop, Haymarket, London.

People haven't the time and leisure for all that sort of thing, nowadays. Skiing has been impatiently whittled down to its most thrilling and dangerous part—speed. Funiculaires, cable railways, horse sleigh tracks have been built by the hundreds in every little Alpine hamlet which boasts of a steeple, a hotel, and a couple of hillsides. People arrive on Saturday afternoon and leave Sunday night; they have a rigidly limited number of hours in which to pack as much fast downhill skiing as they possibly can. The little wagon of the funiculaire (glass enclosed, filled with steaming people) takes them painlessly to the top in a quarter of an hour or less, and from there they can choose any of a number of different ways to get back to the valley bottom. Within four or five minutes they are back at the funiculaire's entrance waiting for their turn, ticket in hand. At Sestriere where you find two funiculaires running at intervals of fifteen minutes, all day long, you could theoretically have as many as 150 minutes of pure, breathtaking speed in one day, two and a half hours of flying over compact snow. Of course, Sestriere (in Piedmont, on the Italian side of the Savoy Alps) is one of the most efficient organizations of the kind, designed for nothing else than purveying speed to hurried clients.

Ski races have followed the fashion. Three or four years ago you used to see lots of cross country runs, laid up and down hill, with goodly stretches of level ground. Stocky and muscular champions contended for a loving cup over twenty rough mountain miles, and often had to ford creeks, or carry their skis on their shoulders over dangerous stretches. Men liked to match their skill at slalom, designing exact curves around red flags stuck in the snow. Now people refuse to be bothered with all that work. Light, slim athletes are carried to mountain tops by mechanical means, and there they shed their heavy camel's hair coats, and throw themselves down practically perpendicular mountain sides, at speeds which were considered improbable for anything but motors or men falling out of a skyscraper window up to a few years ago.

What the public wants today, is a varied and emotional slope, with speed, curves and tame obstacles, laying exactly between a funiculaire station and a café door.

With the coming of faster and faster skiing, the Telemark and the good old fancy steps we learned way back in 1930 have found refuge in family albums and on those easier and kindlier slopes a stone's throw from Alpine hotels where elderly bankers practice their rusty skill. Where it was necessary to design wide arches with your feet in order to take a turn (as it was important for an old motor boat to have a large rudder), now a mere shifting of your weight will make you describe dizzy spirals on hard packed snow (as an outboard racer needs only a rudder as big as a man's hand). Skis are kept close together and parallel, and the body must offer as little resistance to the wind as possible, knees bent and elastic, weight thrown forward, toward the tip of the skis, toward the valley bottom, toward that café door.

Thus speak the wise men of the Arlberg Valley school in Austria, the men who plotted and started the ski revolution of the last few years. But all over the Alps, at Chamonix, Sestriere, Clavières, Mürren (where the English always go for the sake of that famous Inferno run), at Saint Moritz, Cortina d'Ampezzo, San Martino di Castrozza, Madonna di Campiglio, the new desire for speed has driven men to invent new improvements. A feverish search goes on everywhere for faster ski waxes, for lighter clothes, for heavier skis, for tiny tricks that clip one-half of one per cent from your average time. Men plunge fearlessly down steep slopes which were to be taken with a cautious zigzag course only a few months ago. New funiculaires are built to bring herds of impatient youngsters where snow was left untouched through the centuries. The most important implement of anybody's outfit is the precision stop watch worn on the left wrist, which tells you how much faster you dared take the hill than the last time.

The revolution was inevitable. The good old days remind one of the time when, in order to drink a glass of milk, you had first to go out to the barn with a bucket and a stool. All you have to do now, in this modern world, is to wave your hand languidly in the direction of a waiter and say: "A glass of milk, please." All you have to do in most Alpine resorts is to say: "Speed, please," and abysses of compact snow open up at your feet. You still must push yourself down, however. —Luigi Barzini, Jr.

NOT-SO-DUMB ANIMALS

SCIENTISTS ARE CONVINCED THAT MANY ANIMALS HAVE AN AMAZINGLY HIGH "I. Q."

Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoölogical Park, classes animals according to intelligence as follows:

1. Chimpanzee
2. Orang-outan
3. Elephant
4. Gorilla
5. Domestic dog
6. Beaver
7. Domestic horse
8. Sea lion
9. Bear
10. Domestic cat

Dr. Blair believes that these animals and many others think in the same sense that man does, and talk among themselves. He says, "When animals are communicating with their own kind it is possible that they are using some method that was available to man in an earlier stage of development, but which he has lost since he developed the power of speech."

There are well authenticated instances of dogs using human speech well enough to make themselves understood. Boulderwell, a Great Dane, was studied by scientists. He modified his bark to convey his meaning. Water for instance was "Wow-r-r-r."

Much more remarkable was a French bulldog, Princess Jacqueline, owned by Mrs. Mabel Robinson of Waterville, Maine. This dog had a vocabulary of twenty words which she could form into sentences. There is no question about the facts in this case. Dr. Knight Dunlap examined the animal and found she had well developed vocal cords.

The ability of parrots and crows to use human speech is known, but the best conversationalist in the animal kingdom, according to Dr. Blair, is a small Indian bird resembling a starling, called the myna.

As evidence that animals think, Dr. William F. Carr, director of the Roadside Zoölogical Gardens at Bear Mountain shows motion pictures of beavers at work. He has a map of a district that beaver engineers made over by building seven dams and three canals. "Four of the dams," says Dr. Carr, "showed an almost human knowledge of engineering principles. One main dam impounded a lake, causing heavy water pressure against the dam. Three auxiliary dams were built in succession down the stream gradually to reduce the head of water and distribute the pressure."

—Morrison Colladay

THE FALL OF RICHARD II

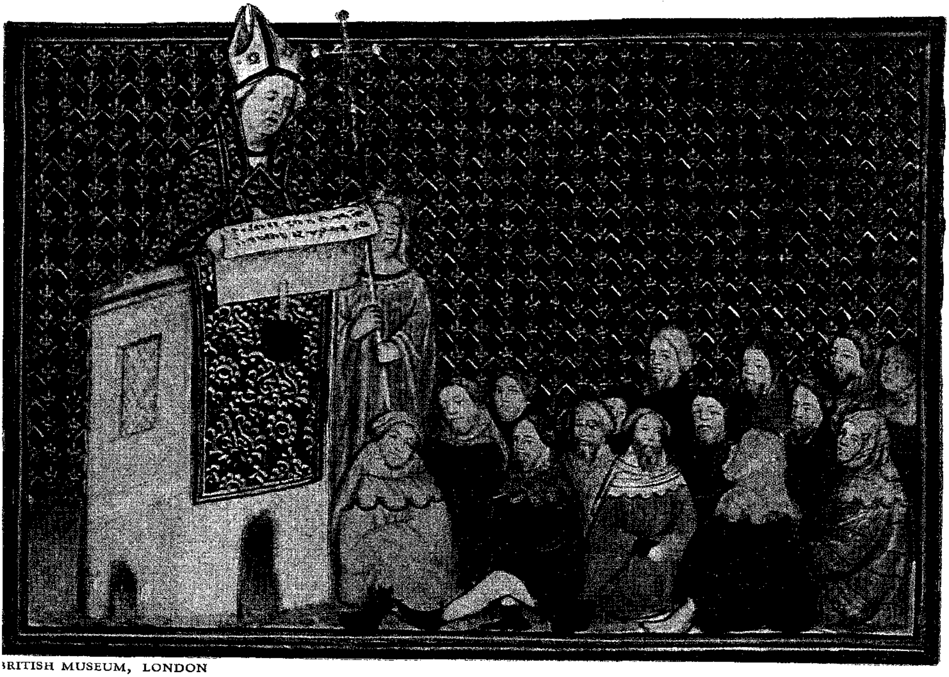
AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT, WITH MINIATURES FROM THE ORIGINAL 15th CENTURY MANUSCRIPT

To most of the events leading up to a famous abdication of another age, one Jehan Creton, a French knight, was an excited witness. He had journeyed to Ireland with Richard II purely for the sake of a harmless adventure, but before he was done he saw more adventure than he had bargained for. Once safe in France, however, he set down in verse an account of the events he had observed. Translations of excerpts from his manuscript, together with reproductions of the miniatures with which it was illuminated, are given on the following pages.

Two tactical blunders cost Richard II his kingdom. In 1399 he made an expedition to Ireland, taking with him all his trusted adherents and leaving behind all his enemies. When news reached him in Ireland that Henry Bolingbroke (later by this stroke to become Henry IV) had taken up arms against him, Richard made his second fatal error. Instead of returning immediately to England to oppose Bolingbroke, he dispatched the Earl of Salisbury to rally the levies of North Wales. Without the King, who many thought must be dead, Salisbury failed.

Thus, when Richard finally reached England, he could oppose Bolingbroke only in a battle of intrigue. In this he came off a poor second. He freely promised Bolingbroke every concession, intending later to gather his forces and turn on the rebels. But the foe was one step ahead, and no sooner had he left his castle than he fell into an ambush. Bolingbroke brought him to London and forced his abdication. Five months later, in 1400, Richard died in imprisonment.

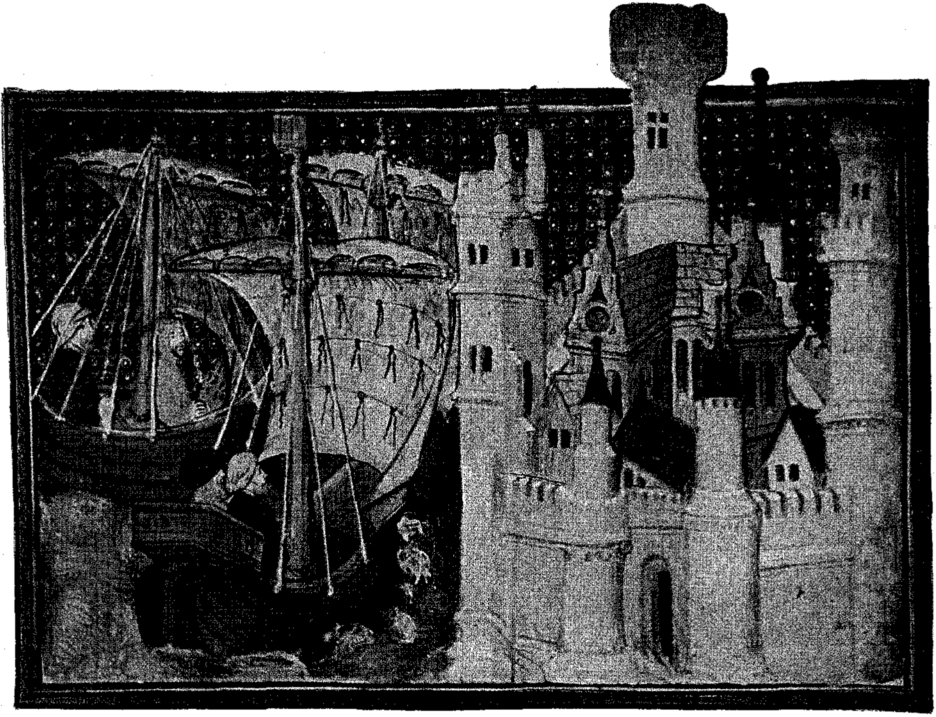
That Creton's rôle of innocent bystander sometimes got too warm for him is evidenced by his naïve interpolation in the narration of Richard's ambush: "Then, indeed, I wished to be in France." When Richard was brought to Bolingbroke, Creton forthwith set a bad example for all future foreign correspondents by retiring so far behind the lines that he found himself in France. Despite the obvious advantages of personal observation, he was content to complete the final portion of the narrative from second-hand accounts.



RITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

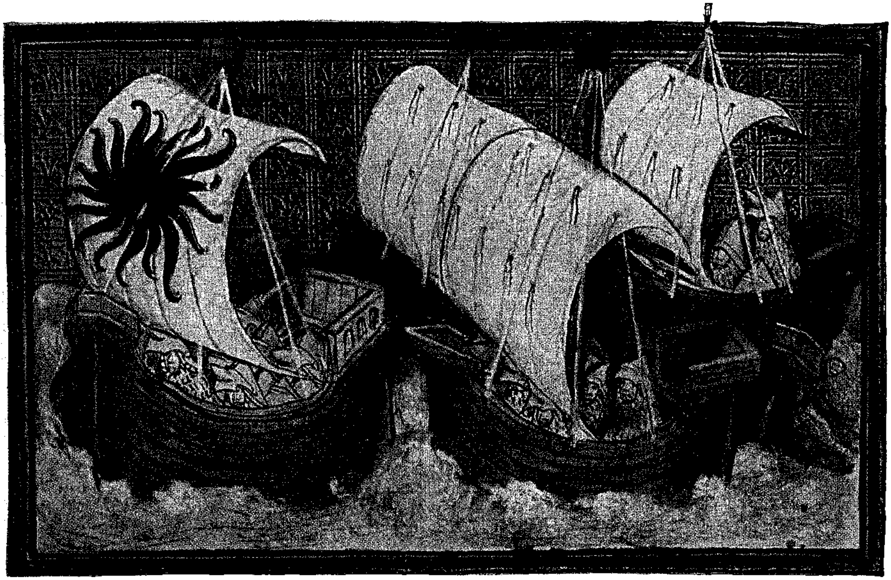
THE CHURCH SIDES WITH BOLINGBROKE

"Good people," the Archbishop cried,
"Ye know full well the King's bad reign,
And each who now doth bring us aid
Shall of his sins remission gain."



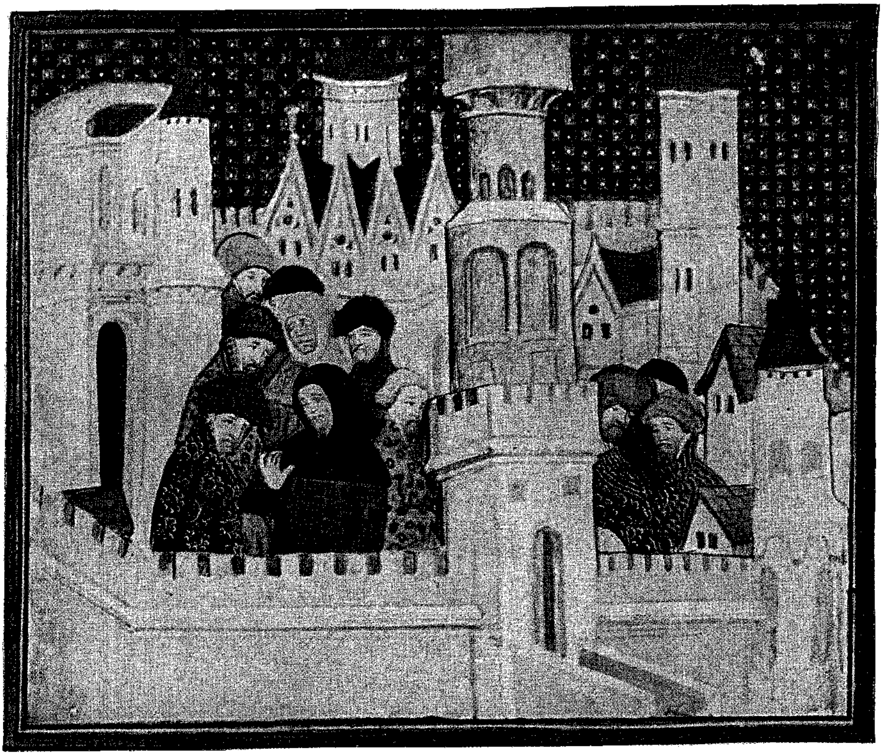
SALISBURY SAILS TO DEFEND RICHARD

By Richard sent, the trusted Earl
Set sail for Wales in high desire,
That he might rouse the gentry up,
And 'gainst the traitors thus conspire.



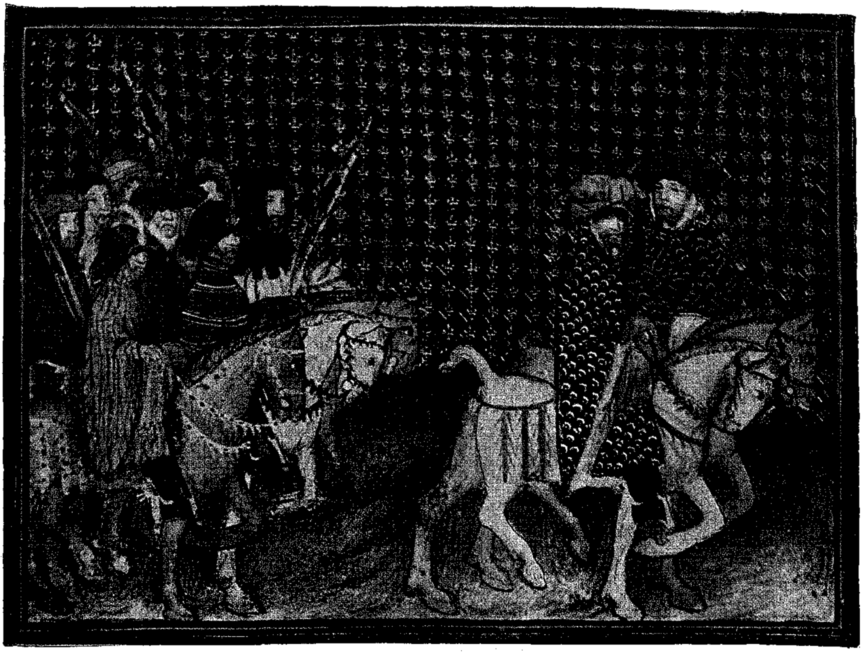
RICHARD FOLLOWS THREE WEEKS LATER

From Ireland then King Richard sail'd,
To join the Earl in his design;
So bright the sun, so strong the wind,
He pass'd the sea in two days' time.



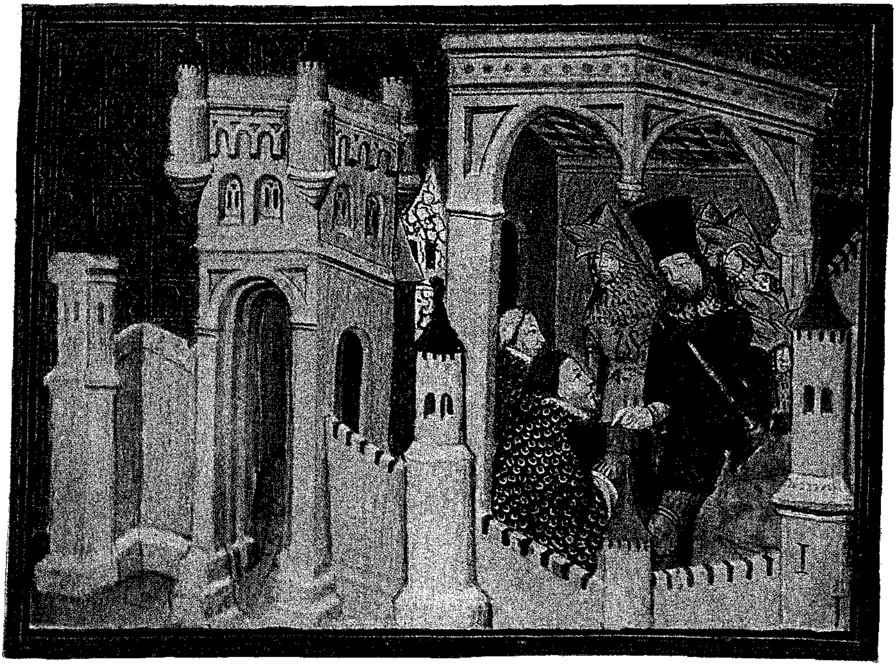
SALISBURY'S MISSION FAILS

In monk's disguise King Richard came,
But he was met with tears, not joy,
For to his cause the Earl could bring
No force that might the foe destroy.



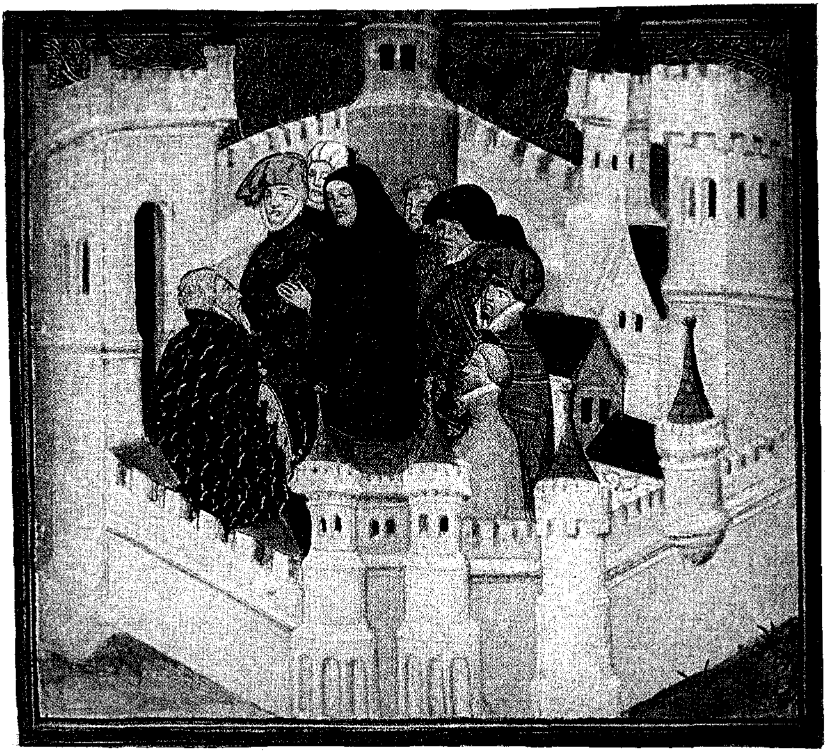
RICHARD SUES FOR PEACE

To Bolingbroke the King dispatch'd
His envoys that they might adjure
The Duke to leave his warlike course,
And from him terms of peace procure.



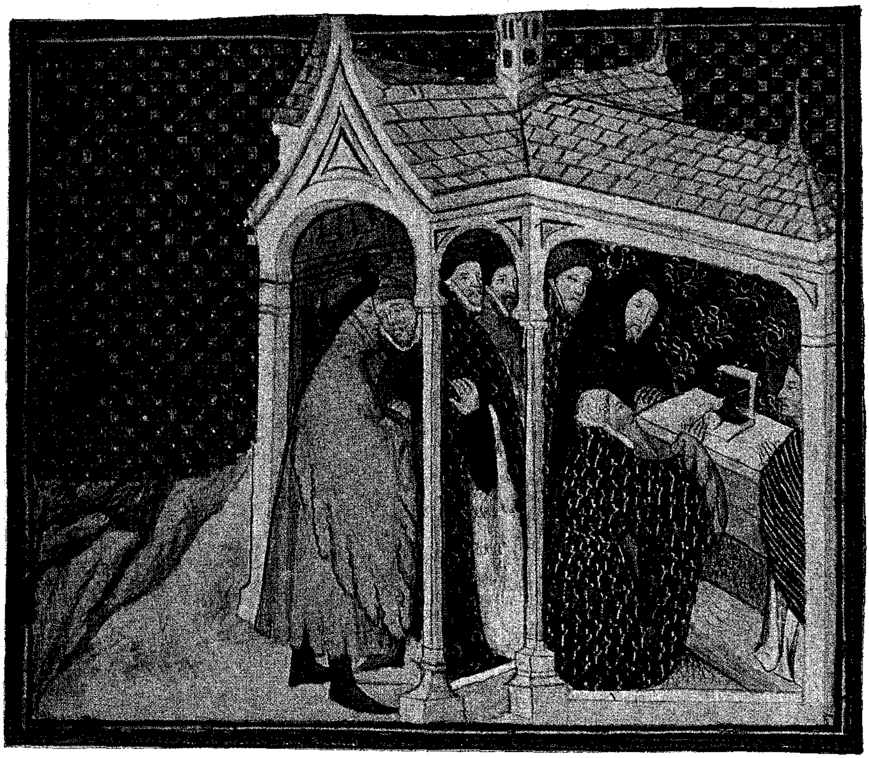
BOLINGBROKE RECEIVES THE ENVOYS

Before the Duke they knelt them down;
"Now tell," quoth he, "by Holy Rood,
What token bring ye from your lord."
"Ah, none that for our lord is good!"



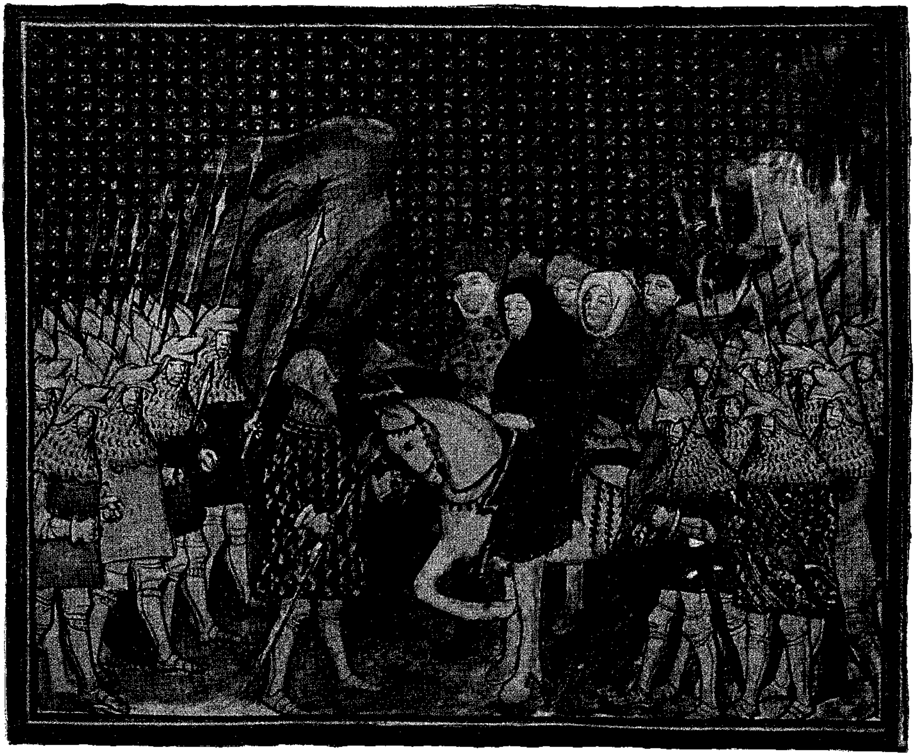
EARL PERCY IS SENT TO TRAP RICHARD

The Earl set forth to thwart a King,
And with his force to Wales he spurr'd;
His men conceal'd within a wood,
With Richard he alone conferr'd.



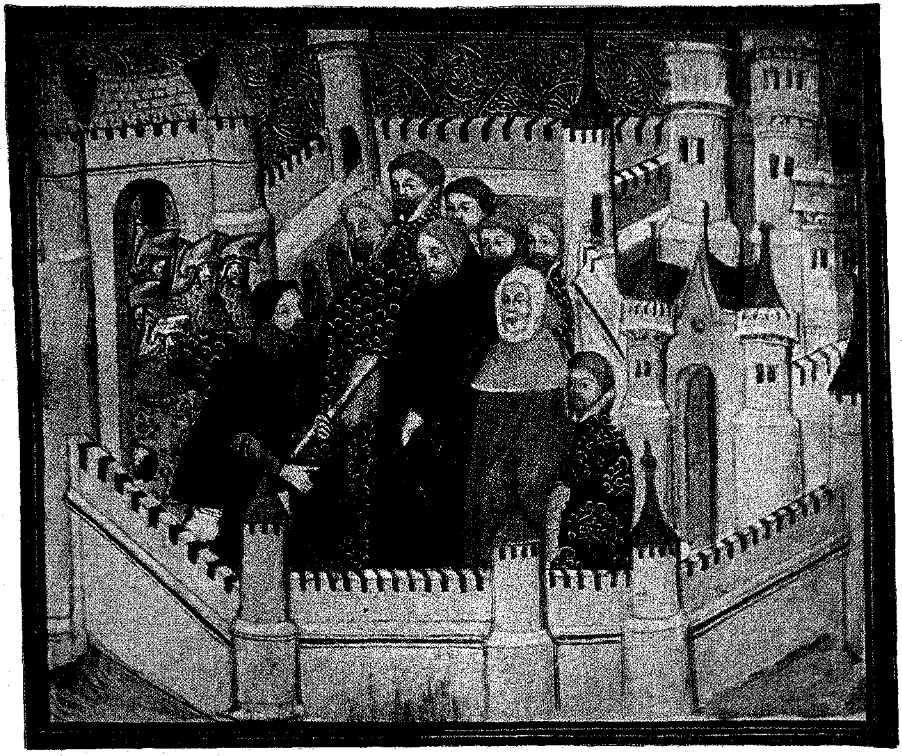
THE EARL FALSELY PLEDGES GOOD FAITH

Upon the Host did Percy swear
An oath, alas, that was a curse;
How must their blood have turn'd: the one
Had foul intent, the other worse.



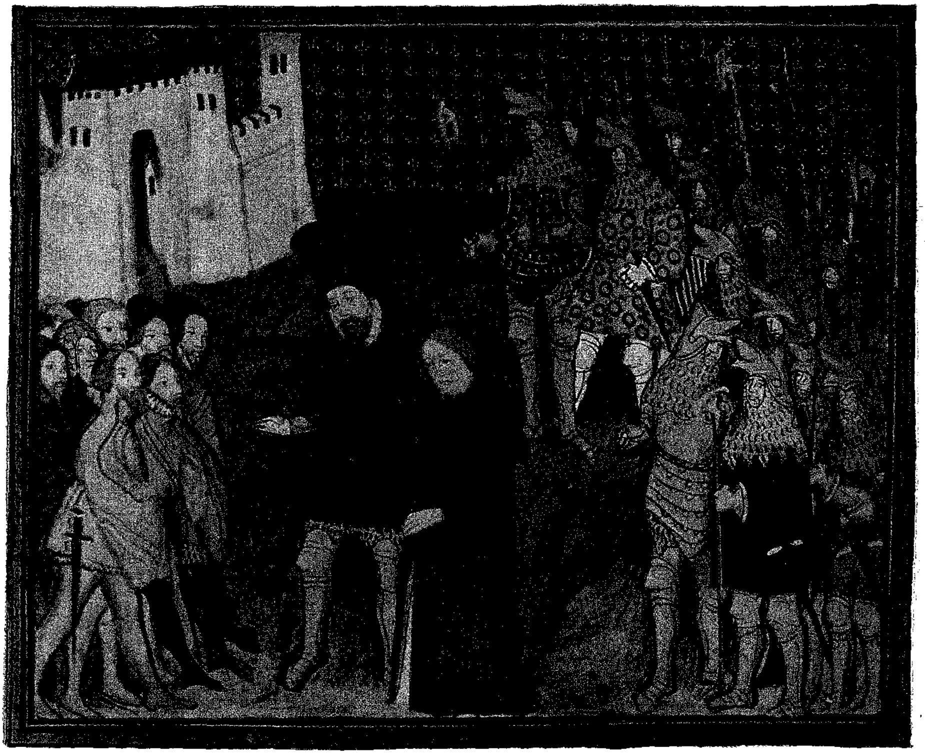
RICHARD IS CAUGHT IN AMBUSH

Against a rock was Richard penn'd,
Sore victim of a traitor's plot;
"O God," he cried, "he taketh us
To Bolingbroke who loves us not!"



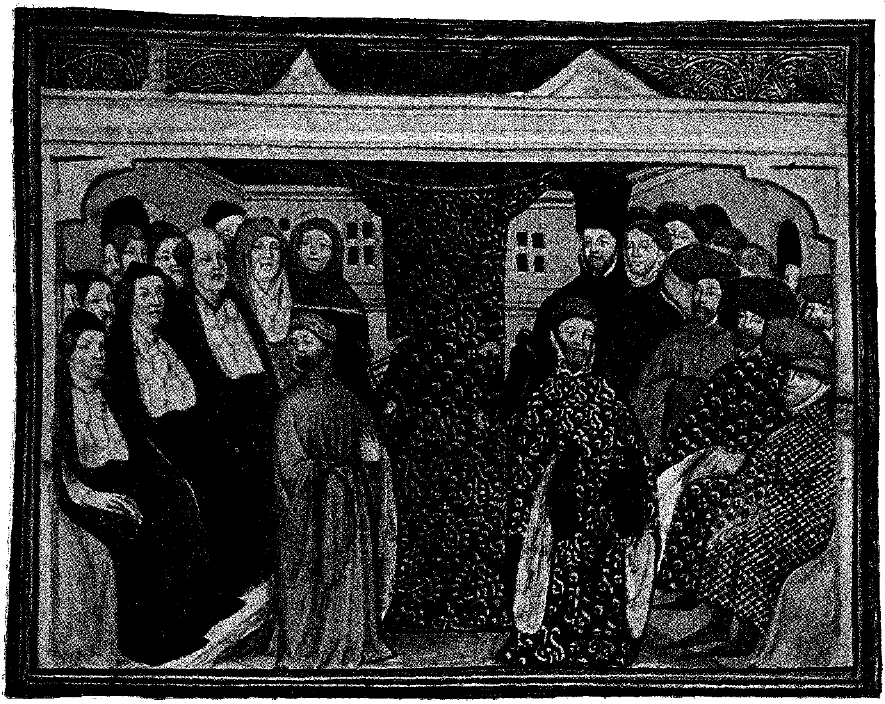
RICHARD IS BROUGHT TO BOLINGBROKE

"To mend thy realm," quoth Bolingbroke,
"I'll aid thy rule most virtuous."
King Richard spoke (perforce he must):
"What pleaseth thee, that pleaseth us."



HE IS DELIVERED INTO IMPRISONMENT

Before the gates of London then
They paus'd, and to the Commons still,
Cried Bolingbroke, "Fair Sirs, your King!
Behold, do with him what ye will!"



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

BOLINGBROKE IS ACCLAIMED HENRY IV

Ainsi, comme vous avey ouy,
Fu deffait le roi ancien,
Sans raison et sans vraie justice,
Sans droit, sans loy et sans moyen.

THE BATTLE OF WORDS

KEEPING SCORE ON THE VOCABULARIES OF SOME OF OUR BETTER-KNOWN AUTHORS

Of the 550,000 English words in the latest standard dictionaries how many do the best American authors use?

In his entire works Shakespeare used only 15,000 different words and Milton's vocabulary was 8,000. The whole of the Italian opera contains only about 600 words. Half a century was to elapse after Shakespeare's death before Johnson published the first English dictionary. "When Shakespeare was born," says Wilson Follett," English was spoken by few, if any, more than 4,000,000 persons—about the population of New Jersey—and by many of them it was spoken in dialectal forms so various that groups living thirty miles apart could hardly understand one another's speech." Today English is a native or acquired language of nearly 200,000,000.

The first edition of Webster's dictionary was published in 1828 and contained 70,000 words, an increase of 12,000 over Todd's Johnson. The unabridged edition published in 1864 contained 114,000 words. The next edition in 1890 listed 175,000 words, a number increased by 25,000 in the International with supplement in 1900. The New International appeared in 1909 with a vocabulary of 400,000 and the current edition boasts of more than 550,000 words. It has been said that radio alone has added five thousand words to the language.

Yet we are told that the vocabulary of the average American is about 3,000, that three-fourths of the words in the language are unfamiliar to educated people, that the vocabulary of the best writers and speakers is less than ten thousand.

In *The Professor's House*, a novel of about 60,000 words, Willa Cather uses approximately 4,000 different words. She is the thriftiest of American writers when it comes to the use of words, accommodating her words and phrases with amazing exactness to all the nuances of thought. Where many writers would write a sentence she frequently hyphenates two words, thereby clearly and economically conveying an idea.

To drop a word from Miss Cather's writing is often to dim the meaning of the passage in which it occurs.

There is an iridescent quality in Willa Cather's writing which she achieves through a lavish use of color. The reader is told the color of everything. When the story is on the down beat she uses violet in all its variations. It is a *warm lavender*, a *vivid lilac*, or a *greyish mauve*, but to her every tint has a meaning. She makes constant use of seasons and weather—familiar things, sun, wind, rain—words that do not have to be looked up in the dictionary.

Compared to Miss Cather, Thomas Wolfe gives the impression of being a spendthrift in words. He often harnesses five or more adjectives to a noun. Yet the total number of different words in Wolfe's 90,000 word book *From Death to Morning* is approximately 3,700—an average of about forty per thousand.

Mr. Wolfe smells everything he describes and makes the reader smell it. This book fairly reeks with odors, few of them pleasant. He rhapsodizes over the odors rising from a Brooklyn canal which he describes as *one huge gigantic stink, a symphonic smell*. Mr. Wolfe writes 130 words before he can get this odor off his mind. And whatever he writes his words and phrases seem to quiver with the emotion of the author. Despite his annoying repetitions he uses words and phrases that are cold and commonplace in themselves and somehow makes them sound like a rifle shot or a revolution.

The writing of James Branch Cabell gives the impression of an extended vocabulary. Yet, in his 90,000 word book *The Silver Stallion* he uses less than 5,000 different words. The book abounds in proper names, four hundred appearing in the first 2,500 words. But they enhance the effect of his style.

The word-lover revels in Cabell. Despite the richness, the splendor, the intricacy of his literary trappings the design is never lost. There is a stateliness, a certain ritualistic form in every paragraph he writes, however whimsical or facetious he may be. His musical phrases follow each other with a cadence that the eye catches and the mind follows. He uses words as a painter uses colors, blending, combining, contrasting them to achieve delicate shades of meaning that the sensitive reader feels and delights in. We come upon rare old words we have forgotten if we ever knew them, but the context, together with the sight and sound of them recalls or suggests their meaning. He molds words to his liking. *He was not unsurprised*. If this phrase had been written "he was surprised" a shade of meaning would have been lost and the syllabic cadence would have been interrupted. A trick of Cabell's is to lure the reader into a Song of Solomon mood and then indulge in literary nose-thumbing. Suddenly a word seems to explode on the page.

Richard Grant White said: "There is a kind of literary dishonesty in the careless or inaccurate use of language." Despite the richness of his verbal embroidery Cabell's words are never—to use his own phrase—"of ambiguous parentage." His compounds are never slovenly. Emerson, speaking of the intensity and vitality of Montaigne's words, says if you cut them they will bleed, and this might be said of Cabell's words.

In *The Sound Wagon*, a Pulitzer Prize novel of 120,000 words, T. S. Stribling uses about 7,000 words. He likes old-fashioned words and uses them even though he is writing about present-day politicians. He has a Southern congressman say, *What caitif conduct!* Instead of blunder, or hesitate or quibble he writes *boggle*. A man was *gyved* (bound with fetters; shackled) at being momentarily left out of a conversation. A faint sound *purfled* the dawn. The precisian would find serious fault with Mr. Stribling's inaccuracy in the use of such words, and in some of the graver errors of sentence structure, such as: *Caridius . . . found Mr. Winton in the cloak room, who suggested that they remain where they were.* Nor did the Pulitzer Prize Committee mind: *She sensed her own future lying pregnant in the womb of time.*

There are approximately 3,800 different words in William Faulkner's 135,000 word novel *Absalom, Absalom.* His limited vocabulary is doubtless accounted for by the endless repetition of words and phrases. The same story is reflected through the "stream of consciousness" of half a dozen people through whose minds he weaves it back and forth. By this method what might have been a short story becomes a novel.

One of the characters talks for twenty pages, being interrupted only by parentheses—some of them 350 words long—and by an occasional *Yessum* from the listener. Mr. Faulkner is fond of compounding words and of the negative prefix. He also likes to repeat words modified the second time for emphasis: *sweet and oversweet, distilled and hyper-distilled.* And he has his favorites which he uses over and over again, among them *ratiocination, ogre, impacted, embattled, sentient.* Mr. Faulkner is a high priest of the new deal in literature. Scorning orthodox rules he writes labyrinthine phrases, page-long sentences, irritating parentheses, interminable paragraphs. Yet his words flow like acid over the pages eating away the background and revealing the picture.

Death At Nine Furlongs is a 20,000 word story by John Lawrence appearing conspicuously in one of the most popular of the pulp detective magazines. The vocabulary is approximately 700 words. Instead of speaking, the characters more often *blurt, snap, gasp, whisper, pant, scream, erupt, rip out, roar, grunt, stammer, snarl,* or *squeal.* The Bishop who prayed for himself, his children and his grandchildren, "O Lord, save thy dust and thy dust's dust and they dust's dust's dust" would have profited from reading the modern pulps. In this story of 20,000 words there are less than fifty words of as many as four syllables, and these are common property of the common man.

In women's magazine fiction the characters are far too well-bred to sputter or snarl or squeal. Substitutes for *he said* and *she said* are extremely limited. People may smile or sob, plead, explain or reflect as they speak. They may whisper or murmur and they may even explode, groan or scream if the scene justifies such an unseemly show of emotion.

In a 12,000 word installment of *You Can't Have Everything*, a serial by Kathleen Norris running in the *Woman's Home Companion*, there are less than 1,000 different words. And these are short and surprisingly familiar. Any grammar school student would know their meaning.

In a 10,000 word installment of Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography running serially in the *Ladies' Home Journal* her vocabulary is less than 700. She uses a personal pronoun for every twenty words she writes—more than 500 of these important little words appearing in the story mentioned. In some of her syndicated newspaper articles she uses an I, or its plural form, for every fifteen words she writes. Her favorite words, other than the personal pronouns, are *horrible, tremendous, lovely* and *interesting*. The per-word rate paid for her writing is said to be one of the highest in the profession.

When Two Sinners Meet, in *True Story*, carries a sub-head: *A shame woman tells her amazing story of a great love*. It is further enlivened by the caption of the double page illustration: *In each other's souls they found that mystical spark of sympathy and understanding which gave them the courage to fight on and on against the guilt that overwhelmed them both*. The "author" needed only 400 different words to tell this 5,000 word story.

Alis de Sola writes a 3,000 word story in *Harper's Bazaar* for August, 1937, with a vocabulary of about 600 words. When a man *smiles above the desperate loud knock of his heart* and when his girl friend *gave him her face as candid as water, her innocent puzzled eyes*, the *he said* and *she said* addicts are outdistanced.

Jean Hrolda writes in *Esquire*, August, 1937, *The Eight Mistresses*, a story of less than 3,000 words, with a vocabulary of four hundred words—which all men and some women understand.

President Roosevelt's score is far ahead of that of his wife. In speaking to the business men of the nation at a Good Neighbor dinner in Washington, October 24, 1936, he used 1,050 words, employing a vocabulary of 325—about 30 per cent. The personal pronoun "I" occurs only three times.

President Roosevelt also leads his erstwhile political opponent by a safe margin. In replying to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speech concerning federal taxes Mr. Landon spoke 2,250 words and his vocabulary was 315, a percentage about half that of his adversary.

In the campaign platform of 1936

the Republicans wrote 2,978 words, with a vocabulary of 757. The Democratic platform contained 2,500 words and a vocabulary of 253. The Constitution of the United States consists of slightly more than 4,000 words. The vocabulary is 637.

For fifty years "newspaper English" has come in for most of the blame for language prostitution—especially American newspaper English. In the present day it is not the best authors who are remodeling American English, coining words, endowing old words with new meaning. It is the feature writers, the columnists and the sports writers—especially the sports writers. Modern fact writing has become more vivid, more colorful, more American than modern fiction writing. One columnist frankly labels his daily output *Frothy Fact* and though it may contain more froth than fact it has many times more readers than *The Yale Review*. The language reformers of half a century ago must stir in their ashes over what they would have termed the "verbal licentiousness" of General Hugh Johnson, Walter Winchell and Westbrook Pegler—to say nothing of Joe Williams and others in his line.

Only a few newspapers—notably the New York *Times*—try to maintain the spats-and-gardenia mental attitude toward a ball game or a prize fight. They treat cold facts coldly, refusing to dramatize or fictionize them. In reporting the Louis-Braddock fight the *Times* writer was as cool and collected and urban as if he had been strolling through a cat show. The mood of the piece he wrote was, "It's just too bad these things have to be." He wrote fifteen hundred words with a vocabulary of less than 450. The story is loaded with such phrases as: *The situation made for a battle that was far above the ordinary* . . . The *crowd's emotions rose and fell with the tide of battle* . . . For *many there came a vision of ascendency* . . . Braddock *lay still and inert*. To properly enjoy this story one should sit before a mahogany desk and be dressed in broadcloth.

Joe Williams wrote a story of the same event using the same number of words. His vocabulary was something over 500. He begins: *The Cinderella Man awoke today as just plain Braddock . . . but socially secure with a nest egg of $60,000 clear for the missus and the three little Braddocks*. To Promoter Mike Jacobs *sixty grand will be the gift of the gods who picked Braddock from the relief rolls and hurled him to the resin under the merciless gloves of Joe Louis last night . . . Though cruelly beaten, with an ugly gash in his lip, a cut over his right eye, a slash on his nose and blood trickling from his ears, the fires of fighting ambition still burned in his barrel-like bosom*. Louis *reeked with jubilation*. There was the *tin-panny echo of the opening gong*. At one time Braddock wore an *unappetizing mask of red gore*. Louis displayed *ring savvy*, and Braddock *walked on legs that were beginning to take on a rubbery jiggle*.

Westbrook Pegler holds several word records. He uses more words per thousand than almost any other writer of fact or fiction. He creates more new words than any modern writer. He endows more words with new meaning than any other writer. He is a master at phrase making.

In a piece on automobiles he uses half a dozen words that are not in any dictionary. The current models *slide along like the shadow of a bird on slick water*. The older manufacturers' guarantee was a *foul and cynical snare*. They never replaced so much as a *two-bit bolt* or a *dime a dozen washer*. Mr. Average Man was *tooling along with the kiddies and the little woman in his costly can . . . Sixty dollars worth of rear-end gears had failed to mesh and were grinding themselves to shrapnel in the housing*. A repair shop was the *lair of a roadside brigand*. The mechanics were *solemn consultants at roadside clinics*. The laborers who made the car were *horny-handed, square-cap heroes*.

General Hugh Johnson is a man of good education, wide reading and thorough knowledge of history, but he rolls his own when it comes to words. *Cock-eyed* is his favorite expression. As a slinger of slang he has few equals.

Advertising copy-writers are paid more per word than any class of writers in the world, and they use the smallest vocabulary. Their skill is demonstrated by the number of words they can do without. The higher the space rate the fewer the words they use. For example:

Ladies' Home Journal, back cover page. Fifty-two words, only five more than two syllables.

Red Book, back cover page. Alice Roosevelt Longworth recommends a cigarette in forty-three words. The six words over two syllables are *surprising, representatives, capitol, restaurant, continuous, considerate*.

Harper's Bazaar. In full page space which would carry 2,000 words a dress designer uses eight.

Esquire, inside front cover. A liquor advertisement contains forty-four words, one over two syllables.

Saturday Evening Post, inside front cover. Forty-two words, six over two syllables.

New Yorker, inside front cover, forty-two words, six over two syllables.

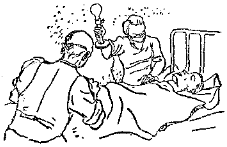
In a single number of *The New Yorker* advertisers paid more than $50,000 for space in which the total number of words used was less than 1,000. About 90 per cent of their money went for pictures and white space.

At least in America the language has been made safe for democracy. Never have writers and speakers been so free in the use of words. Even the New York *Times*, consciously or unconsciously, recently coined a word. In a headline Dr. Ditmars was referred to as a *reptillian*, which, in the dictionary, means "like a reptile, a cold-blooded, air-breathing vertebrate, usually scaled." "A groveling abject person; one morally debased." Take your choice.

—IDA CLYDE CLARKE

JOURNEY'S END

FINAL EPISODE IN A CHRONICLE OF PAIN, WITH NATURE THE PATIENT'S LAST ALLY



After two years of doctoring, some good and some very weird, I had made no progress. The doctors felt sure these deep recurring abscesses in my left hip were caused by bone decay, but exploratory operations and X-rays had failed to reveal the location of any removable bone source.

For eight years more I kept up the fight. I had operations singly and in series, tried maggot therapy and twice I took the sun cure. Always what promised to be a short gallop down the road to health turned out to be just another terrific ride on a merry-go-round. Each of these failures was followed by a period of disgust with medicine during which I lay at home recuperating, often deathly sick, with my courage and hope at a new low. But sooner or later, driven by a desperate urge to get well, I would be off chasing the cure again.

First, in the fall of 1928, I traveled to the Southwest to try the sun cure. Somewhere I ran across the theory that ultra-violet rays were pure vitamin D which was necessary to the deposition of calcium in the bones. Since my trouble had been diagnosed as osteomyelitis (decay of the bone-marrow), I hoped by taking calcium and the sun together I could make my bones resistant to my infection (staphylococcus). I settled on a ranch near one of the towns famous as a mecca for tuberculosis patients.

Here I glimpsed something of the courageous yet pitiful struggle of the TB's. Only a few had the money to patronize the sanitariums, and everywhere I went, in filling stations, garages, stores, I saw these walking sick people working beyond their strength to make a living. Rest being of prime importance in the treatment of their disease, this activity was more than nullifying any good effects the climate might otherwise have had. Also, running loose, spreading their germs, eating in restaurants where the utensils weren't sterilized between customers, they were a menace. For only by segregation and treatment of active, germ-carrying cases can the spread of tuberculosis be stopped. Public money must be spent to hospitalize these poor people before really appreciable progress is made toward the eradication of this disease.

It was cold that winter but I lay in the sun as much as I could. During the first two months I thought I was making progress for I was able to pry several slivers of bone out of the smaller of my two draining sinuses. Shortly after the first of the year an abscess formed beyond the point drained by the tubes and I was forced into a hospital desperately sick. Though drainage was soon re-established by forcing a tube past the healed portion of the abscess tract, this flare-up discouraged me with the sun as a cure.

I borrowed money to bail myself out of this hospital. A friend sent me more than I needed and I decided to use this extra money for a trip to the coast. I wanted to consult a specialist there, a Dr. Bones, for I had heard wonderful reports of his work. My surgeon back in the Middle West had advised me to get this man's opinion.

Dr. Bones was very optimistic. He promised he could cure me by one operation and that in two months time I might be well enough to go back to work. I asked my people for one more sacrifice and they agreed to pay my hospital expenses. Dr. Bones kindly offered to donate his services.

I came up for this operation (March, 1929) in good physical condition and it was well I did, for within a few minutes after regaining consciousness I knew I would have trouble. Dr. Bones, still in his operating gown, sat near my bed watching young Dr. Frame, his assistant, and Miss Cast, his private nurse and secretary, put my left leg up in skin traction. I asked Dr. Bones if there had been much pus in the abscess tract. He answered that he had found no abscess tract. He had removed a wedge-shaped piece of bone the tip of which reached a small area of doubtful bone about as big as a thumbnail and located just above the hip joint socket in the ilium. X-rays had revealed this to be the only decalcified spot in any of my bones and must, therefore, be the cause of my abscesses. So with this area open to the surface, any pus caused by it could drain freely.

All this had been agreed upon before the operation. But I had also expected Dr. Bones to enter the abscess tract, exhaust the pus, and check to make sure it led to the bone he had just removed. I expected it because this was the procedure the Chief, my midwestern surgeon, had always used. Now all I could do was to wait and see what happened. If Bones was right the abscess would drain through the wound he had made. A week passed and the new wound did not drain. Soon my temperature mounted and my leg jerked crazily in muscle spasms.

I seized every opportunity to explain to Dr. Bones and his assistants what was causing my trouble. I showed them X-rays I had brought with me in which the first ten inches of the abscess tract were as clearly marked as if it were filled with steel.

Here was the location of the abscess, I said. Here was the cause of my pain. Open that up and my temperature would drop to normal!

It was no use; they wouldn't believe me. I didn't see Dr. Bones very often and he had the same technique as other big-shot doctors for getting in and out of a room without listening to complaints of a patient. Miss Cast often made his rounds for him and she said my idea that I had an abscess was absurd—pure imagination on my part, and it was ungrateful of me to continue to argue about it when Dr. Bones was donating his services.

She had me there. I was in a very tight spot. I was right, and I knew it, but if I was too insistent I might alienate Dr. Bones until he would refuse to work on me. By this time I was so desperately sick that I knew it would take a good doctor to pull me through, and Dr. Bones was the best orthopedic surgeon in that part of the country. Alone, on charity and therefore not daring to say too much, the odds were against me—just as they are against any sick person who tries to carry on a fight without tremendous financial resources.

Back I went to the operating room. Dr. Bones took out more bone near the hip joint and put me in a cast from under my arms to the toes of my bad leg. Again he saw no evidence of that deep hidden abscess.

Now I was desperate. I lost weight so rapidly that soon my cast was much too large. My pain was so great that even with morphine injections spaced four hours apart I rarely slept more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four.

But I was fortunate in having a fine floor nurse who had lost her hip joint because of an infection caused by faulty cold serum. She understood my suffering and could handle me without causing half as much pain as the other nurses. She believed me about the abscess and agreed with me that my best chance was to return to my doctor in the Middle West. I knew he would have me on the table and cut that abscess open in no time. But the nurse said I could never make it by stretcher on a train. She went to the airport and found it would cost about $500 to charter a plane to fly back. It might as well have been $10,000, there was no place I could get that much money.

Dr. Frame did most of my dressings. He was a nice young doctor and would listen to all I had to say. Several times I convinced him about the abscess to the point where he went to Dr. Bones to argue the matter. But he reported Bones still thought he would find bad bone near the hip joint which did not show in the X-rays. I knew if they took much more bone out of this area they would enter the hip joint itself.

For the third time I went to the operating room. This time my pain was so great that I remember reaching gratefully for the gas mask. Dr. Bones cut into my hip joint, but again he made no attempt to drain the deep abscess. He put me in another big cast.

After this job I didn't argue any more. I was too busy trying to live. Often I lay for hours at a time too engulfed in pain to be conscious of anything else. Finally, of course, the abscess tore its way through nerves and tissue to the surface. One night about eleven o'clock it broke and about a quart of pus ran all over the inside of my cast and down into the wound made by Dr. Bones.

Miss Cast was astonished; she could scarcely believe it even when she saw it, she said. Dr. Frame was slightly repentant. And Dr. Bones took me back to the operating room for my fourth operation in as many months. He widened the abscess tract and exhausted the remaining pus. But now the wound he had made was infected by the drainage from the abscess tract. Soon it began to run pus and I had a new kind of pain as the bones of the hip joint became inflamed from the infection. My improvement was rapid, however, for now my system was relieved of the strain caused by all that pus absorption from the bottled up abscess. I knew I had lost my hip joint, needlessly, and to no purpose, but my life was no longer in danger.

This series of operations marked a high point in failure, and set me just that much further from a cure, for now I had just that much more infection to overcome. From that time on I had two abscess tracts, totally unrelated, draining separately. As I write this, eight years afterward, the abscess caused by these operations is draining slightly.

Dr. Bones did not charge for his work. He was a very high type of doctor and his intentions were kindly and humane. It is true, too, that an abscess such as I had could have been caused by bad bone near the hip joint. Also I will grant that it is possible he would have paid no more attention to what I said if I had been paying him—though I do not really believe this. For how can any doctor, however generous and good, give a charity case the same thought and attention he does those who are giving him money? The same idea carried over into any other business would appear absurd. Would a mechanic repair your car for nothing? Or a contractor build you a house free? Of course not, and neither can the doctors give their best without adequate reward. And until such a time when a system is evolved granting the doctors compensation for work done on poor people, these unfortunates must thankfully receive inferior medical service, which sometimes means being grateful even for crippling mistakes.

For the next year and a half I was too disgusted to attempt to find a cure. Part of this time I was well enough to drive a car and walk with crutches. Sometimes both abscesses were healed and quiescent. When either flared up, I went to bed and waited until they were near the surface. Then I either called in a doctor to make a stab wound, or, more often, I cut them open myself with a sterilized safety razor blade.

Then in the summer of 1931 a bacteriologist friend of mine advised me to try maggot therapy and arranged for a specialist to operate. This doctor cut my side open to expose the bad bone caused by my last series of operations and set batch after batch of maggots to work. Maggots fight bone decay in two ways: first they eat up all the decayed material, and second they exude a mysterious "X-principle" which combats the infection and promotes healing. It was a failure. Maggots couldn't work in such a deep wound as mine, for they drowned in the serum which filled it near the bottom.

Meanwhile my biologist friend had been studying up on maggot therapy and reported there was a flaw in the way our doctor raised his maggots. Maggots raised by his technique were not sterile and had been known to kill patients by giving them lockjaw. Either I should have had antitetanus serum, or more care should have been taken in rearing the maggots, I was neither surprised nor disturbed. The doctor's carelessness was typical; I had met it before.

After all, I hadn't been killed by lockjaw, and though the maggots had failed to help me, they hadn't harmed me either. This was more so-called "free" medicine. All I paid was the hospital bills. Again we had to borrow the money. Only the pain was free.

The next winter I spent in the Southwest trying the sun cure again. This was the poorest piece of headwork in all my long search for health, and I paid for it. Though I had read Rollier's book in which he states definitely that bone decay from any infection other than TB does not respond to sun treatment, and though I was thoroughly familiar with the technique of sun therapy and knew that particularly in the case of a joint involvement such as I now had, rest, complete rest, with the joint immobilized, was of equal importance with the sun, I deliberately walked into a situation requiring a great deal of physical activity. I knew in advance I would live alone having to do my own housework and cook two of my meals every day. When you are on crutches with a joint infection, such activity is suicide.

Soon after I arrived both abscesses started to blow up, I was toxic and had a great deal of pain when I walked. I should have borrowed money to hire help and gone to bed. But by this time I was under obligation to every friend I had, and though there were several who might have given me a loan, I couldn't bring myself to ask them. I wrote cheerful letters and decided to tough it out. This meant stumbling about, losing my crutches from under my arms when I did my housework until in exasperation I would walk without them. I could not keep down what I ate, and at night I often sweat the sheets through without being able to change them, lying in their wetness through long pain-filled nights while my mind climbed on the same old treadmill of hopeless thoughts.

When my abscesses neared the surface I cut them open. Now I should have made a dash for home and rest, but I couldn't do it. My people had been against my going, had predicted this very ending, and I had come home defeated so many times before —so I stayed. It was stupid, silly, even crazy, but I just couldn't go home licked again. Between abscesses I felt well, but they recurred at shorter and shorter intervals. At last, the pain didn't let up even when they were draining.

Then I went slightly screwy. I began to drink to keep ahead of the pain and to stop my hopeless circular thinking. When that failed I sought a doctor and went back to morphine. I began to dread being alone and spent hours in a gambling house playing a system which kept me from losing very much. I went haywire every way; my moral collapse was complete. There is no use trying to explain a thing of this kind. Those who have been defeated, have been up against a blank wall such as I felt myself to be, will understand. The rest have nothing in their experience which equips them to glimpse much of such hopelessness.

Anyway, it broke me more than the pain ever could. It destroyed my last refuge of faith—for I had lost faith in myself. I had acted in a manner incompatible with the pattern I had always set for my actions. Psychologists would say that I had destroyed my *ego ideal*. My knee picked this time for a flare-up, and my hip trouble was so much worse that I could no longer get out of bed. Luckily a cousin was in that part of the country and he took me on a stretcher back to the Middle West where I went into a big industrial hospital.

Here they decided I was much too far gone to operate. They laid my nervous collapse to the amount of morphine I was taking, though I had never taken any without a doctor's prescription. They put me in the psychopathic part of the hospital while they cured me. This was not an easy time to give up morphine. To the terrific pain in my hip was added the pain of my knee joint which was being destroyed by the infection, and morphine is the only drug so far discovered which will quiet a bone pain.

So down the nut hatch I went and it was quite amusing, everything considered. This part of the hospital was much better staffed and as a result I received twice as much attention from orderlies and nurses as I would have in the other part of the hospital. It is a fact that some of the orderlies spent a great deal of their time arguing in my room about which of the two main psychiatrists was the crazier. The treatment for morphine addiction was one of gradual reduction of dosage. I stood it for three days; by that time the amount given no longer brought any relief from pain so I quit altogether. I could see no use in prolonging the agony. Then the doctors tried to build me up so I could stand more operations. But with the amount of pain I was having I didn't build very fast. The hospital bills were mounting steadily and at last I was allowed to go home until I was sufficiently recovered to undergo further operative work.

For a time I had only minor, what you might call defensive, operative work done. However, an operation in the spring of 1934 was unique. I had developed a huge abscess in a new spot on the outside of my hip, but I was in one of my periodic fits of disgust with surgery and refused to go and have it cut open. My sister came to town with a group of amateur theatrical players. Among them were two doctors and she brought them to see me. They were alarmed at the size of the abscess and said I should go into a hospital at once. I said no, you could never tell what might happen in a hospital. They held a consultation and asked if they could operate here in bed. I said sure, go ahead, I would be pleased to have them. I had never seen either of them before, but I knew the one who was to do the cutting was an obstetrician who sometimes assisted in bone operations. They boiled their instruments on the gas stove in the kitchen, put a rubber sheet under me and set to work with my sister holding a light. When I regained consciousness I found they had cut a great gash about ten inches long and deep enough to reach the thigh bone. It was packed wide open with gauze out of which protruded two pieces of stethoscope tube, for the doctors had cut up their stethoscopes to make drain tubes. Yet I never had better results from any operation. The wound drained for weeks, but when it healed it never recurred. I have always been grateful to these two doctors for their crude but effective surgery.

Shortly after this my hearty constitution began to give out under the strain. My kidneys almost stopped functioning and I began to bloat until my arms and legs were shapeless and enormous. I called in a kidney specialist and he and the local doctor put me on a salt and protein-free diet. With this treatment I ballooned up in earnest.

Again I was given but a few weeks to live. But I entered a hospital where a good internist soon diagnosed my trouble. I had amyloid degeneration, which means that there were changes in heart, liver and kidneys due to long continued handling of all the toxic material caused by my infection. It is usually fatal though it has been known to regress slightly when the original infection which caused it is removed. Since I had spent almost ten years trying to rid myself of infection, the outlook was, and still is, quite hopeless. My kidneys spilled albumen out of my blood faster than it could be replaced, but a high protein diet did much to correct this fault. A drug named salurgen, a diuretic, also aided in saving my life.

Slowly my bloat disappeared which surprised everybody, myself included. And whether from the long periods of enforced rest caused by this new trouble, or because I had worn it out, my hip infection began to disappear also. Finally after months, I began to walk for the first time without crutches.

Then in the summer of 1935 I felt another deep abscess forming. I felt sure my system could not stand another long dose of toxic poisoning. If I could get it cut open right away I might have a chance. So I traveled to a big clinic, the most famous one in this country. The doctors there did'nt believe I had an abcess, and said my kidneys wouldn't stand another long operation anyway. Two more big clinics were of the same opinion. At last two young Chicago doctors, an internist and an orthopedic, believed me and decided to take a chance. The bone man cut me open but missed the abscess, which wasn't his fault for my hip was a mass of scar tissue with all the usual landmarks gone. A day or two later he opened a superficial abscess under a local, and I went home. In a week or two the big abscess pointed and I opened it with a stab wound. I was a long time recovering, but I made it.

This experience convinced me that the big clinics were right in refusing to work on me. There was nothing more either surgery or medicine could do.

So the story of the fight of medical science against my disease is finished. But I am not done. There is a greater science, and inside my body that marvelous compensative power of nature is at work, making adjustments for a heart that is weak, for liver and kidney functions that are faulty, making it possible for me to live though I should, by rights, be dead.

—Don Daugherty

Six years ago this commentator put the details of Don Daugherty's case before one of the greatest surgeons in the country. At the end of his survey he brought out a scientific publication in which, among other things, the final results of attempts to cure osteomyelitis of the ilium (hip bone) were analyzed. Of a series of I forget how many cases of this not very common affliction, all but one were dead. This one was not improved. The surgeon said his chance for life was slight if any. The surgeon—after consulting with an orthopedic specialist—suggested a desperate operation that might save Daugherty. This operation was never done, since, at the time for which it was planned, Daugherty was having his strange southwestern adventures that followed his second and last attempt to heal himself by the sun. Now it is the consensus of opinion that he is too far gone for any serious operation. His vital organs have been poisoned by his more than ten years of infection. They have degenerated to a point where it seems he cannot have long to live. Yet he has lived long enough to complete this story, by some mysterious miracle performed by the compensatory, adaptive forces of nature, of his own body. Now, in this last ditch, would it not be fantastic if science—not surgical—had found something that would cure his infection? In the last year a curious microbe-fighting drug has been found that has astounding power against various members of the nefarious family of ball-shaped bugs, called cocci. Will this drug—sulfanilamide—save Daugherty's life? Or, if it is tried, will it hasten his surely approaching doom? Will he live to tell this story in some future issue of Coronet? —Paul de Kruif

THING OF THE PAST

WANTED: A COMPOSITE GENIUS WHO CAN MAKE AMERICAN POETRY, AND PEOPLE, COME ALIVE

MAYBE because we are in a hurry and partly because there is so much space in the world and so much time, things get lost. Poetry, for example, has got lost somehow. Perhaps it has simply gone into a decline through a kind of pernicious anemia, or maybe it has died. There are people who have tried to keep it alive by dressing it up and down, making it stand on its ear and wave its hind legs in the air. This has been hard on the patient, who has scarcely been virile for several centuries.

Poetry has always been a phenomenon. Everybody, including Aristotle, has tried defining it, but nobody has had much luck. Any definition sufficiently limited to mean something seems to exclude some work that has been recognized as poetry. Perhaps you can go so far as to say it is the patterned conveyance in words of more than the literal quality of something.

Somebody once announced that poetry is the way of saying what cannot be said. That sounds silly, but it almost gets at something. In its rare high tides, poetry can be the recreation of the whole quality of an experience rather than a description of the experience. But you begin to exclude one kind or another whenever you say anything more than, "Poetry is poetry." It is better to keep vague—to say poetry is the heightened, double-distilled elixir of life. Such purplings are as satisfying as meaningless.

It must always seem that the present is not an age of poetry, because the poetry we read first is likely to become our idea of what poetry is. And the poetry we read first is more than likely to come from an earlier age. School children have been for a great many years (and are still being) swaddled in Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe, Lowell, and selected dilutions of Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and a little Spenser. Also, poetry itself has almost always taken something from the past to achieve an archaic quality—the halo of tradition. Often the archaic quality has been the particularly poetic quality. When he was writing what he intended to be especially poetic poetry, Shakespeare concerned himself with Venus, Adonis, and Lucrece.

Much of the poetic quality of the Bible is inherent in the now archaic diction of the translators. It is hard for us to understand, now, the revolution Wordsworth and some others engineered when they attempted to use the language of common speech for poetry. To us, what Wordsworth wrote is as archaic as the language from which he departed was to his critics.

When modern poetry is mentioned, T. S. Eliot somehow gets the first curtain-call. He slices it thin and lays it on the line. Keen, subtle, profound, elusive, and terribly wise is Mr. Eliot's poetry. It used to be bitter, too, in the lost generation days of the sad young men, full of tragic irony and nostalgic contrasts, bearing a finely aged patina of allusions.

Conrad Aiken has juggled with music until he can ring silver bells through any number of strangely beautiful pages. Robinson Jeffers sits in his California rock-tower gnashing his teeth at the eagles and hawks as they fly by, and grinding blood and lust into a poetry of sheer power and pain. Robert Frost writes what he knows and fancies with such wisdom, simplicity, and charm that if you read only his work you might think you were living in an age of poetry after all. There are Malcolm Cowley, Archibald MacLeish, and Louise Bogan who do very well their own highly special sorts of things.

And there is Miss Millay, squeezing all the passion out of passion with a fine and funny clinical fury. In England, Auden, Spender, and Lewis are gallantly staging a sort of homecoming day for poetry. There are others, but in general poetry is very literally a thing of the past.

There is quite a little proletarian poetry being gritted through clenched teeth, but scarcely anyone can force himself to read much of it. It is undoubtedly the least convincing item of proletarian propaganda. It is full of blood and sweat and rattling chains and swords; much of it is exceedingly strong, harsh, violent, clamorous, and palpably insincere; it mostly lacks that poised inevitability, that intense and apt integration of matter and form which has always been an attribute of good poetry.

We need someone with as keen an ear for American idiom as Ring Lardner had, as thorough a perception of values as Mr. Frost has, as quick and fresh an eye for our own time as Mr. Sinclair Lewis has, as much sensitivity to rhythm and sound as Mr. Aiken has, and as much power as Mr. Jeffers has. We need this fellow to take American material and integrate it through his own sight and insight into an American poetry alive with the awareness of what is sound and unsound in this day. An American A. E. Housman, out of and for our time, could do more to quicken us into a discovery of living values than any number of White House encyclicals can accomplish.

—Thompson Young

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

"I WILL SET YOU UP A GLASS WHERE YOU MAY SEE THE INMOST PART OF YOU"

"She was, like everyone else, in love with somebody else, or I should never have known her."

"And did you know her?"

"I think so—because after we had known so much of each other I knew her a little. She made a magnificent entry into my imagination. She was not unhappy or neglected or poor, she never foresaw anything, she only saw."

"What?"

"My dear, that is a silly thing to ask. When people talk of ghosts they are nearly always anticipations. She seemed sure of something which made me afraid for her. She wore her certainty like an aigrette in her hair. She wanted all possible happiness. I knew that if it had really been hers she would have given it away. She was one of those women to whom everything perfect is confetti which is thrown about. Life couldn't hurt her. She loved it so much. She caressed it. Every day something nice happened to her—a smile from a taxi driver. She would say: 'I must boast.' "

"And then?"

"Smiling her boast away, she would—"

"What?"

"Smile . . . When I discovered that she had never been happy I betrayed her by my discovery. It is impertinent to discover a thing like that. I did not mean to be impertinent. You see it was not like a book. She had neither a husband nor a lover."

"And the man she loved?"

"He extinguished her smile."

"What did she do then?"

"She smiled a little more often."

"You loved her?"

"Obviously. It is not like you to be so crude."

"Forgive me."

"I would not have used the word 'crude' if I had not forgiven you."

"But I do not know whether she is dead or alive—in your life or out of it. And we are playing with her! It is monstrous that we should play with her if you loved her."

"My sweet, she never existed. I love you."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"Is it me?"

" 'I' is more grammatical."

—Princess Elizabeth Bibesco

JUST JUNK

IT'S AN EVIL PORTENT WHEN THE WAR-OCTOPUS EXTENDS ITS TENTACLES TO A REMOTE TRASH HEAP

"You live way back here? . . . Well! It is pretty!"

That's what they say, my friends from the city who have the hardihood to find the one particular dirt road which harbors me and my farm. I know when they leave me and the mud and turn back into the paved highway toward town the chatter must run in a smooth channel.

"Poor thing! Living way back there buried alive! Imagine! nothing to do —not one thing going on!"

Of course, my country road is not Forty-second Street and Broadway and the newspaper emanating from that busy section doesn't reach me in time to read the news of the day at breakfast. It comes along at a leisurely pace twenty-four hours later in the hands of the Rural Free Delivery.

To say, however, that there is not one thing going on "way back here" is a gross exaggeration. There are the trucks, for instance. The first of these appeared last spring, asthmatic in condition and threadbare in appearance. Its business? News in the country travels via the same undercurrents as in town—from mouth to mouth, and rapidly. What were the truck occupants hunting? Oh, junk! Just junk!

Four years ago I inherited with my farm a gully. I had no notion of its presence until several months after moving in. Upon my arrival the fields were overgrown with blackberry canes, sassafras bushes and broom sedge but with the falling of the leaves and the browning of the fields I found it—a gaping gash in the earth—filled with a veritable rat's nest of old stoves, broken down beds, car hulks, tin cans, bottles, baby carriages and rotten timbers.

The discovery distressed me. Never would such a mess accumulate on Forty-second Street and Broadway, for instance. The Sanitation, Street or some other worthy Department would have it removed, but in the country debris of all vintages is dumped in any handy spot.

It was with some interest, therefore, that I watched two big blacks in possession of an ancient five-ton truck and an acetylene torch spend one night cutting to pieces two boilers which had lain forgotten and rusting for—well, nobody was able to remember how long—in a neighbor's field. The boilers were the reminders and remnants of a Civil War mill.

Expansive, with five dollars resting in his breeches' pocket, the former owner of the boilers declared:

"Buyin' up ole iron this-a-way's a sign of war—'deed 'tis. I couldn't give them bilers 'way durin' last war. Must want 'em powerful bad."

After listening the duration of the night to the spluttering acetylene torch I arose the following morning in as commercial a mood as might be found in anyone crossing Forty-second and Broadway every morning. If my good neighbor could sell his two rusty boilers for five dollars, I might do a little business myself.

The two black men obligingly attended me next. With buzzard sharpness they surveyed the conglomeration in the gully.

"Yassum—we kin use them stoves—reckon them's all we kin use."

No amount of persuasion involved the pair in anything save stoves. They were particular about their old iron and adamant.

"Jest stoves."

From the confines of the gully they excavated four stoves, carefully piled the loose lids and bases together, lined the stoves one next the other and fell upon the array with sledge hammers, efficiently demolishing the complete assemblage. I was lost in admiration over the technique, not to mention the reason, the same that had impelled them to sit up all night carefully cutting apart the boilers. A neat flat pack for the truck—thus an infinite amount, seemingly—could be hauled in one trip back to town.

I smothered the disappointment over the smallness of my sale as best I could, pocketed the money and consoled myself with the thought that I had been paid for something which three years before I had thought to expend money upon. The gully? It appeared as congested as ever.

Shortly thereafter I became involved in the usual summer rush of farm work and nothing more was done about the gully. A fine crop of cockle burr and iron weed thoughtfully threw a mantle over it until fall. I heard trucks pass off and on during the succeeding months and I can honestly state that there was a cessation of activities only when the road became impassable.

Not until a few weeks ago did I meet a junk truck face to face again. Seated in the cab were two blacks with a searching glint in the whites of their eyes. There flashed through my mind the staggering idea that perhaps I could do some business with this outfit, and I hailed them.

"Come back of my chicken houses. I've some scrap iron!"

"Yassum."

The pair heeled me to the gully, stared down surprised and, as pleased as a cat confronted with a full can of sardines, declared:

"They'se all kinds of stuff he-ah!"

"Go down and get what you can!"

"Yassum—'deed we will!"

I stood on the rim while they spewed up stove lids, grates, wagon springs, car springs, steel rimmed wagon wheels, a spike tooth harrow (the frame had long since wilted but the spikes were as "peart" as ever), two baby carriage frames, remains of wheelbarrows—the derelicts of a farm family.

Unlike my previous buyers these two grew balky only at iron beds and car hulks. They were enthusiastic over everything else. I had read in my city-bred newspaper of a skirmish in Spain, orders here, there and everywhere for battle ships, cruisers, submarines, bombing planes, pursuit planes and some chicken feed in the form of bullets, shells and bombs.

I pocketed the profits of this remote contact with war, noting meanwhile that there had been a distinct advance in price, and stood watching the tubercular truck round the bend. Scrap iron—hum—well, it was of no use to me. Coming into the house I picked up the paper which had been news to Forty-second Street and Broadway the morning before. In a box at the bottom of the front page a headline caught my eye: "EASTERN SEAPORTS CONGESTED." Congested? With outgoing scrap iron bound for foreign ports. So that was where my stoves, springs, harrows, baby carriages, automobiles and various and sundry bits of junk were going! To re-arming Europe.

Nothing happens way back here? I wonder if my friends of the city sitting in the comfortable lap of steam heat, running water, the morning paper at breakfast and the other luxuries of 1937 know as I know that the world is re-arming, not leisurely, but frantically—so frantically that it has greedily snatched the peaceful remains of a simple farm life on a back-road of America.

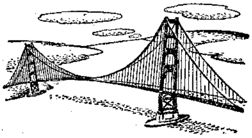
So nothing happens way back here? Nothing worth mentioning—a mere brush with a demented world hungrily in search of scrap iron to fashion new implements of war and add to its hoard of destruction. —BETTY F. MARTIN

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 43-44

1. Bass. 2. Mute. 3. Harmonica. 4. Bow. 5. Chamber Music. 6. Encore. 7. Cymbals. 8. Quartet. 9. Baton. 10. Medley. 11. Chorus, Choir. 12. Tom-tom. 13. Castanets. 14. Ballad. 15. Mazurka. 16. Aria. 17. Counterpoint. 18. Treble. 19. Tutti. 20. Prima Donna. 21. Nocturne. 22. Dirge. 23. Grand Opera. 24. Contralto. 25. Bagpipe. 26. Alto. 27. Barcarolle. 28. Bassoon. 29. Scherzo. 30. Recitativo. 31. Chantey. 32. Manual. 33. Noel. 34. Reveille. 35. Taps. 36. Saxophone. 37. Virtuoso. 38. Metronome. 39. Operetta. 40. Claque. 41. Concerto. 42. Adagio. 43. Paean. 44. Chin-rest. 45. Fanfare. 46. Coda. 47. Overture. 48. Tremolo. 49. Da capo. 50. Campanology.

CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO WAS A LONG TIME A-GROWING, BUT IT STANDS UNIQUE ON ITS MANY HILLS



Sir Francis Drake, explorer and freebooter, pride of England and nemesis of Spain, was probably the first white man to approach the Golden Gate and the present site of San Francisco. But he missed the great Gate itself and came to anchor up the coast in a cove known thereafter as Drake's Bay. That was in 1579.

One hundred and ninety years passed before San Francisco Bay was discovered and then only by accident, although Viscaino had indicated a port on a map of the region which he drew in 1603. Gaspar de Portola set out from San Diego to find the Bay of Monterey. On his way northward Portola discovered the site of Los Angeles and finally came upon the San Francisco Bay, 540 square miles in area and an unusually fine landlocked harbor. The inlet to this harbor is, of course, the Golden Gate which José Francisco Ortega, Portola's chief of scouts, was perhaps the first white man to see.

Six years after the discovery of the Gate from land Don Manuel Ayala sailed through it from the Pacific Ocean on a naval packet. Now the Spanish colonized swiftly, recognizing the strategic importance of the port and the bay. In the year the American colonies on the other side of the continent declared their independence, another expedition had arrived here and established the Mission Dolores and the Presidio, or the military center of the settlement. The Pueblo, or the civil section, was called Yerba Buena, or "good herb," after the native vine that was supposed to stimulate fecundity. Yerba Buena remained the name of the colony until 1847 when it was officially changed to San Francisco.

By the turn of the nineteenth century there were about 800 Indians at the mission, none of any promise. The other inhabitants of Yerba Buena delved quietly and engaged in little commerce, although fur-trading was beginning to become important. South of Alaska on this coast there were still no settlements of any size.

Then in 1806 Russia claimed a vast coastal area in the name of the Czar. Count Rezanov established a colony several miles north of San Francisco and the Russians planned to extend their authority southward from Alaska. But Rezanov and his men lacked zeal for this type of work and little came of the Czar's imperial ambitions in this region.

When in 1822 Mexico declared her independence from Spain, California became a part of Mexico. Thirteen years later Governor Figueroa dignified the wharf of Yerba Buena by naming it a port of entry. Perhaps all of California would still be part of Mexico were it not for the Americans who dreamed of empire and precipitated the war with the southern republic in 1846. General Fremont marched through the territory raising the Bear State flag, declaring California a republic and independent of Mexico. That summer the American sloop of war *Portsmouth* arrived in San Francisco Bay and raised the American flag on the plaza of the city. Thereafter the Plaza was known as Portsmouth Plaza and Yerba Buena became American.

When the city changed its name to San Francisco it contained about 200 houses, 800 inhabitants, a school and a newspaper, the *California Star*, and two wharves. Then gold was discovered in Coloma, El Dorado County, on January 19, 1848. Immediately there was a stampede toward the hills and the mountains. It seemed as though the town would be deserted. Sailors jumped ship, soldiers fled their barracks, apprentices disappeared, craftsmen sold out—even the city council did not meet, most of the members having adjourned to the gold-diggings.

But man cannot live by gold alone. The port grew as ships raced toward it with holds full of prospectors and goods to feed, clothe and equip them. Within a year two millions in gold had been exported from this region. Inside of two years San Francisco had a population of 20,000 and, in addition to the jail, there were two theatres, seven churches and three daily papers. Breakfast eggs were a dollar each and labor was paid at the rate of twenty dollars a day.

It was inevitable, with hundreds entering the city every month, all hardy souls and many criminal in spirit, that lawlessness should prevail. Entertainment saloons were established to "cheer" the hardworking miner. Those who would not, or could not, mine for themselves bled the men who did. A building boom struck the city. Business expanded. The Golden Gate was the gate to gold.

That year a society of ruffians known as "The Hounds" was organized to prey on the citizenry. Under the name of "Regulators" they even dared parade the streets on Sunday with colors flying and drums beating. If they robbed everyone, inoffensive foreigners were their especial delight. A foreigner who was robbed and got off with only a severe beating was fortunate. Following one such assault the community rose in indignation, constituted itself a court and found several of the desperadoes guilty. The two leaders were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

When in 1850 California was admitted into the union of states San Francisco was still the wildest city on the continent. The municipal government was indifferent and inefficient. Crime and vice of the lowest order were rampant. Murderers walked the streets unpunished and defiant. When public officials and the courts did act, pardons could be had for a price.

The patience of the community strained to the breaking point and in 1851 the Vigilance Committee was organized. This was not a private revenge party and bore no relation to any political, religious or economic faith but was an affiliation of sober and public-spirited citizens interested in restoring law and order in their community. Respectable and influential citizens dared accept responsibility for the actions of the Committee. In 1851 the Vigilantes cleaned out the city and in 1856, when the population had become 75,000, it was necessary for them to act again, since public assassins once more walked unpunished. "No creed, no party, no sectional issues," was the motto on the seal of the Vigilance Committee.

But if gold stimulated the expansion of San Francisco, gold was not necessary to keep it growing. Before the Civil War gold production declined and still the city expanded. It became the Pacific Coast's main port. It spread over a series of hills and into the lowlands between the hills. It fronted on two sides of San Francisco Bay, peering out into the Golden Gate and across the Bay, beyond the islands and toward the mountains and the forests, particularly toward Mt. Tamalpais rising to 2600 feet and dotted with little villages and a redwood park.

In 1859 a Canadian trapper and fur trader who had turned to mining cut himself in on a share in a lode that had been discovered by two men named O'Reilly and McLaughlin. Comstock was the man who had "muscled in" and the mine came to be known as the Comstock Lode, a truly fabulous bonanza. In the next thirty years the mines on the lode produced $350,000,000 of bullion, and paid out nearly a third of that sum to the stockholders, most of whom were San Franciscans.

The exploitation of vast silver mines in Nevada also contributed to the prosperity of the city. To regulate the formation of mining companies and to prevent blue sky frauds, stock exchanges were finally established. But they only provided new stimuli for speculators. Financiers turned from nabobs to paupers overnight and might be wealthy again in the morning. It was a city of violent ups and downs, this queen of the west.

Gold and silver were not the only treasures of the state. San Francisco was the front door to the great fruit and produce valleys. It became the center of the wine industry. Shipbuilding became an important activity. Every steamship line traversing the Pacific made it a port of call. Although only a coastal railway came into the heart of the city a number of roads came to the east shore of the bay and sent their passengers across to the peninsula by ferry. And what was called "the world's greatest ferry service" was developed here. Thousands of commuters used this service in coming to work from Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Sausalito across the bay.

The growth of the city was steady but not spectacular. Detroit and Los Angeles would soon pass it for population and size. Parks were developed and the community began to consolidate its position by attempting to beautify itself. To be sure there was a "Barbary Coast" on the waterfront but there was an artistic spirit in the rest of the city. Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, George Sterling, Frank Norris, Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson were enchanted by it. There was the famous Bohemian Club, said to have been founded in the seventies by Henry George. Painters, musicians, actors, writers, professional and amateur, belonged to it. A spirit of sophistication was abroad. Fremont Older declared that his city had "the urban instinct." Others boasted that it had the view of Gibraltar and the worldliness of Paris; none mentioned the waterfront that resembled that of Marseilles.

But it was a cosmopolitan city with a love for good cooking—Ah, the cold cracked crab! You like our pompano? Or will you try the sand-dabs? Wine with your meals and a good meal for a small sum. No doubt the fact that a large group of Latins grew up with the city helped develop the friendly continental air of it. Unlike the situation in so many American metropolises Irish and German names were not the only ones on the roll of the old settlers; in San Francisco there are as many Italian names. The Chinese with their own orderliness and love of food contributed no less. Perhaps it is significant that the Latin Quarter and Chinatown—ten city squares big, intact today largely for tourists' sake—should have been so near to each other in the shadow of Telegraph Hill.

The printing and publishing business became the city's Number One industry and remains so today. After it the coffee and spice trade, then slaughtering and meat-packing, then bread and baking. But the city grew compact. Even today it does not straggle off into little undeveloped areas, annexed by political manipulation.

Not that it hasn't had its manipulators. One Denis Kearney began a great crusade against Chinese labor in 1877 and after eleven years of disorder and even bloodshed the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed. From time to time today anti-Japanese sentiment is exploited by press and politicians.

Manipulations of another sort were occasionally exposed. Two ex-mayors were convicted of graft in the first decades of the century and it took seven years to close the affair. Under the vigorous prosecution of Fremont Older and Francis J. Heney even Boss Abe Ruef had to go to the penitentiary.

Today there is a combined city and county government run by a board of eighteen supervisors and a mayor with strong executive powers. Fourteen votes are necessary to override the mayor's veto. In addition, the principles of initiative and referendum are incorporated in the city charter.

Like so many American cities San Francisco has always suffered dearly from fire. In 1854 when a city seal was chosen the municipality placed on it a Phoenix rising from flames. It was a prophetic action. On the morning of April 18, 1906, an earthquake shook the city. The water mains broke. Then flames swept through the community, eating away four square miles, or nearly five hundred blocks, out of the heart of the city. Salt water had to be pumped from the bay and dynamite had to be used to check the flames. In three days 28,000 buildings were destroyed and the railroads evacuated 200,000 persons. Some five hundred lives were lost. This was San Francisco's seventh disastrous fire and its fourth sharp earthquake disturbance. But neither fire nor earthquake had ever visited it before with such fury. "San Francisco was—" a reporter telegraphed to his paper as he viewed the terrible destruction. Three years later nearly 20,000 fireproof buildings had been erected.

Speculators and opportunists prevented any real city-planning and the city was rebuilt in the old style except for clusters of tall buildings in the new skyscraper fashion. Market Street remained the great thoroughfare, one hundred and twenty feet wide, extending southwest from the bay waterfront. North of it, where lie Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill and Russian Hill, the district of fine residences remained. South of Market Street the manufacturing district spread and also the residential area for wage-earners. The city at large remained its picturesque self. The fishing fleet still put in at Fisherman's Wharf and the nets laid out to dry still glistened in the sun. Ships still came in through the jaws of the Golden Gate and on top of Telegraph Hill those who would could still watch for them as was done in the olden days.

San Francisco was the first large city in this country to own and operate part of its own street railways. Not trolley cars but cable cars climb up and down the steep streets. And municipal ownership has proven profitable enough to finance the construction of two tunnels through the municipal hills.

As the population was approaching the half-million mark the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was held here in 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal and the quatercentenary of the discovery of the Pacific. The world came to enjoy the city's hospitality.

Perhaps it was the war. But a new note crept into the tone of the city. A bomb was thrown at a Preparedness Day Parade in 1917—always a bomb—and two labor leaders, Tom J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, were convicted and sent to prison for life. Since then reams of testimony have been offered to prove their innocence, the case has become a *cause célèbre*, and only hard-heads remain unconvinced that the two men were railroaded during war-time hysteria. But still they sit. "Sunny" Jim Rolph, mayor of San Francisco, became governor of the state and said to the world he could find nothing in the record. The old Vigilance Committee of '51 and '56 used to have for *its* motto, "No creed, no party, no sectional issues."

The population today is 637,212 and the city ranks eleventh in the United States. It is still a friendly place but it has shown it can smile hard. There were the maritime strikes of 1934 and 1936 led by a man named Harry Bridges. In 1936 there were 233 ships tied up in Pacific harbors and 400,000 men were idle—and behind their leader. San Francisco was restless. So was the entire coast, but the men won their strike.

Suddenly San Francisco blossomed out with two bridges. Not little fellows but giants. An eight and a quarter-mile bridge—if you please!—across the bay to Oakland. Joseph B. Strauss, world-famous builder of bridges, built it in two sections, planting the middle feet on Yerba Buena Island and making every possible calculation for earthquake stresses. Then he turned about and threw the world's longest span across the Golden Gate. What about the big ocean liners that come in from the Pacific? Engineer Strauss raised his bridge 220 feet above high water level. Suppose an enemy fleet should shell the bridge—would the debris bottle up the harbor? Engineer Strauss built the 4200-foot long span so that it would sink to the bottom should an enemy wreck it.

The two bridges would, if extended, make almost a right angle through the heart of the city. Some who loved the city as it was without its steel girdles say the bridges dwarf the community. Others rebut that argument. However, the climate is as invigorating as it always was. If the Chamber of Commerce here is less vociferous than that of its sister city, Los Angeles, the Weather Bureau's figures nevertheless give San Francisco an average of 153 clear days a year and only thirteen days of dense fog with the possibility of sunshine sixty-three per cent of the year. Snow is rare. So are thunderstorms, tornadoes, typhoons and hurricanes. Ocean furies may rage outside the Golden Gate, but inside the bay the waters are peaceful. It is still a rare city, is San Francisco. But please don't say "Frisco." —Louis Zara

DIARY OF A CRANK

TO ERR IS HUMAN, BUT TO CATCH THE ERROR AFFORDS AN INHUMAN SATISFACTION TO SOME

Monday. Started the week off well. Went to a movie in the evening, and discovered several flaws. Saw a fifteenth century scene where the characters wore seventeenth century clothes. Later on there was a modern scene where the hero was supposed to be whistling "Old Man River" in 1923. The song wasn't written until 1927. Went home and had a swell time writing a sarcastic letter to the producers.

Tuesday. Started the day right when I picked up a morning paper. One of the sports columnists had a piece about how Mangrove beat Suberbia 17-0 in 1896. The score that year was 20-0. As soon as I got to the office I dictated a letter which took him for a good ride.

Wednesday. Disappointing day. Went to another movie, but couldn't catch them in a single mistake. I had high hopes when the heroine fell in a fish pond and then emerged. But they were rudely dashed. Her clothes were wringing wet and so was her hair, and they stayed that way throughout the scene. Also disappointed when a man got in a taxi smoking a cigar, and got out of the same taxi with the same cigar smoked down a little further. I was hoping for a cigarette. Then to cap the climax, I picked up a copy of the Constitution at home and found a grammatical error in it. I was on my toes and dashed off a hot letter, but couldn't figure out who to send it to. Darn!

Thursday. Things went much better today. I heard a radio concert where the announcer claimed that a certain piece was written by Johann Strauss. It was written by *Richard* Strauss. Sat down and wrote him a letter calling him a misinformed bum. Boy, did I rake him over the coals!

Friday. Today's events left me in marvelous shape for the week end. Checked on a photograph of a revue chorus giving the girls' names from left to right, and discovered that in two places they had the names in the wrong order. Took the *Daily Blast* photography editor for a swell ride. Also caught a radio announcer mispronouncing the word "advertisement." Wrote a snappy letter, and then turned in. Wonder what the week end has in store. —Parke Cummings

SCIENCE OF HOCUS-POCUS

IT'S A LONG, LONG ROAD FROM THAUMATURGY TO THERAPEUTICS, BUT HYPNOTISM IS ON THE WAY

When Benjamin Franklin was in Paris in 1784 he was asked by Louis XVI to serve on a committee to investigate the strange activities of one Anton Mesmer whose seemingly miraculous cures were making him the most talked of man in France. Although he treated rich and poor alike, it was his enthusiastic adoption by the fashionable ladies of the time, including Marie Antoinette herself, which drew down upon his head the antagonism of the men of science in general, and the medical men in particular, who denounced him as a charlatan. The success and popularity of his treatment, however, was too great to be thus stilled, and Louis XVI appointed an illustrious group, including Franklin and Dr. Guillotine, after whom the execution machine was named, to make a thorough investigation and report on Mesmer and his work.

They found Mesmer producing strange trances from which some of his patients would awaken cured of their complaints. The report made by the committee was very confusing and contradictory. It stated variously that Mesmer was curing a limited number of individuals by "imagination," that there was nothing to be seen, felt, heard or smelled in his method, consequently there could be no effect from it either beneficial or otherwise, that if Mesmer, by means of "animal magnetism," was curing some cases, the work could not be duplicated by other physicians, so his method was of no general value.

Poor Mesmer was at almost as great a loss as the committee to understand how he achieved his results. He had started as a thoroughly qualified physician in Vienna, with an interest in strange cures by means of iron magnets. He soon learned that magnets were not essential to the treatment of such cases and he modified and limited his technique in various ways in an earnest effort to eliminate the unnecessary parts of his method. He was unable to treat with any success more obvious pathology or defects such as broken bones, tumors and the like. He finally died, after years of ridicule, without understanding that his successful cures had been limited to cases with mental or psychic disorders only and due entirely to the faith aroused by the suggestive influence of his own inspiring confidence.

It remained for James Braid, an English physician, twenty years after Mesmer's death, to coin the word "hypnotism" which he defined as nervous sleep, insisting that entirely natural, non-occult forces are used in producing the state of hypnotism, laying the basis for the present accepted theory that hypnotism is the state of heightened suggestibility. It suffices to say, for Braid's work, that it met the utmost resistance and ridicule on the part of his colleagues almost to the day of his death in 1860 in spite of his scientific approach to the problem.

Considerable doubt and confusion concerning the subject still exists in many minds. This is easily understood since the only experience most of us have had with hypnotism has been the performance of some stage hypnotist. Such an act, embellished with mysterious passes, leaves the audience with the feeling that the entire demonstration has been a deception. The fact is that the hypnotism in the act is usually real as it is easier to exhibit the genuine than to "fake" it.

The closest analogy we have to the hypnotized patient is the sleep-walker. The somnambulist, if addressed gently, will answer questions, do as he is told, and in the morning remember nothing of what has happened.

Under hypnosis, mental and physical faculties may be keener. Removal of shyness by suggestion may make a self-conscious musician play with more feeling, but a person ignorant of pianism cannot play a piano, and the ordinary voice of Trilby (hypnotized by Svengali) could not have thrilled an audience. Feats of physical strength or endurance seemingly beyond normal limitations may be performed under hypnosis due to intense concentration upon the task at hand and the temporary arrest of fatigue by suggestion.

The method of inducing hypnotism today is simple. No mysterious passes are required; no piercing eye. Taking advantage of the analogy between *natural* sleep and hypnotic sleep, the patient is placed in a comfortable position and suggestions of going to sleep are given. He is asked to lie quietly, relax and concentrate on the voice of the doctor. On and on in a monotonous drone the suggestion is given that the patient feels sleepy, very sleepy, that his eyes are tired and he can hardly keep them open.

"You are growing very, very sleepy, you are going sound asleep and will be able to hear nothing but my voice. You are going sound asleep; going sound asleep, as sound asleep as you are in the middle of the night. Now you are sound asleep, fast asleep; you will do exactly as you are instructed."

Sometimes, too, the patient will be asked to stare intently at some bright object, or to concentrate on a monotonous sound; the whir of an electric fan or the beat of a metronome. Rhythmic music, such as Ravel's

Bolero, has been used successfully. Perhaps the operator will stroke the patient's forehead in a soothing manner.

The subject will appear to be sleeping soundly but his behavior will vary from that of a person in natural sleep. The unconscious mind now predominates and it is very suggestible. The patient believes literally everything he is told, and many curious phenomena may occur.

Hallucinations may be produced, and the patient may be made to see an object where there is none, or be unable to see another which is directly in front of his face. Let me draw an irregular line and tell the hypnotized patient that this is a portrait of George Washington and he will be able to point out the features even to the pigtail behind, or tell the color of the waistcoat. Salt tastes like sugar, vinegar takes on the odor of gardenias and water becomes as wine.

Anesthesia, either general or local, can be produced in a good subject. There are many authentic reports in the literature of surgery, including abdominal operations and amputations, being done under hypnosis. It has often been successfully used for minor procedures, such as dental extractions, lancing abscesses, and removal of small growths. However, so small a proportion of people make suitable subjects that hypnotism cannot replace drugs for routine anesthesia; this seriously limits its usefulness.

By suggestion, anesthesia may be made to persist after awakening (post-hypnotic suggestion) and we find patients recovering from minor operations without experiencing pain or discomfort during the entire period of convalescence.

In Europe hypnotism has been used to a limited extent in childbirth where it is reported to be ideal as there is no toxic effect on mother or baby and the mother can co-operate with the doctor, later remembering little of what occurred. Partial or complete paralysis can be induced in susceptible subjects; that is to say paralysis of the voluntary muscles, since involuntary muscles such as the heart can only be affected indirectly by arousing a state of fear or other strong emotion.

In a hypnotic trance the subject can sometimes recall events of his past life which he could not recollect in normal waking state. Victims of amnesia are often able to identify themselves when questioned in a hypnotic sleep.

Post-hypnotic amnesia, or the inability to remember the events of the trance upon awakening, is usually found, especially if suggestion to this effect is given. However, in subsequent trances the subject will remember the happenings of previous trances.

Cases that have once been hypnotized may go to sleep easily after relaxing under the same circumstances, but being hypnotized once does not make a person unable to wilfully resist hypnotism. No one can be hypnotized against his will. Persons are not hypnotized by mental concentration but by spoken suggestion, so long distance (or absent) hypnotism is not possible, although cases have been hypnotized by telephone. Hypnotism does not "weaken the mind" or in any way harm an individual.

It is notable that the hypnotized patient exhibits a will of his own, and it is the opinion of experimenters that the subject will ignore the command or awaken if requested to do or say anything conflicting with his moral code. There is no villainous "Now you're in my power!" of the melodrama; we see a patient who has been "suggested" blind refuse to awaken, saying, "I will not wake up until you return my eyesight!" Likewise, any mental reservation, whether conscious or unconscious, cannot be overcome by the operator. A patient claiming compensation for an injury to his shoulder refused to talk about the accident and no manner of wheedling could coax him to move his arm, although he quickly responded to any other suggestion. If a hypnotized person is asked to act in violation of his moral code, or conscience, he will either refuse or awaken, consequently the legal defense of acting under hypnotic influence is invalid. No girl was ever seduced under hypnotism who didn't really want to be seduced.

Contrary to popular opinion people of normal intelligence make the best subjects. Experimenters claim that from eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of normal people can be hypnotized to some degree; a deep trance can be induced in only about five per cent, while only a very small percentage of cases of low mentality cannot be hypnotized at all. Children and young adults make better patients than older people.

If left alone and not awakened by the operator the hypnotized patient will sleep for a period varying from a few minutes to several hours, depending upon the depth of his sleep and his susceptibility, after which he will waken as from natural sleep. It is well to awaken the patient gradually and to give reassuring suggestion that he will not be confused or dazed.

All the phenomena of hypnotism can be produced after waking by suggestion given during a trance. This is known as post-hypnotic suggestion. A good example of this was the case who dreaded a difficult dental extraction. A preliminary trance was induced during which suggestion was given that when he reported to the dentist he would go to sleep soundly in the chair, remaining oblivious to everything until the dentist had completed his work, and that he would have a painless recovery. Several days later the patient kept his appointment with the dentist and, although the operator was unable to meet him there as intended, he went to sleep and slept soundly throughout the sixty-minute operation, awakening only when the dentist announced that he had finished. Convalescence was entirely comfortable.

Efforts to cure tobacco, alcohol and drug habits with post-hypnotic suggestion usually fail because the strength of such suggestions diminishes with the passage of time.

In the waking state, the phenomena of hypnotism can be produced by auto-suggestion. This requires some training and is not easy. The self-induced anesthesia of the East Indian fakirs, and others who indulge in self-torture, is a good example.

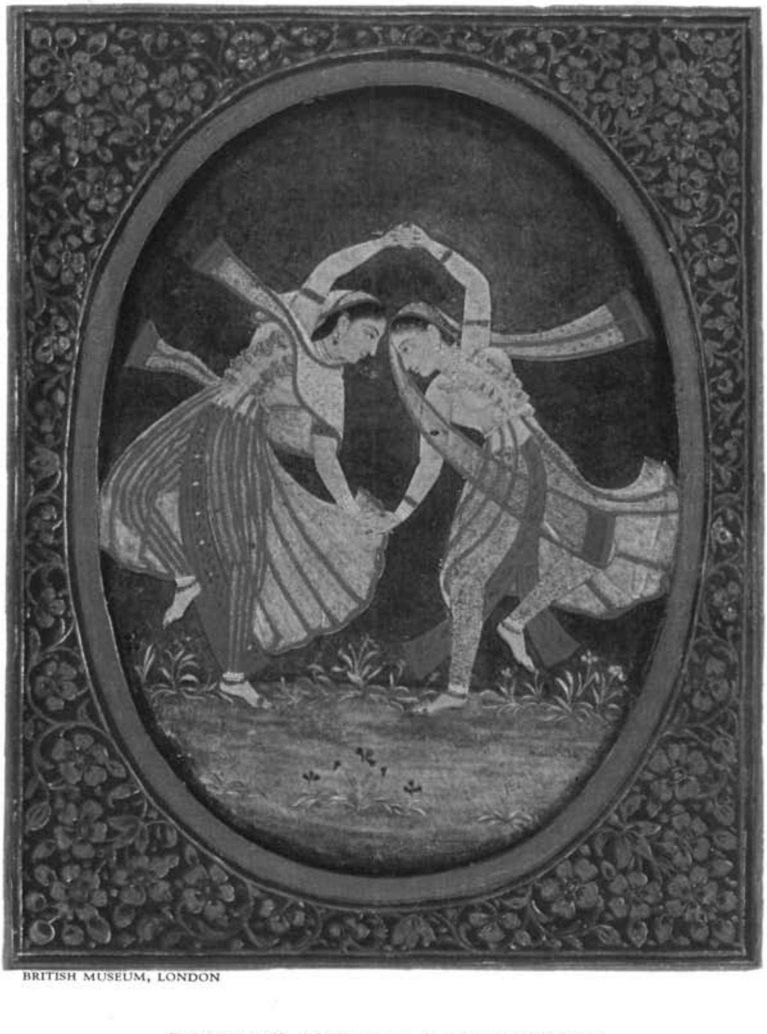
Group hypnosis is possible in so far as several persons may be hypnotized at the same time; but the possibility of deeply hypnotizing all members of a group chosen at random is quite remote. Some explanation other than this must be looked for to explain the famous rope trick of India.

Perhaps the greatest therapeutic use of hypnotism is the treatment of functional or hysterical illnesses for which no physical basis can be found. Such conditions may include paralysis of an extremity, loss of vision, speech or hearing. A young woman, who had a sudden loss of sight, explained to the doctor, under hypnosis, that following a quarrel she had wished never to see her husband again. When this, in turn, was explained to her, she regained her vision. While hypnotized the subconscious mind can often remember unpleasant experiences otherwise forgotten. A young man who stuttered badly revealed, under hypnosis, the incident which initiated his impediment. He recalled the details vividly, how as a small boy he had been whipped and locked in a small closet all night. As usual with stutterers, he spoke normally while hypnotized and later, knowing the cause of his disability, he was able to overcome it. For the past few years he has been selling insurance "which calls for enough talking." Another case of stuttering was traced back to a tonsillectomy in early childhood when a boy was told teasingly by his father that if he was not quiet the doctor's knife might slip and cause him to stutter. This case was cured by bringing the cause out of the unconscious mind into the light.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the inexperienced should not experiment with hypnotism as any number of unexpected situations may present themselves with which only the experienced operator can cope. An amateur may find difficulty in arousing the subject, or may unconsciously implant some suggestion in the subject's receptive mind that will cause confusion after awakening.

Hypnotism is now on a sound, scientific basis and should no longer be associated with the hokum of a turbaned stage performer or practiced as a social parlor trick. It has an increasingly valuable place in the armamentarium of the medical profession. The usefulness of hypnotism will increase as the skepticism and ignorance of its true nature diminish.

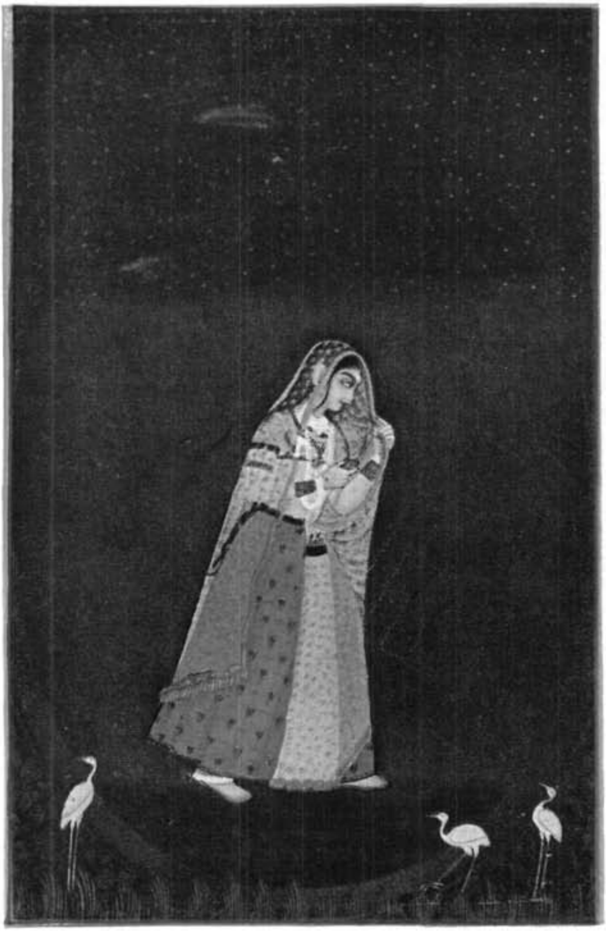
—Victor H. Vogel, M. D.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

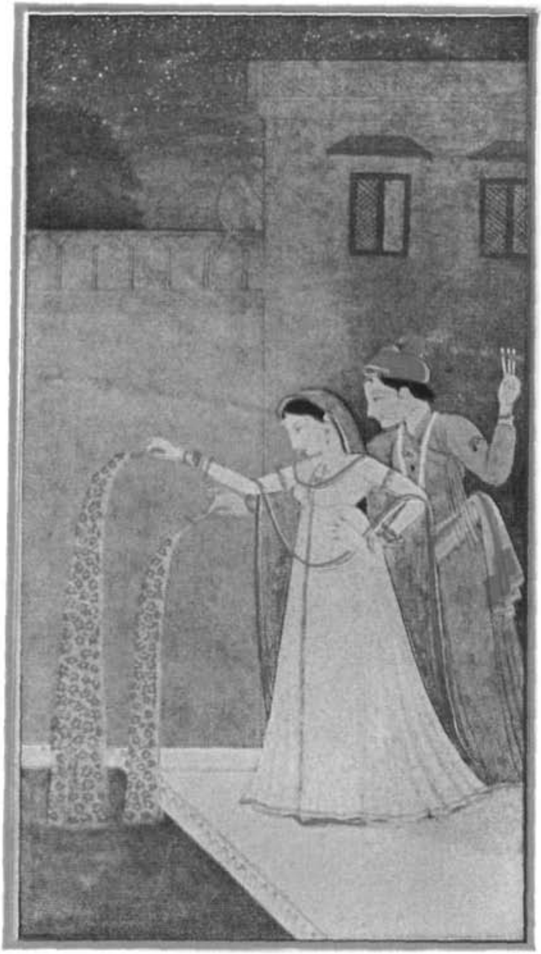
TWELVE INDIAN MINIATURES

Under Jellaladin Mohammed Akbar (1542-1602), greatest and wisest of the Moghul emperors of India, there came to fruition a school of painting, of which these miniatures are representative, combining native Indian art with the Persian technique brought in by the Moghuls.



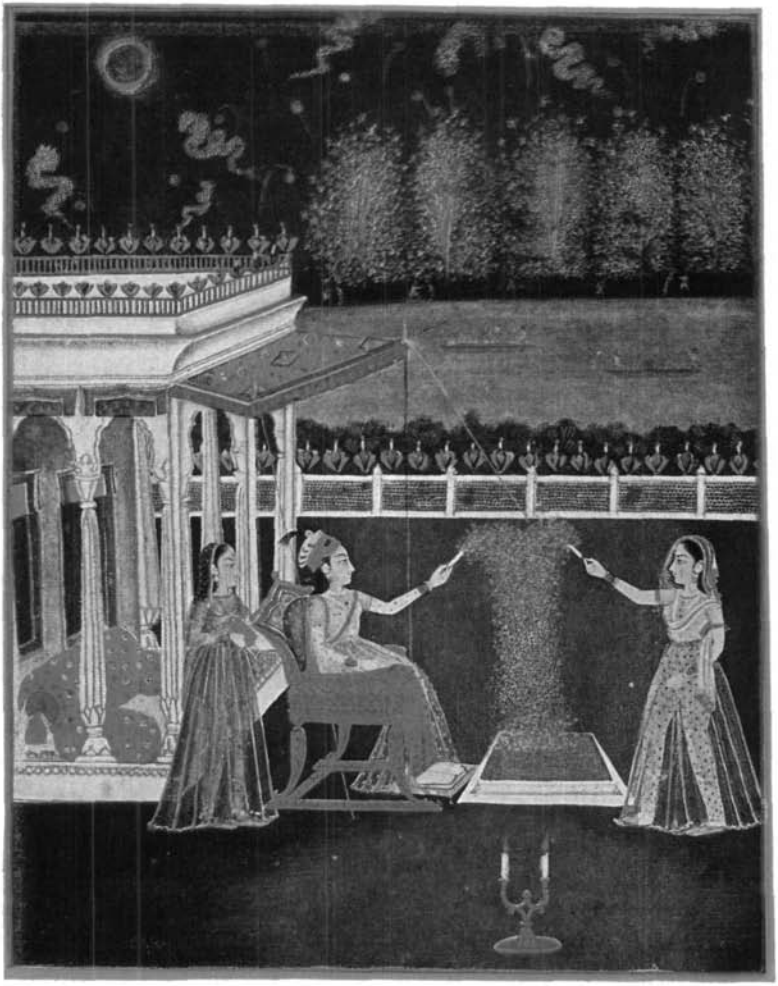
GIRL WALKING IN A STARRY NIGHT

The Moghul school was a close adjunct of the royal court, tending to be aristocratic in subject matter. It was at its height under Akbar, his son and grandson, Jahangir and Shah Jahan (builder of the Taj Mahal), continuing with considerable vigor through the 18th century.



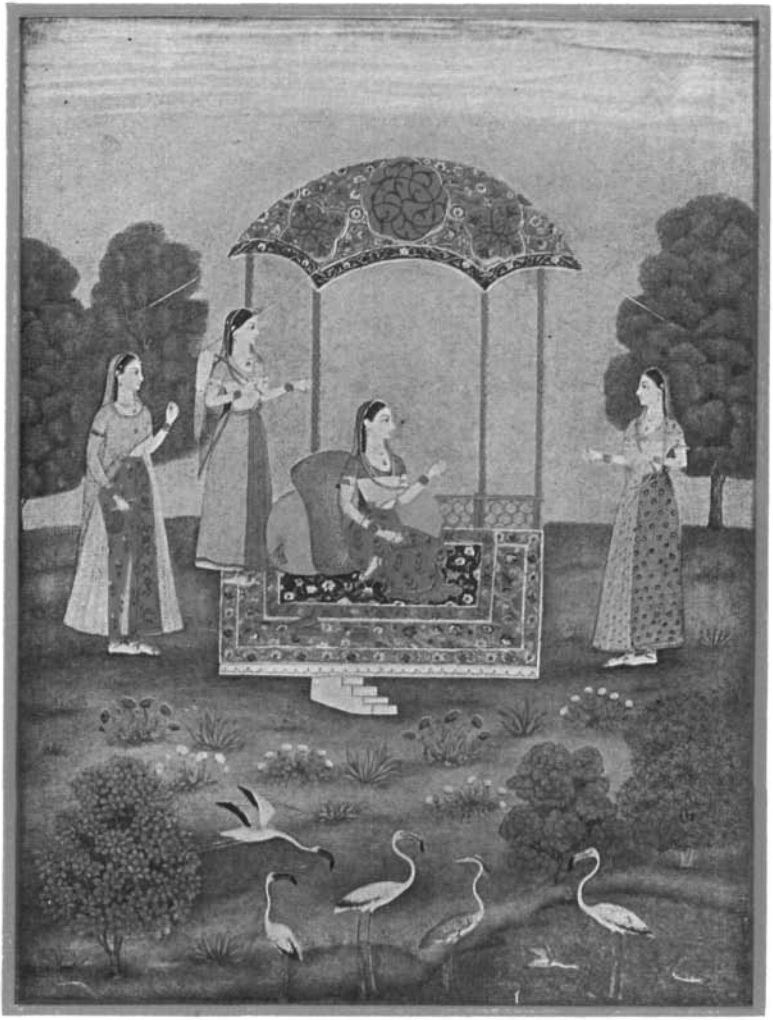
LOVERS SETTING OFF FIREWORKS

Such was Akbar's tolerance that his religion embraced all creeds, but he had little sympathy with the Philistines of his day, once remarking, "There are many that hate painting, but such men I dislike. It appears to me as if a painter had peculiar means of recognizing God."



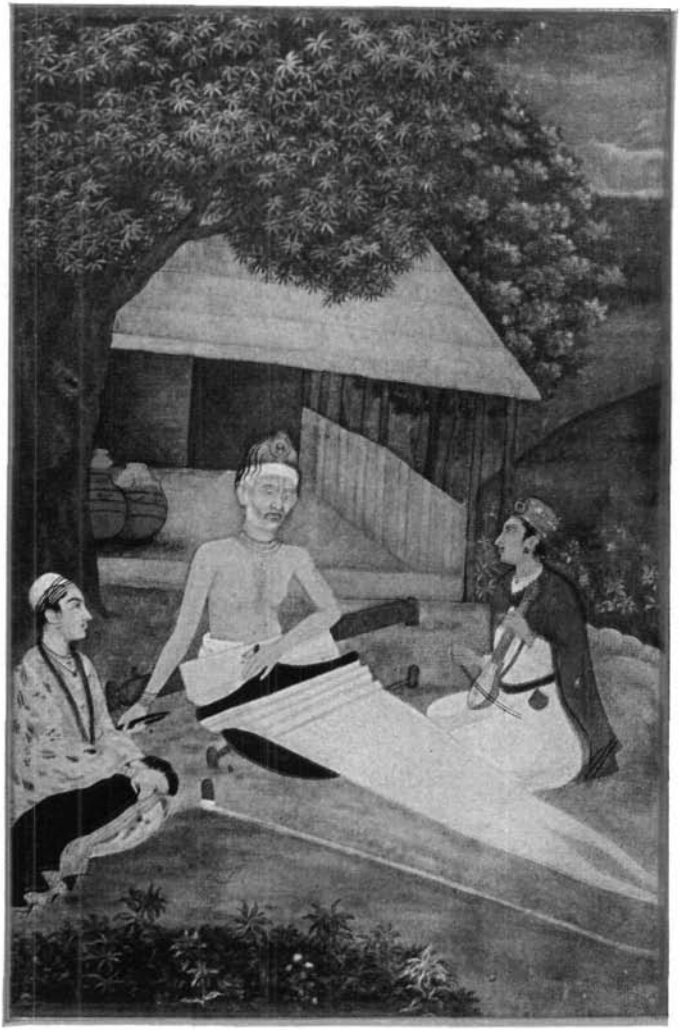
LADY WITH DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS

Calligraphy was perhaps the mother, and certainly the handmaiden, of Moghul miniature painting. In writing Persian, the court language of the Moghuls, the hand necessarily acquired a delicacy of touch such as alone can account for the refinement that marks these paintings.



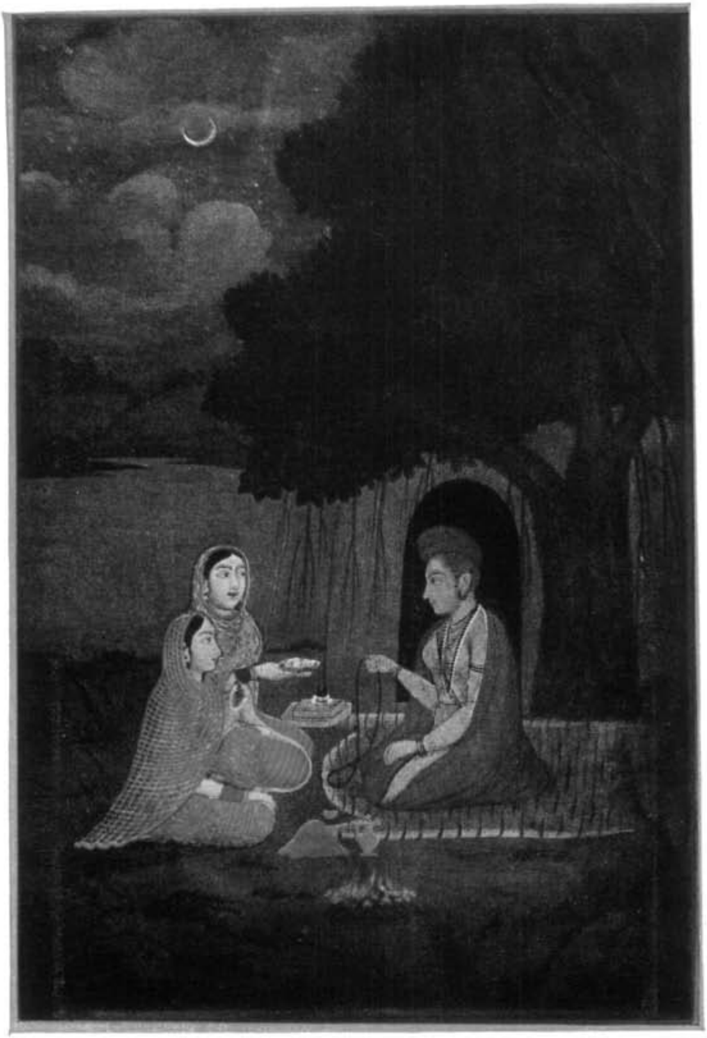
A LOVER'S MESSAGE

These miniatures are essentially line drawings, based on a firmly sketched outline which was afterwards filled in, frequently by a different artist, in color and gold. The outline was drawn not with a pen but with a fine brush made from the hairs of a squirrel's tail.



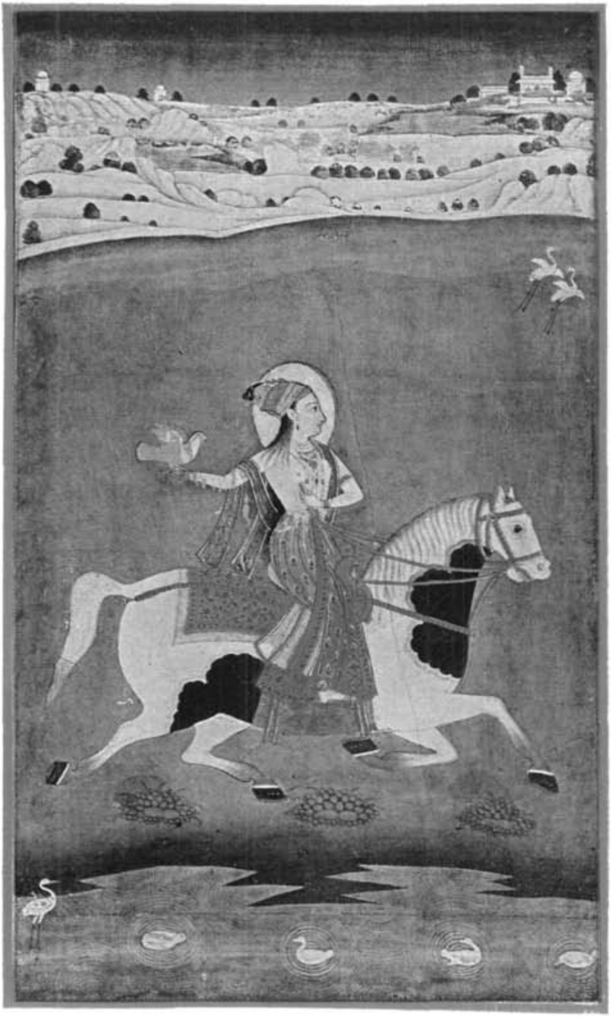
HINDU POET WORKING AS A WEAVER

The Moghul artists prided themselves on the fineness of their brushes, and the test of supreme skill was the ability to finish the details with a "single-hair" brush, which evidently was used for microscopic stippling as well as for drawing the finer lines in the composition.



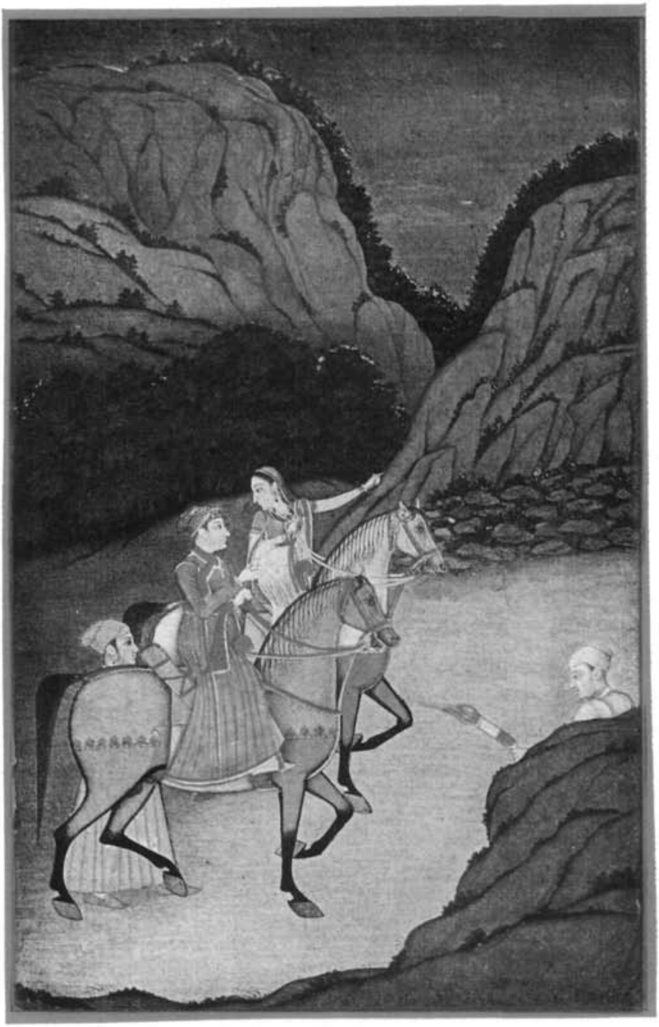
WOMEN VISITING A FEMALE HERMIT

It is a tribute to the manual dexterity and acute eyesight of the Moghul artists that they could accurately draw the individual threads of a garment. Much of this characteristic is lost in reproduction, but the general effect of infinitely meticulous detail still remains.



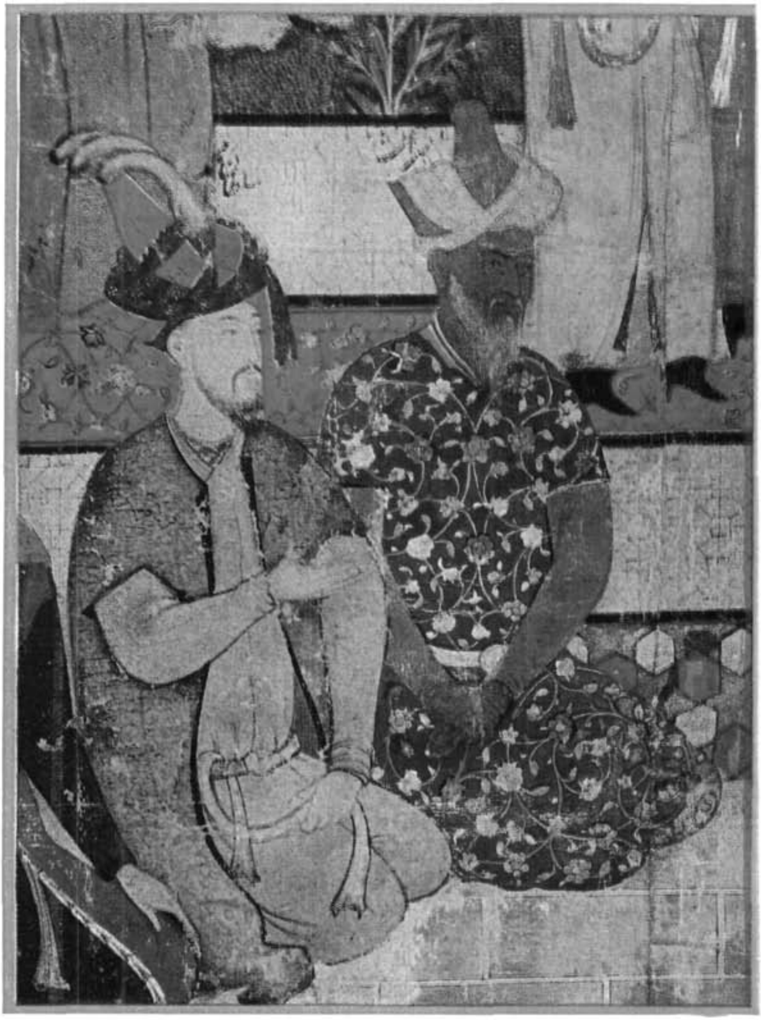
LADY HAWKING

As depicted in the miniatures above and on the opposite page, the legs and sometimes the entire lower portion of the body of Indian steeds were painted red, a typical example of Moghul chivalry symbolizing the blood of their enemies through which they waded to victory.



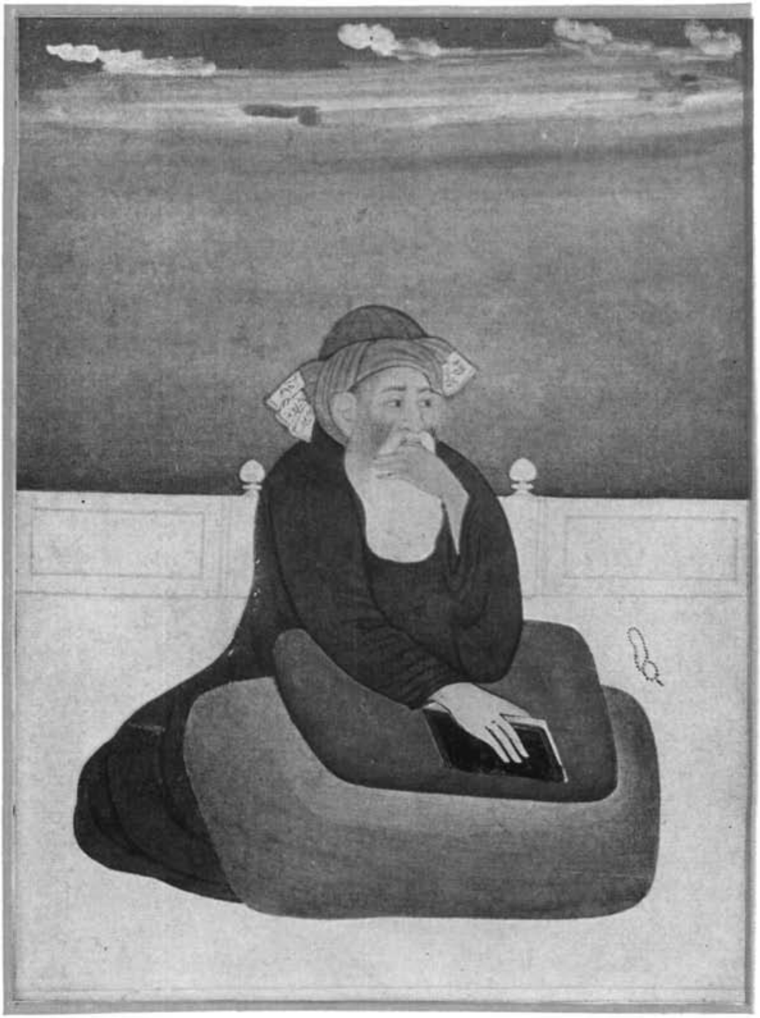
SCENE FROM ROMANCE

Endowed with a broadness of expression that the impressionist school often aimed at but seldom realized with so little self-consciousness, this miniature depicts a young Moghul prince and princess riding toward their rendezvous with a faithful *masalchi* lighting the way.



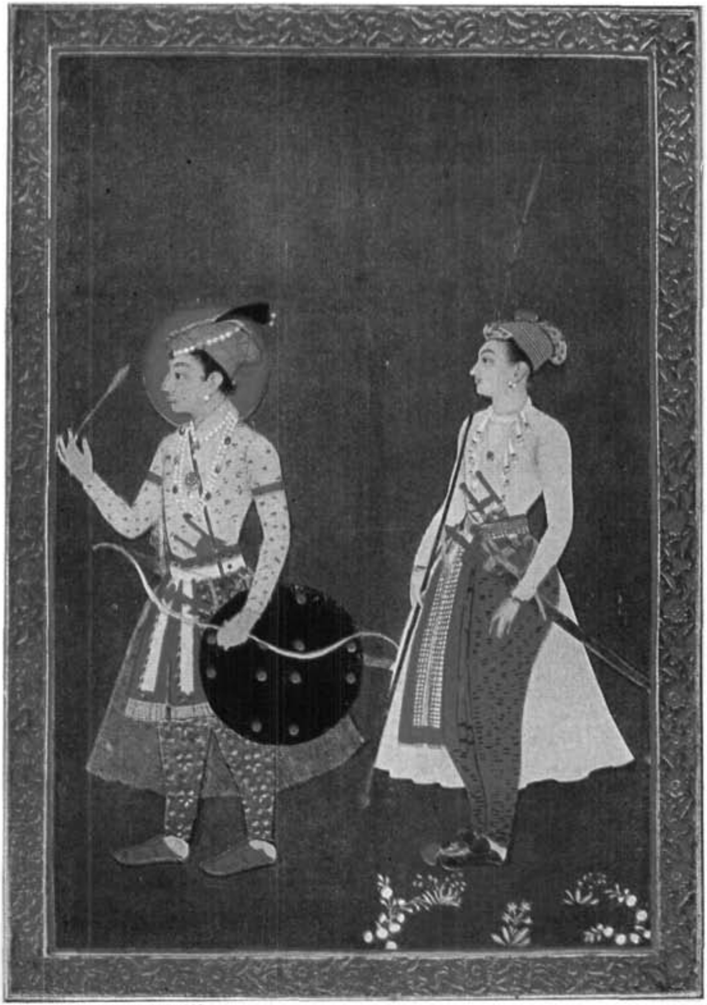
SULTAN MOHAMMED AND MIRAN SHAH

It is an interesting but little known fact that, by a curious meeting of East and West, Indian miniature paintings brought to Europe in the 17th century exerted an influence on a great Dutch master who was a contemporary of Jahangir and Shah Jahan—Rembrandt van Rijn.



A MOSLEM DIVINE

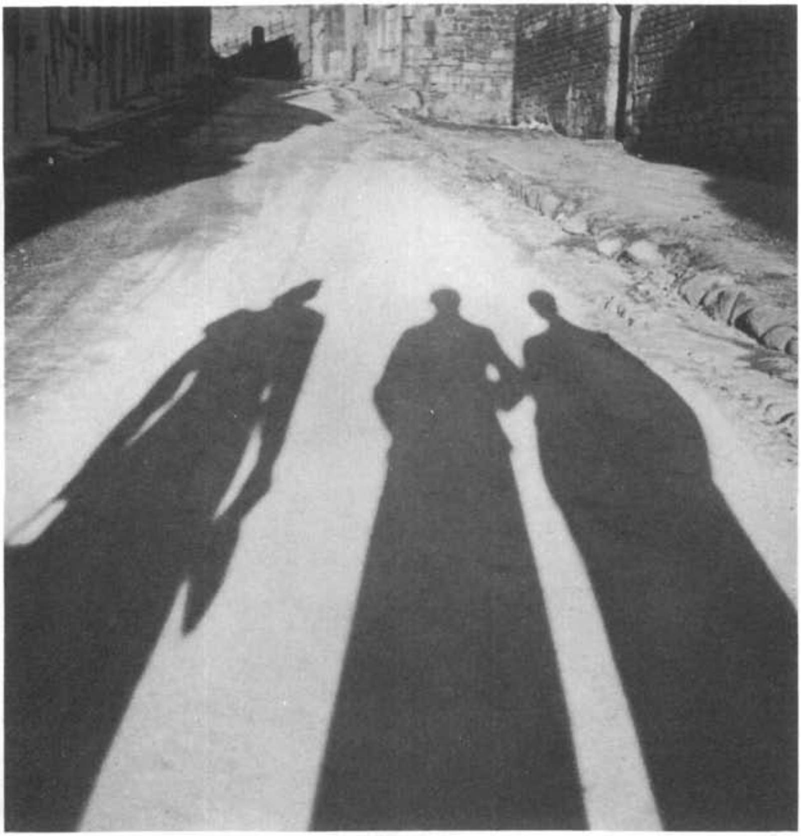
A number of Rembrandt's pen-and-ink studies have been identified as copies or adaptations from Indian miniatures, and further evidence exists that it was chiefly from these miniatures that Rembrandt derived the Oriental atmosphere that characterizes his Biblical subjects.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

A PRINCE ATTENDED BY A YOUNG NOBLE

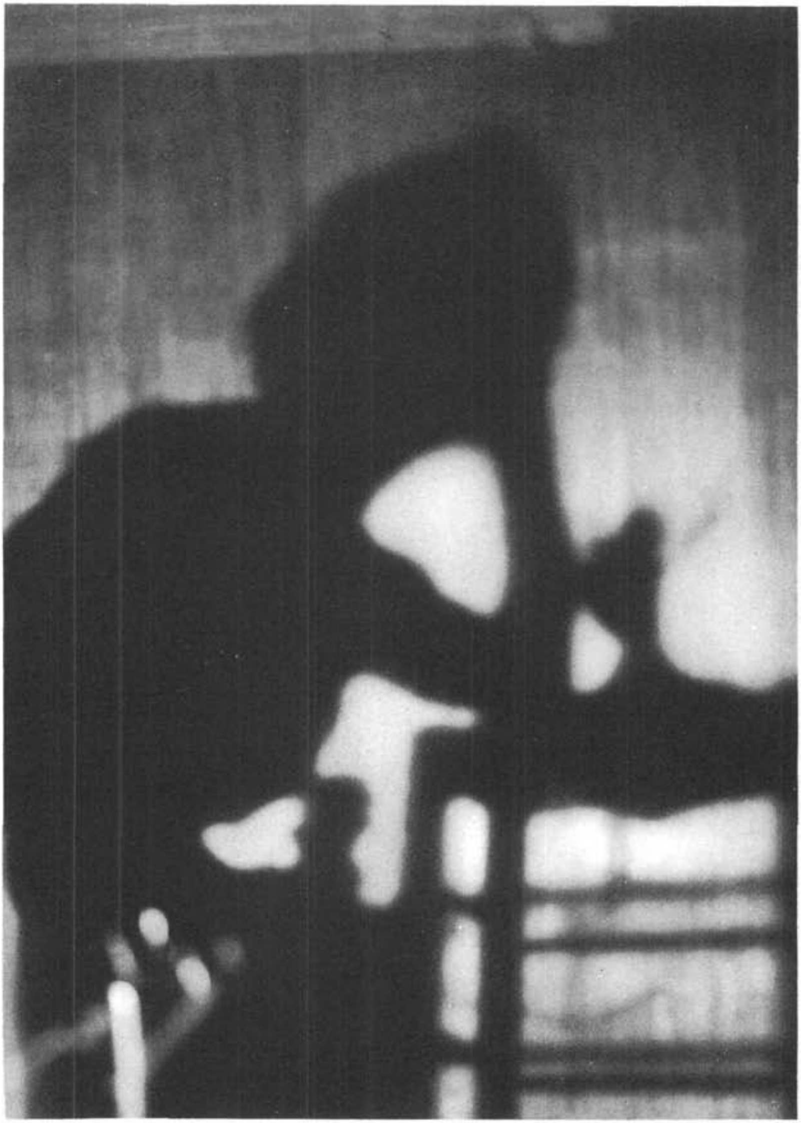
The delicate charm and harmonious contrasts of tone and color of the Moghul miniatures speak for themselves; more elusive is their perfect totality—a sort of inexpressible fullness of form—and their unfaltering line flowing in ceaseless, never-broken rhythm.



PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

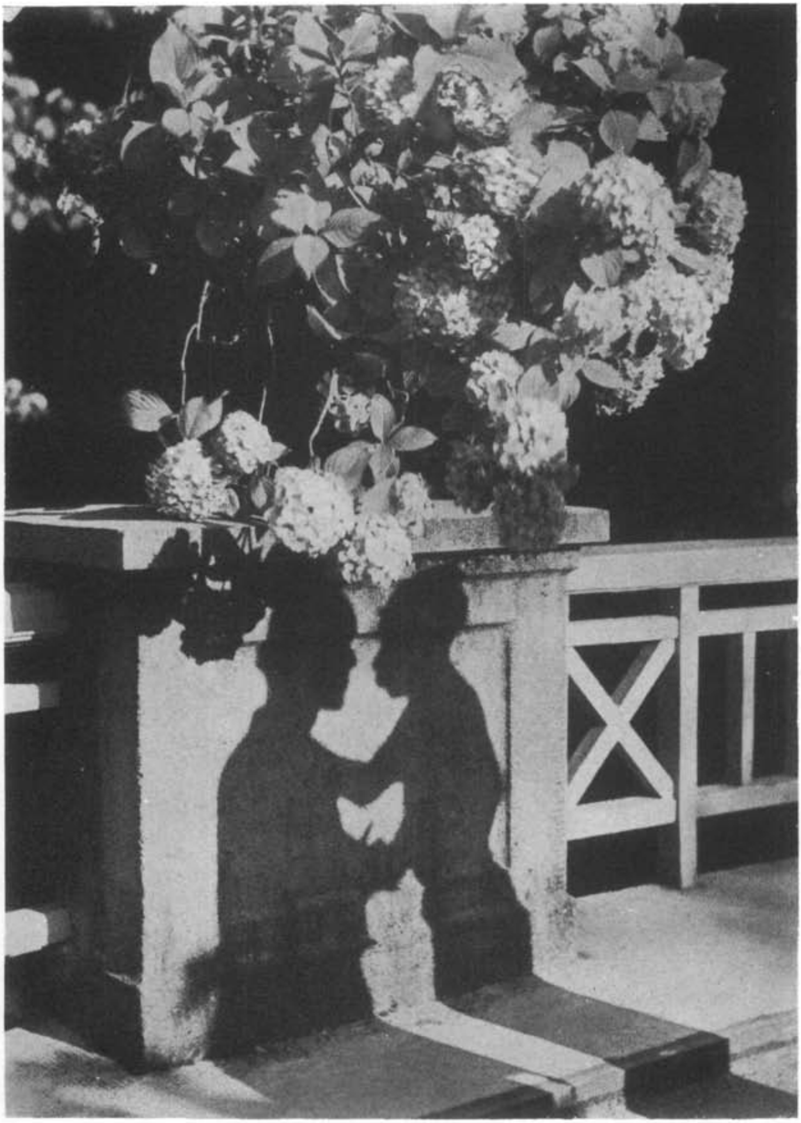
Shadows

A Portfolio of Eight Photographs



GERMAINE KRULL, PARIS FROM EUROPEAN

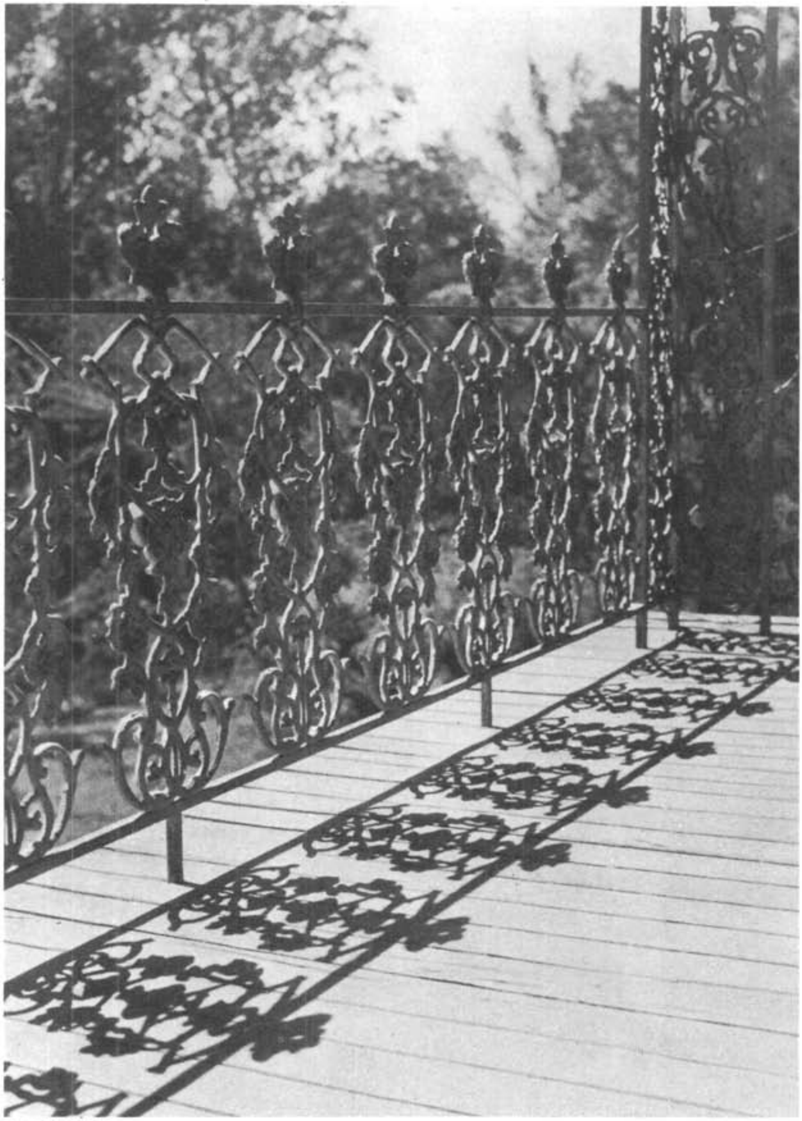
OF DESPAIR



SCHERL, BERLIN

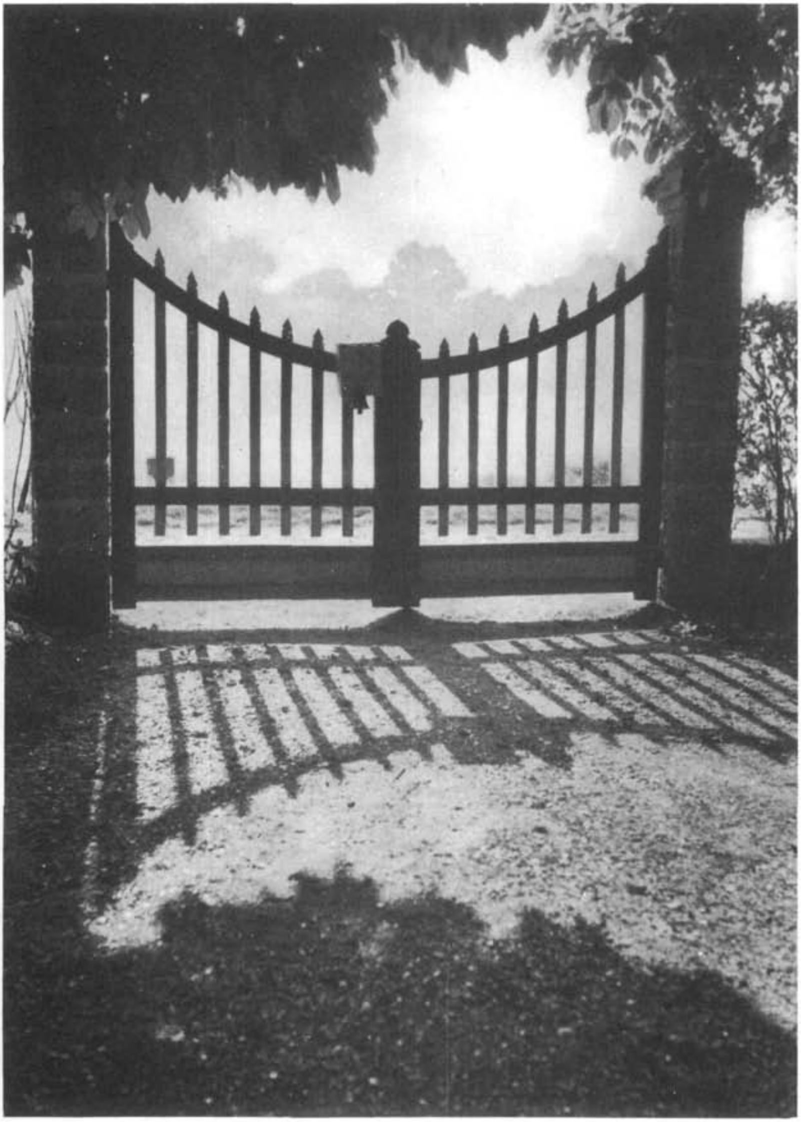
FROM EUROPEAN

OF PARTING



WESTELIN CHICAGO

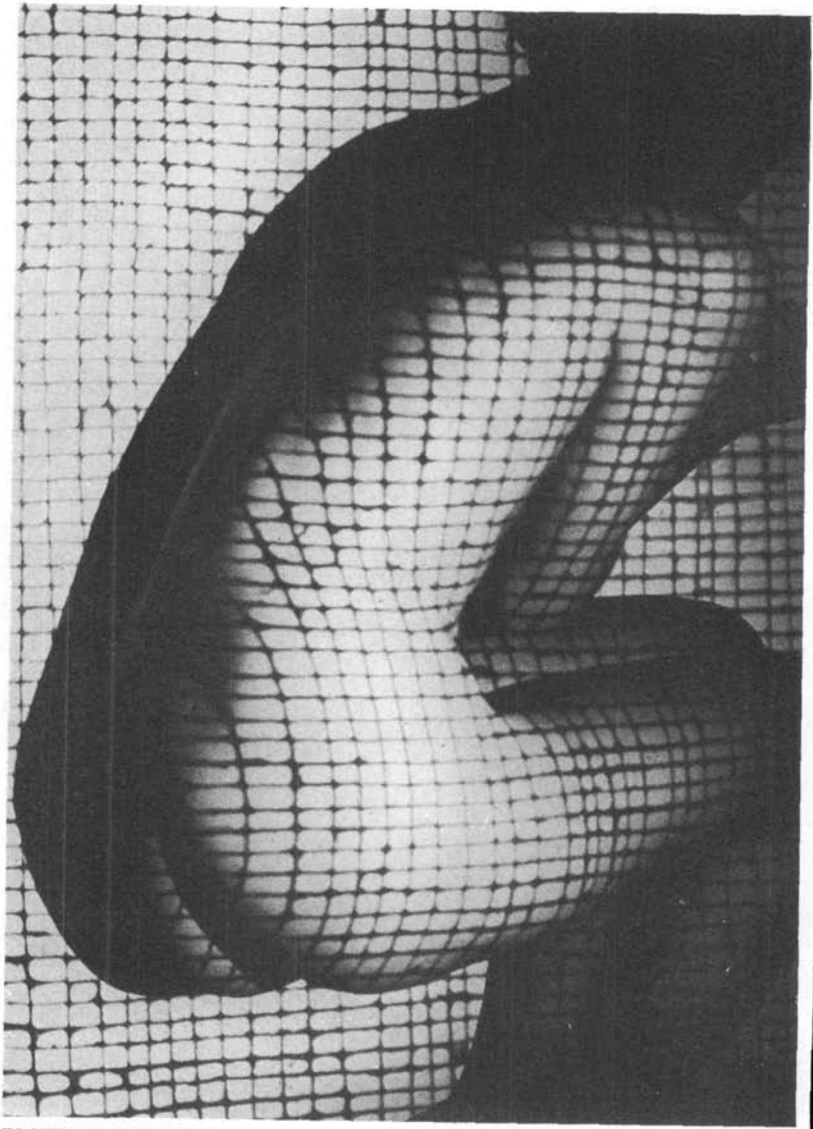
OF A PATRICIAN GRILLE



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

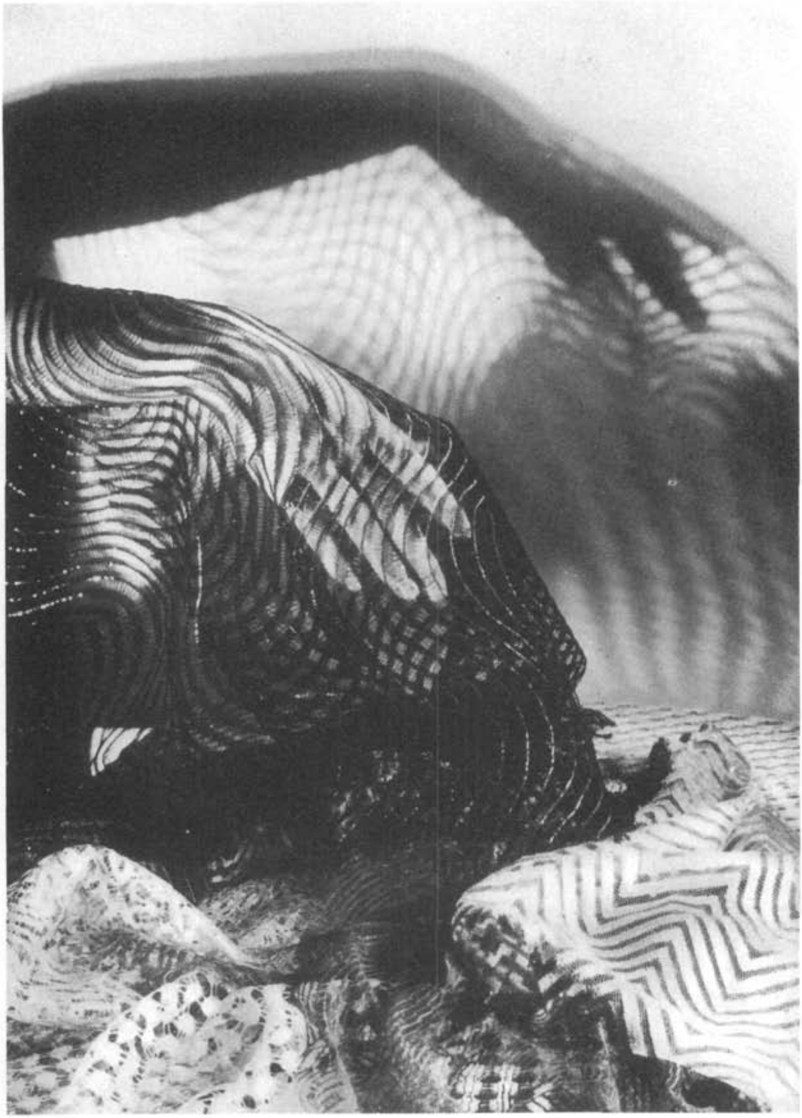
OF A PLEBEIAN GATE

NOVEMBER, 1937



ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

OF A SPIDERY WEB

 STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

OF FRILLS AND FLOUNCES

NOVEMBER, 1937

TALKING PICTURES

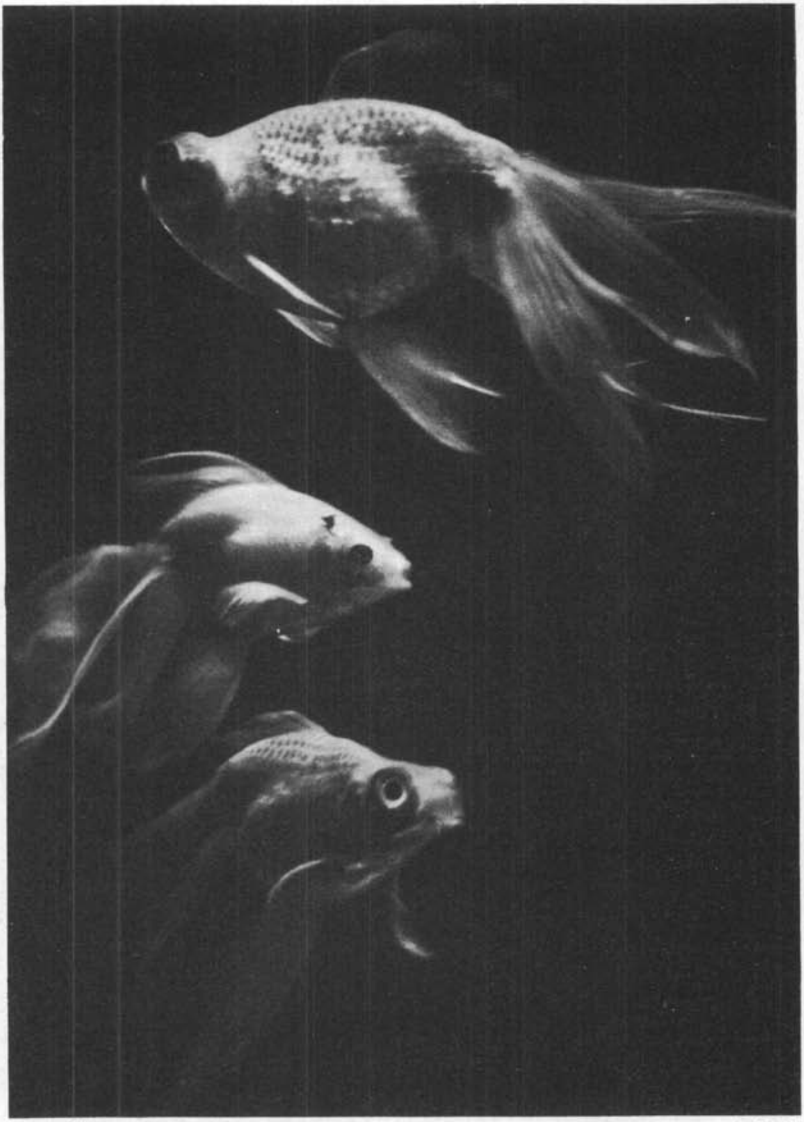
CONCERNING ONE ASPECT OF THE THESIS THAT MORE IS SEEN THAN MEETS THE EYE

The photographs that appear in Coronet are there solely because they happen to be the most interesting examples of their art-form available. They are selected on face value, without ulterior intent to instruct, cajole or edify. But it is inevitable that any artistic production, be it ever so humble, will carry some overtone beyond its immediate visual aspect.

This is manifestly a thin-ice subject. Not to be conscious of it is to forego an appreciation of the secondary value of the photographs. But to become self-conscious of it would be to lose sight of their primary value. At some risk of becoming impaled upon the latter horn of the dilemma, it is submitted (to comment on but one of many sorts of secondary meanings) that photographs of this type constitute a genuine international language.

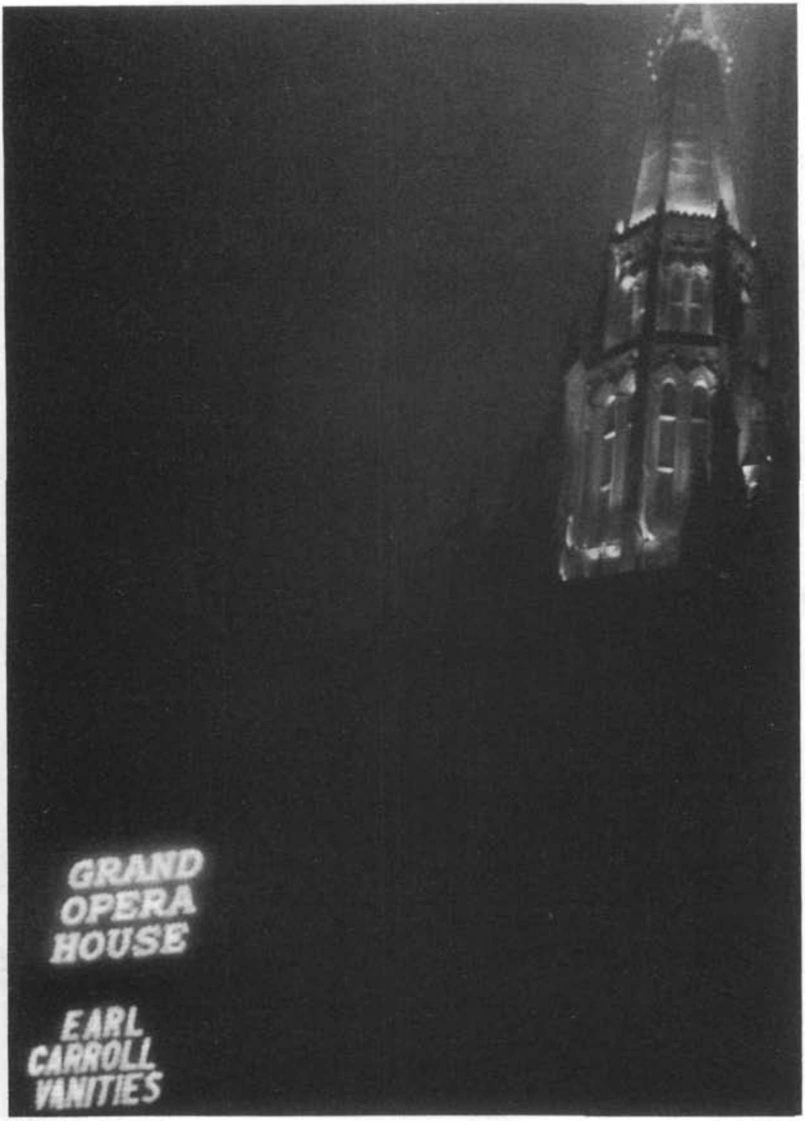
Roughly speaking, Coronet's international slant in photographs is almost 180 degrees, and in articles and fiction about two degrees. Obviously, manuscripts require laborious translation, and lose something in the process; photographs speak every nation's tongue with equal eloquence. Again, the written word is necessarily the idiom of one more or less biased individual. But unless a photograph is staged or doctored for propaganda purposes, the image produced by the camera is a faithful replica of what you would see with your own eyes, intensified and clarified to the *n*th power.

So far, so good. But is there something more? Is it possible that this international language affords a tangible expression of the kinship of all peoples that can serve to counterbalance the oppressive weight of the dictators and the war-makers? Does von Perckhammer's *Venetian Pattern* on page 126, with its everyday Italians going about their everyday affairs, provide a useful antidote to the Fascist military views and news we get in such abundance today? Or Ramhab's *Magyar Mother* on page 167, and Vadas' diminutive counterpart, *Motherlet* on page 139—do they contribute anything in their reaffirmation of a universal instinct shared by the potential bomb-fodder of all nations? Perhaps even— But now we *are* drifting away from the primary significance of the photographs!—B. G.



ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

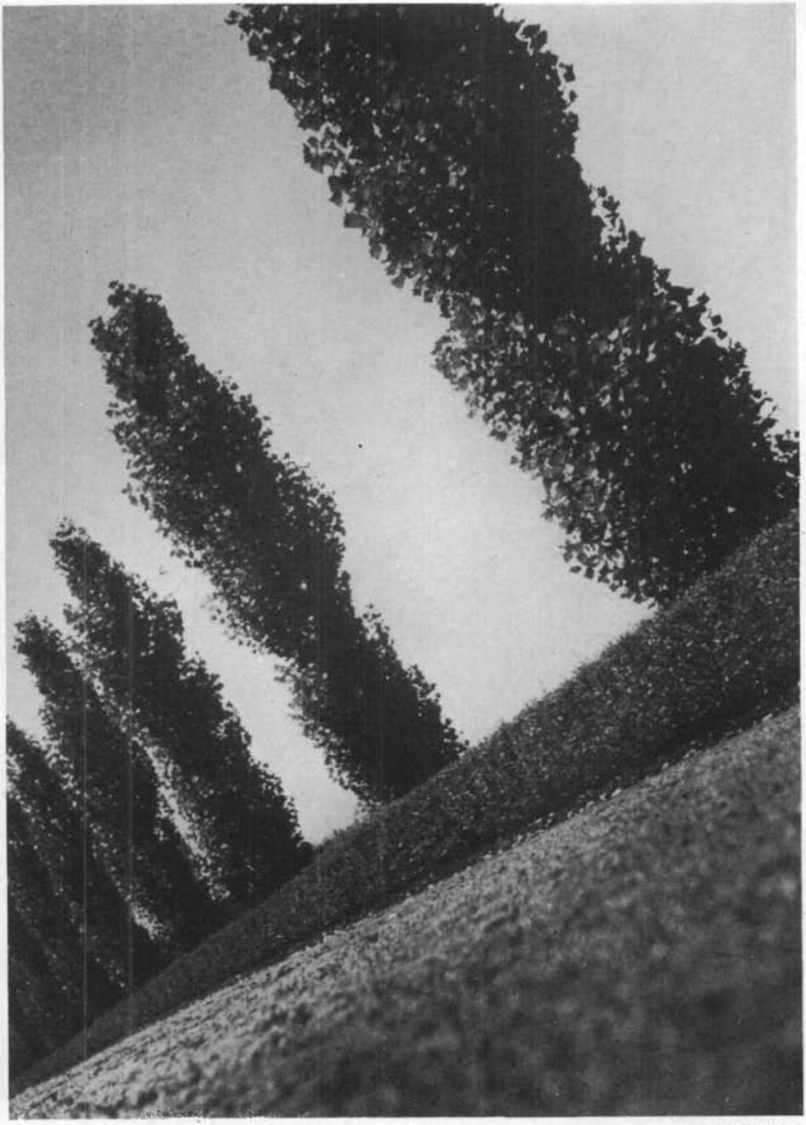
PRIVATE LIVES


GRAND OPERA HOUSE
EARL CARROLL VANITIES

DON WALLACE CHICAGO

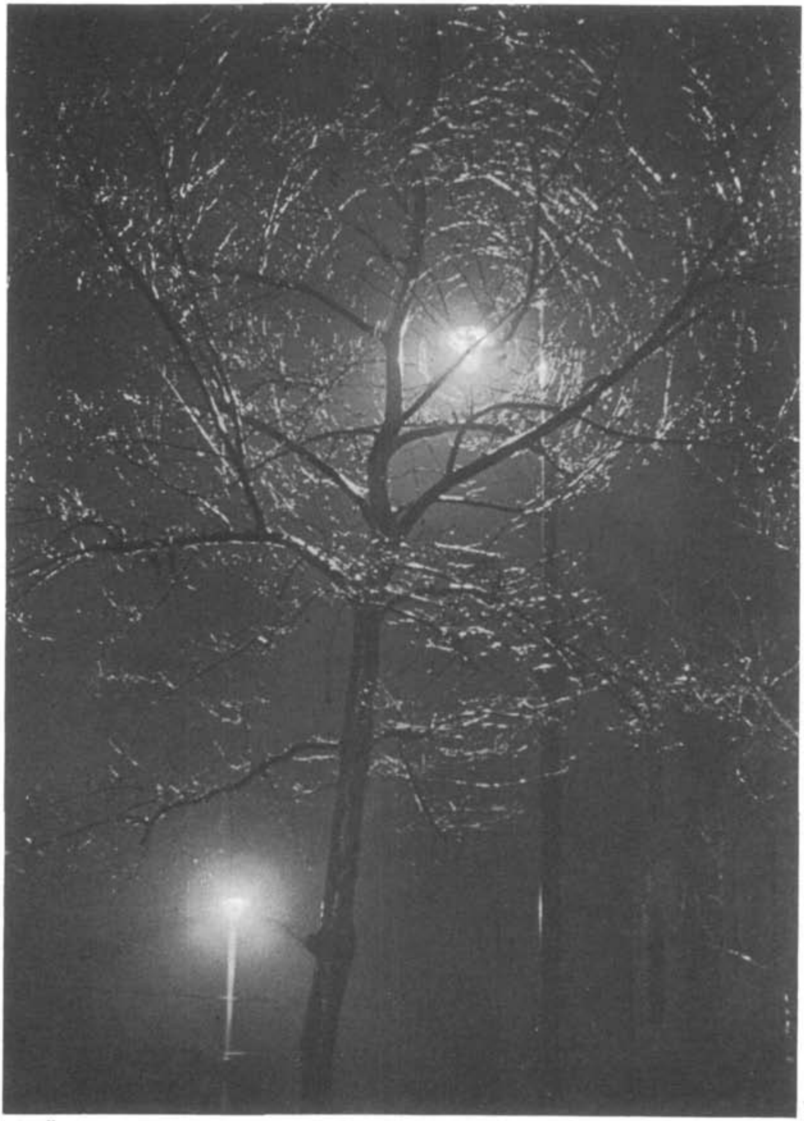
SODOM AND GOMORRAH

NOVEMBER, 1937



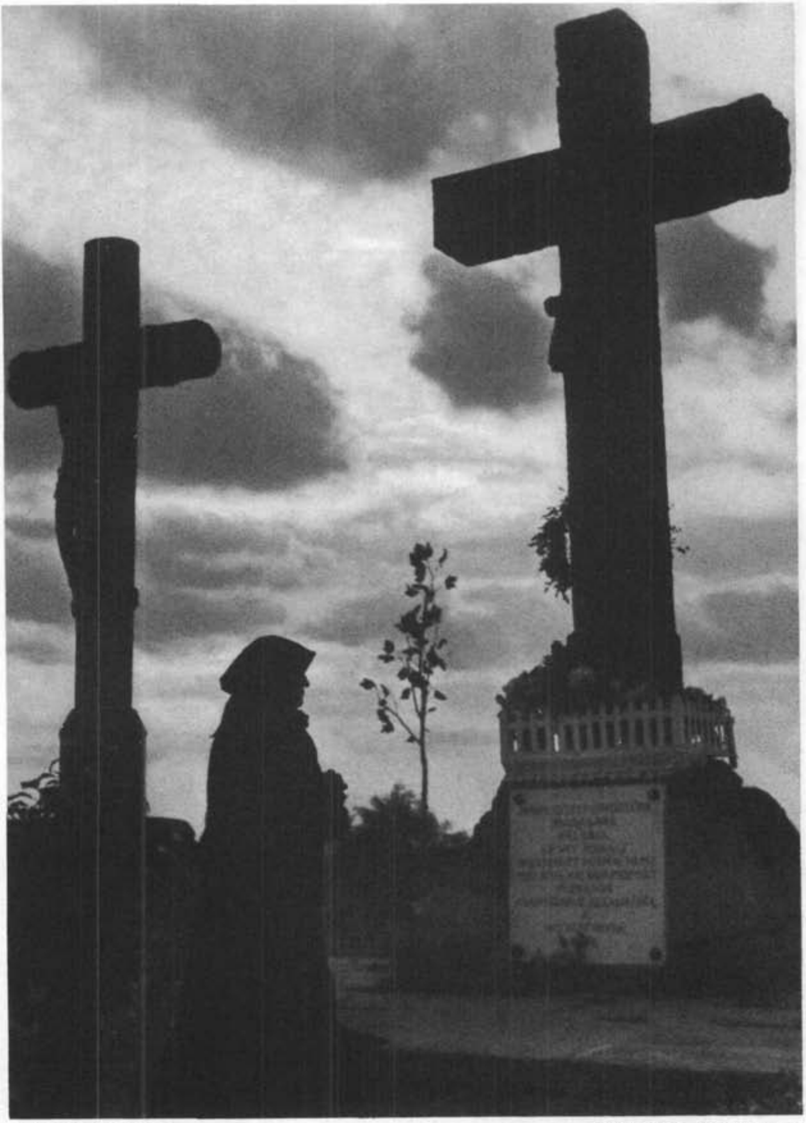
STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

HARP OF THE WINDS



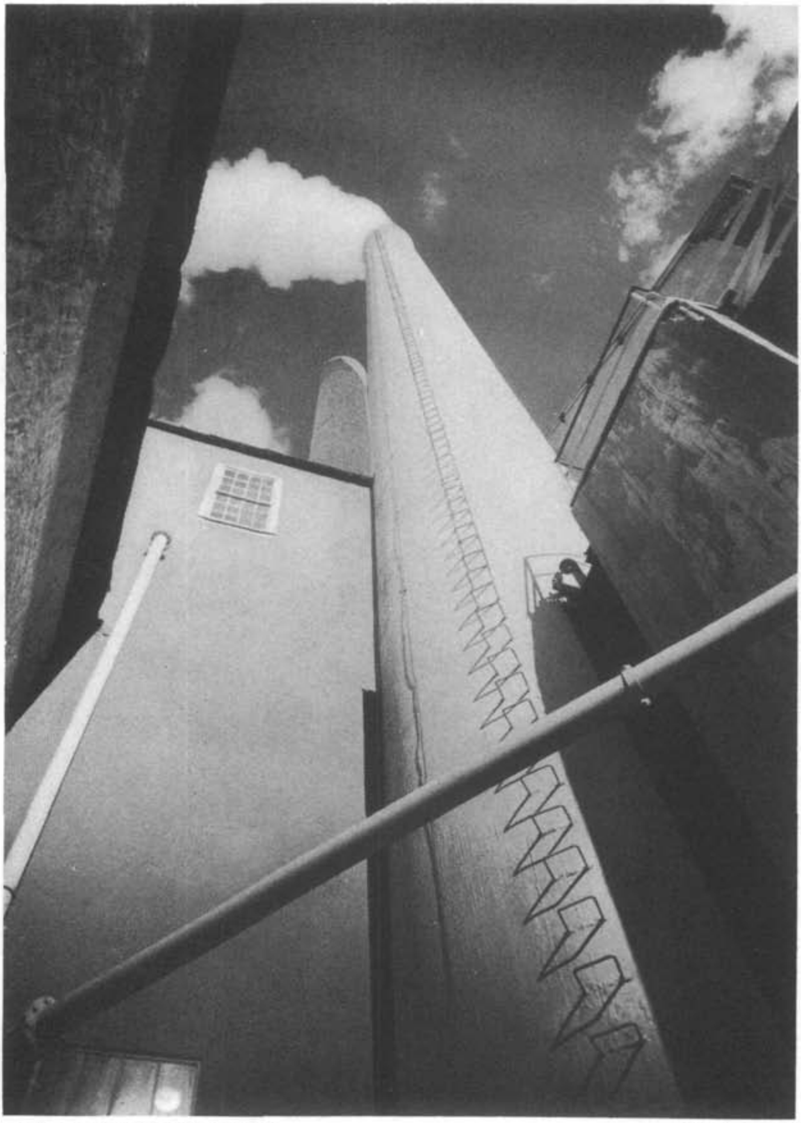
JENŐ DULOVITS FROM EUROPEAN

HALO



KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

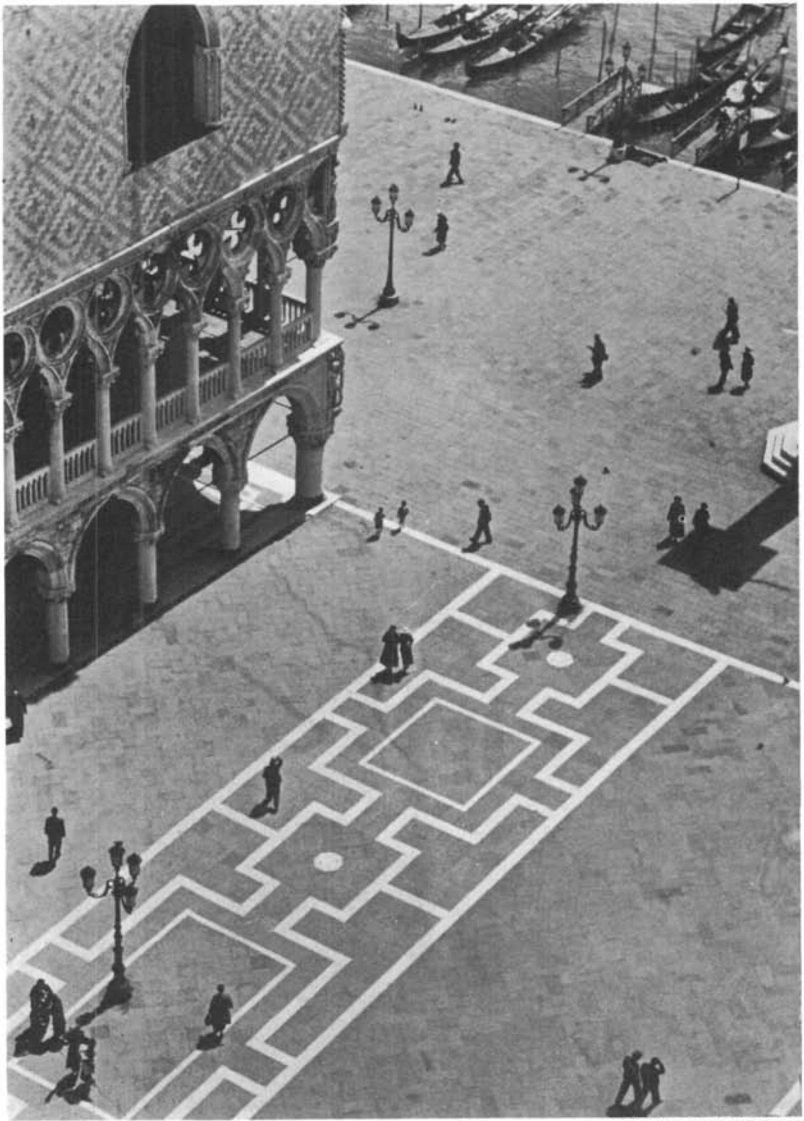
WE THE LIVING



ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE NEW YORK

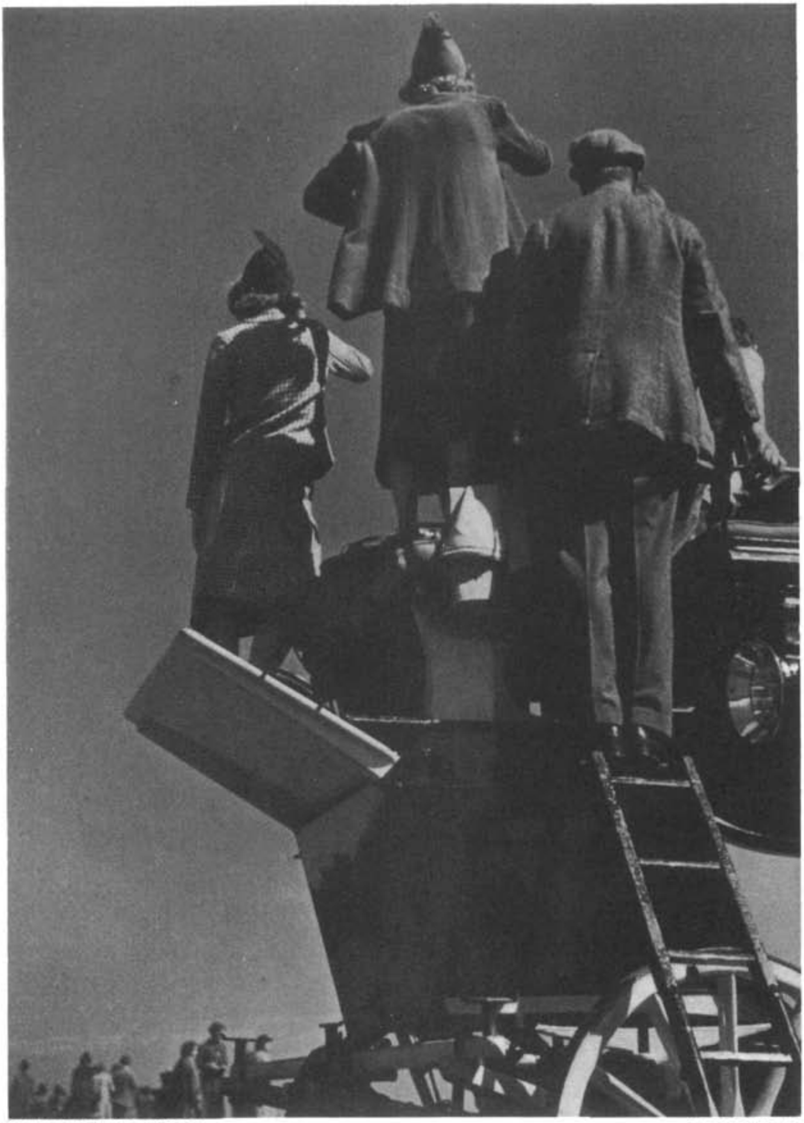
CATHEDRAL OF COMMERCE

NOVEMBER, 1937



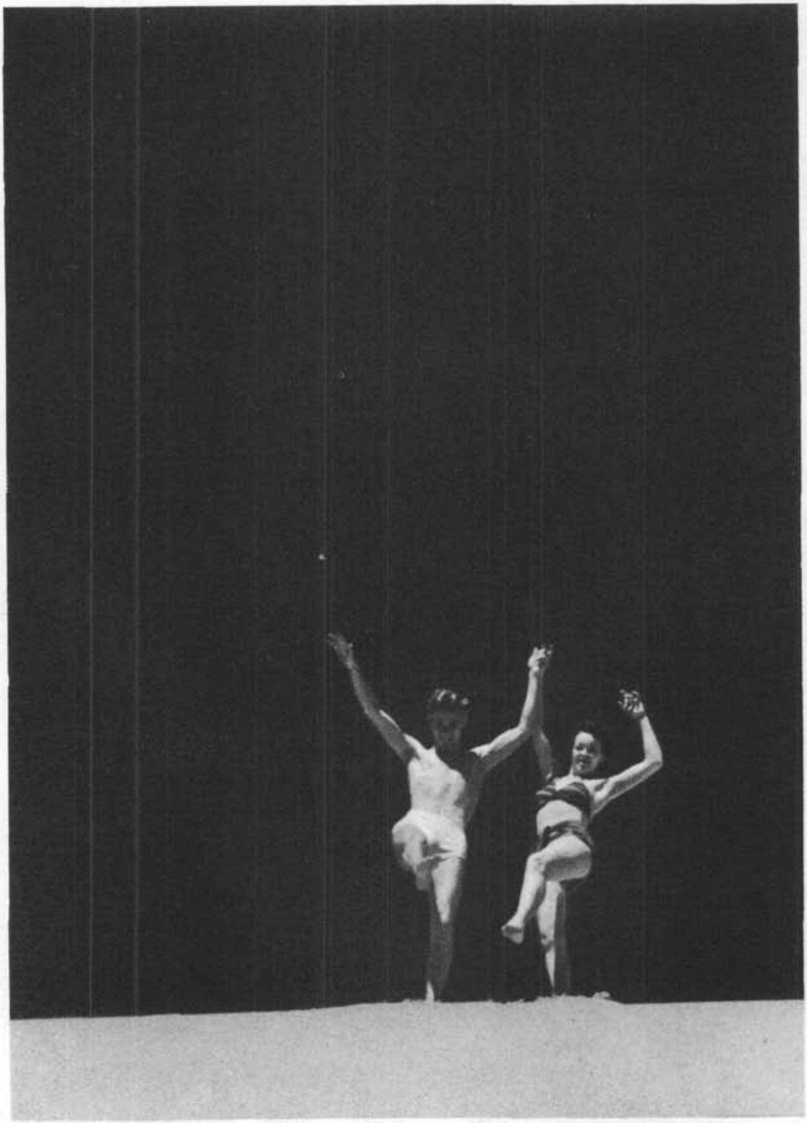
HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER FROM EUROPEAN

VENETIAN PATTERN



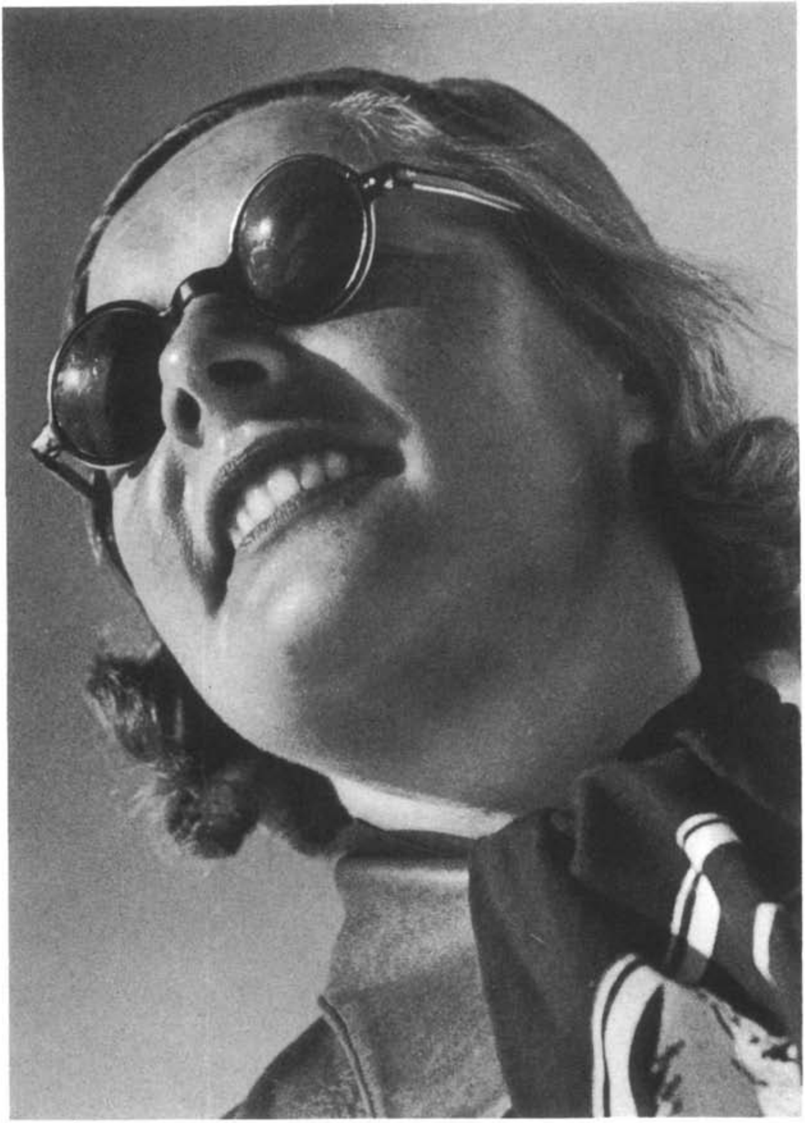
HERBERT G. KEHL BROOKLYN

COUNTRY RACE MEET



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

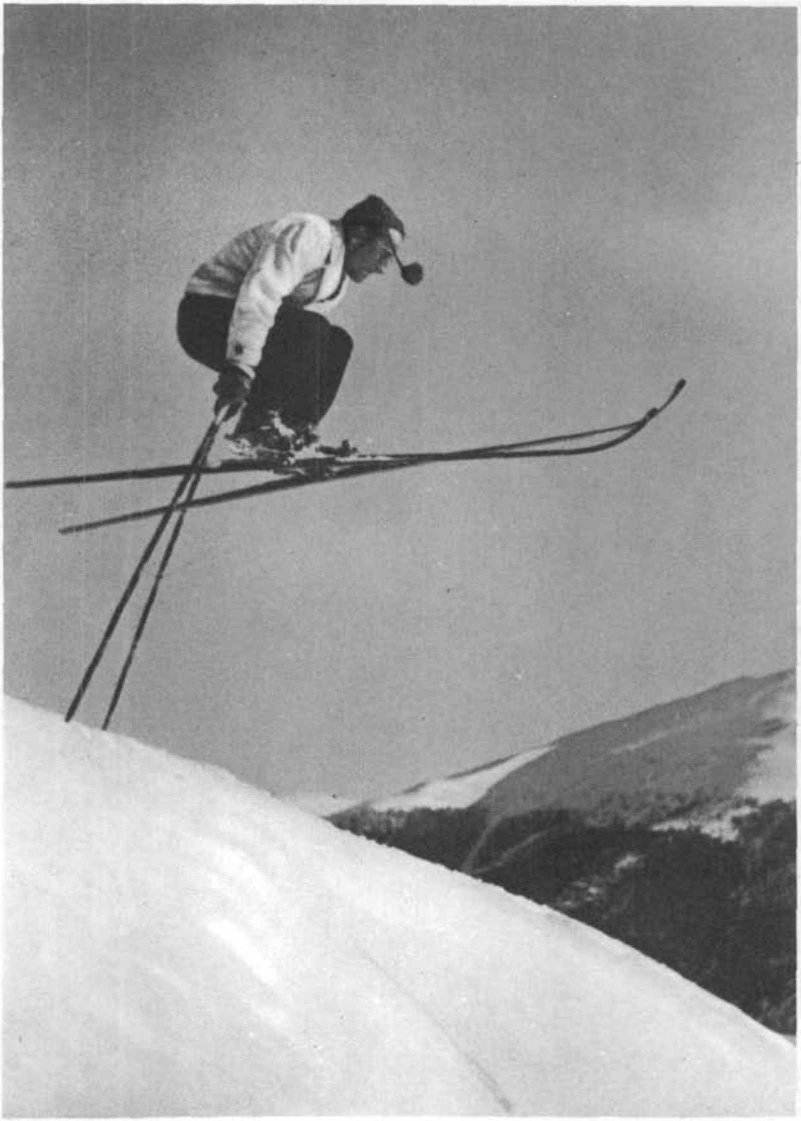
LIGHT FANTASTIC



ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

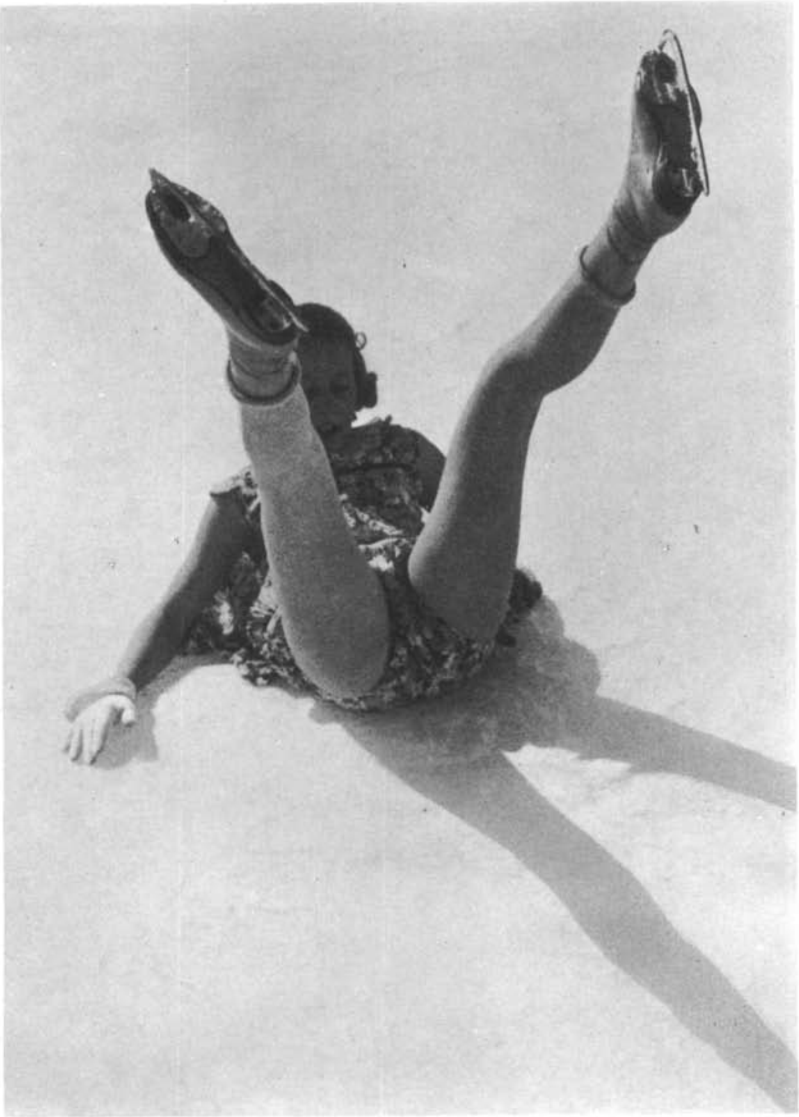
REFLECTED GLORY

NOVEMBER, 1937



DR. CSÖRGEÖ BUDAPEST

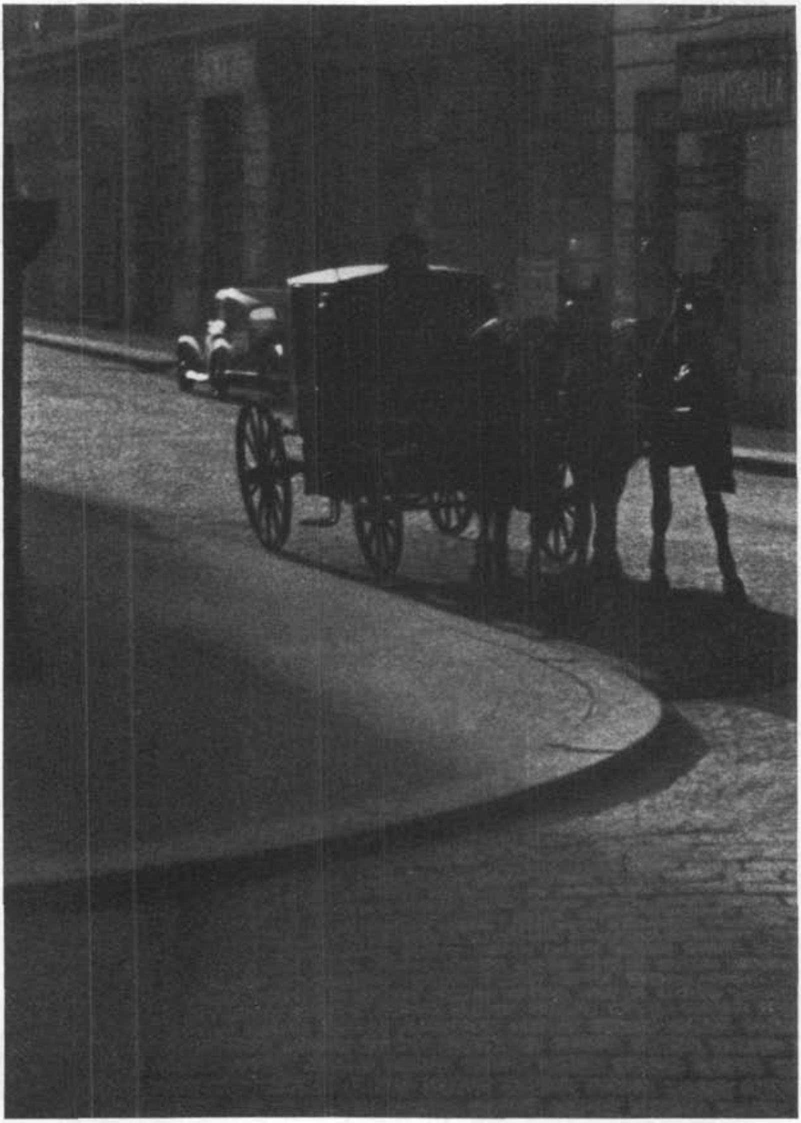
TAKE-OFF



ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

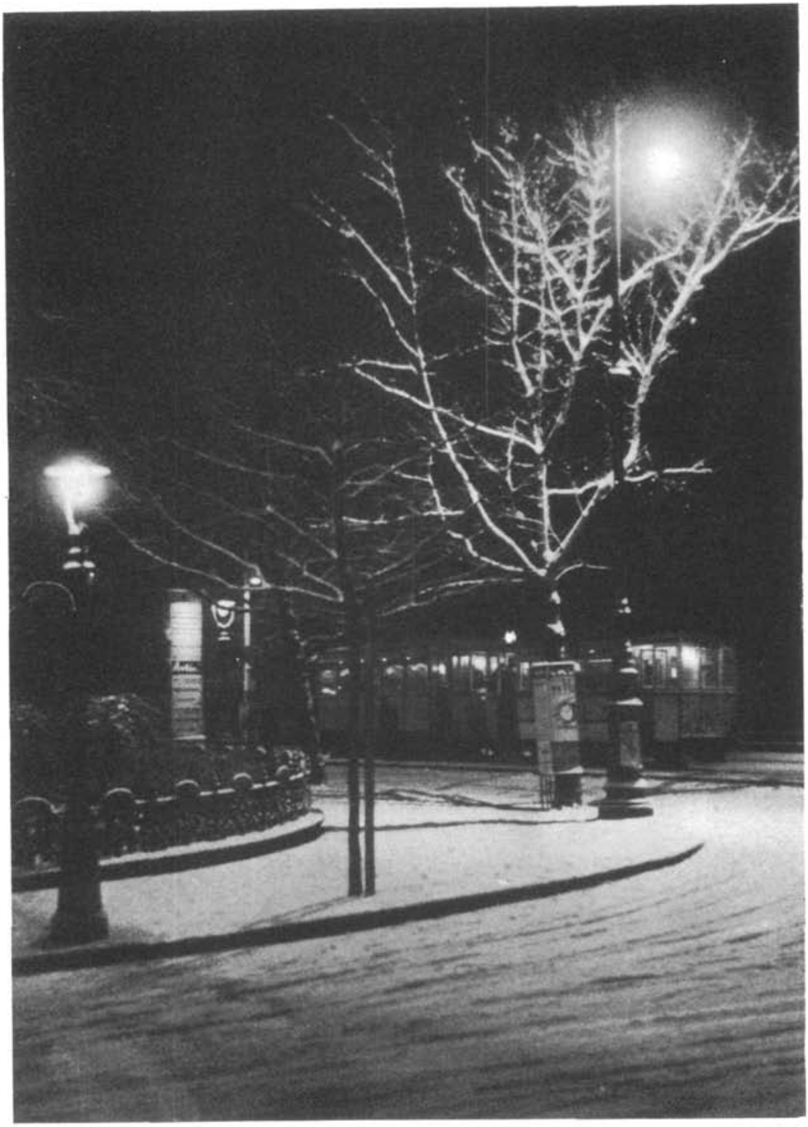
UNHAPPY LANDING

NOVEMBER, 1937



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

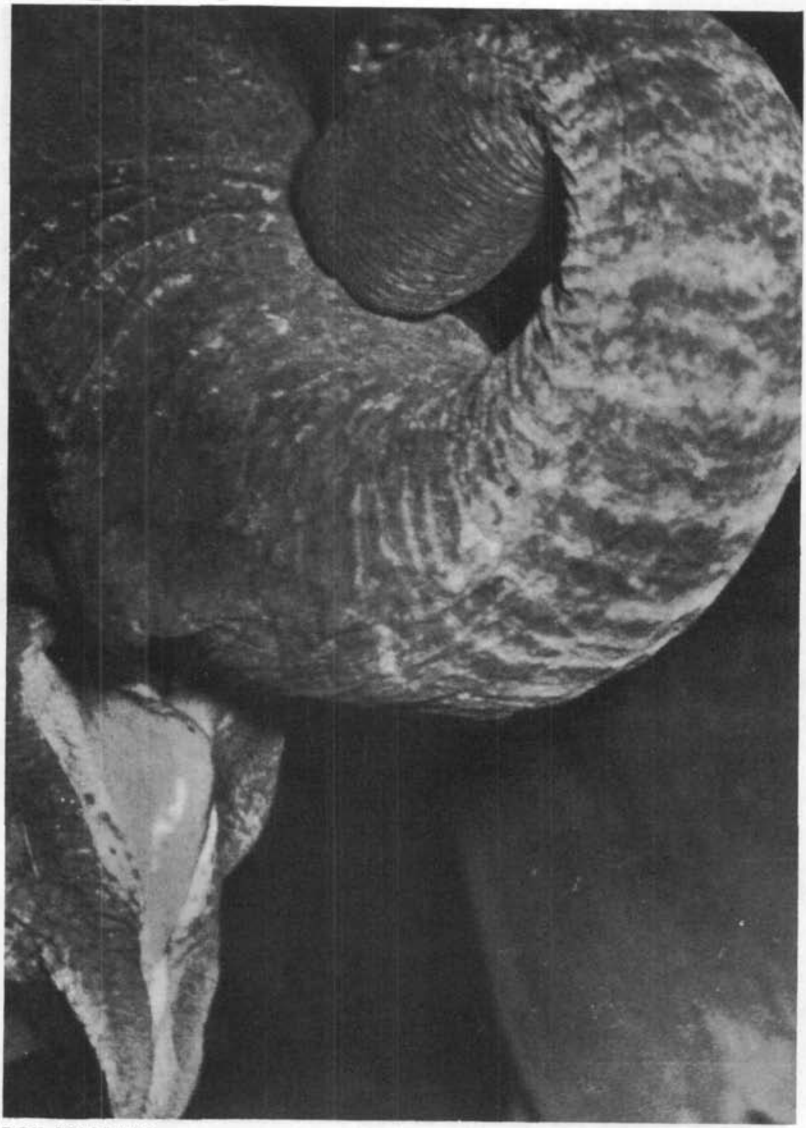
YESTERDAY



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

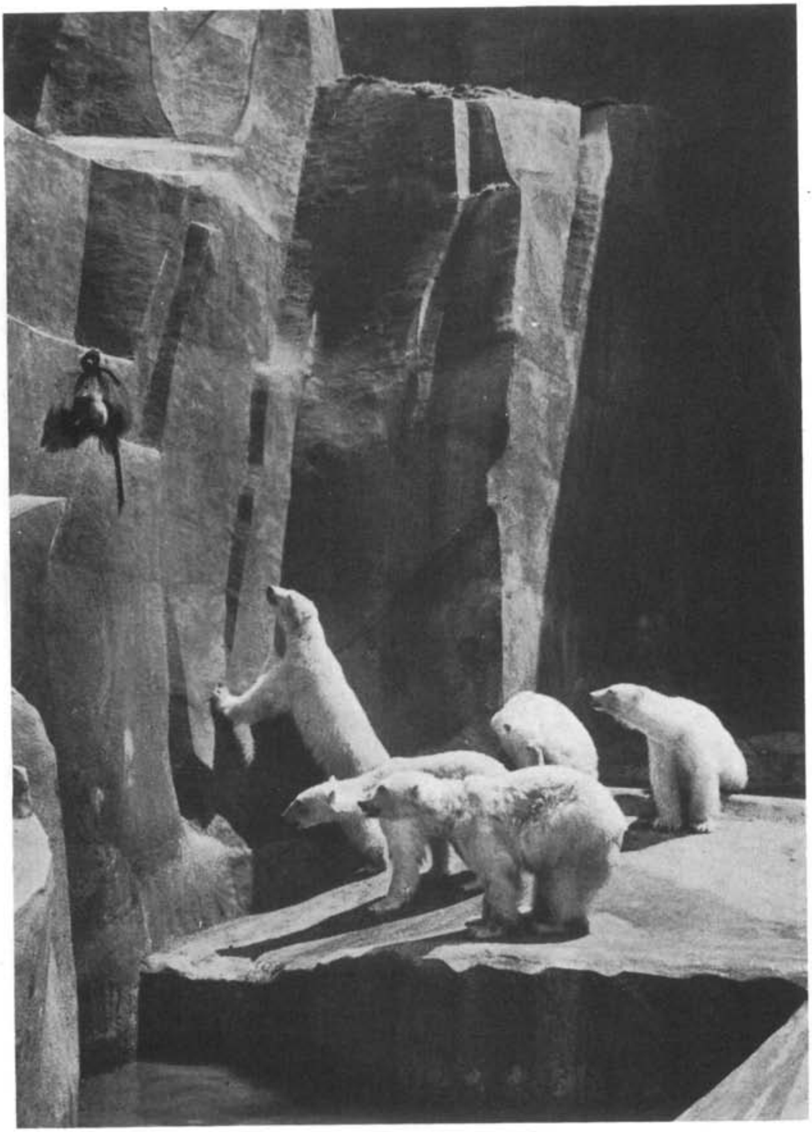
TODAY

NOVEMBER, 1937



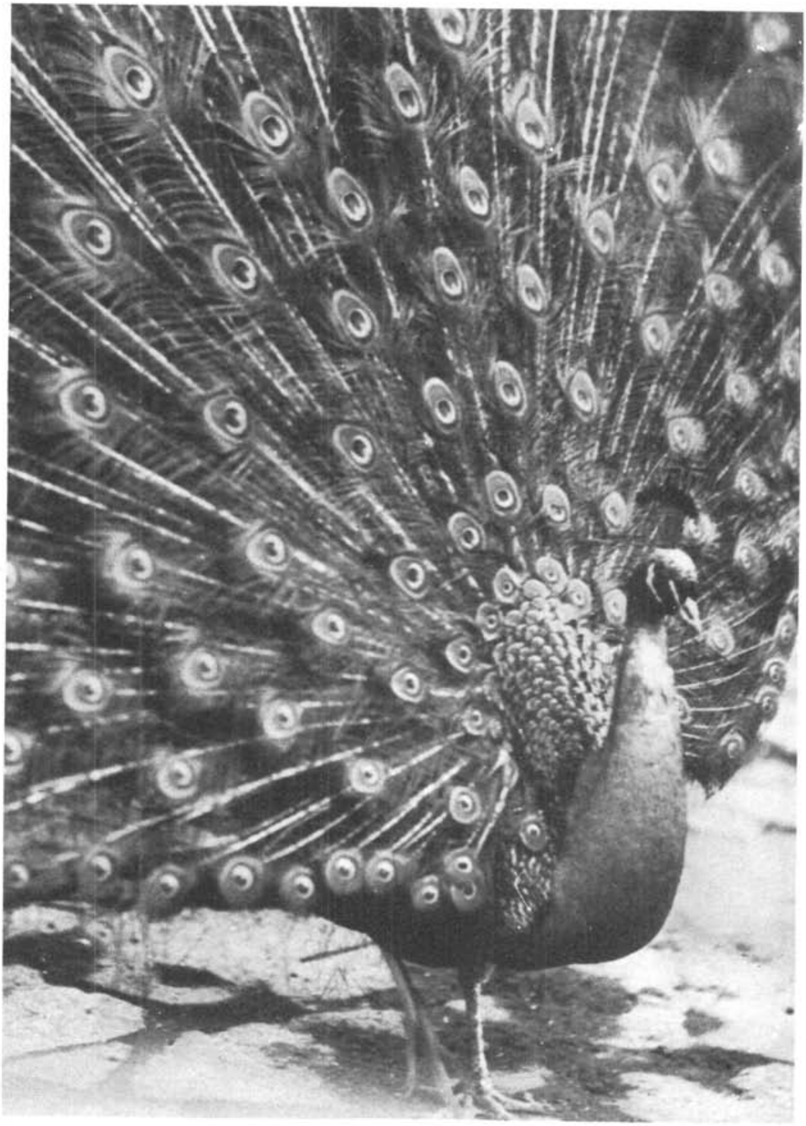
DON WALLACE CHICAGO

TRUMPETER



ANDRÉ DURAND PARIS

RIGHT CHURCH, WRONG PEW

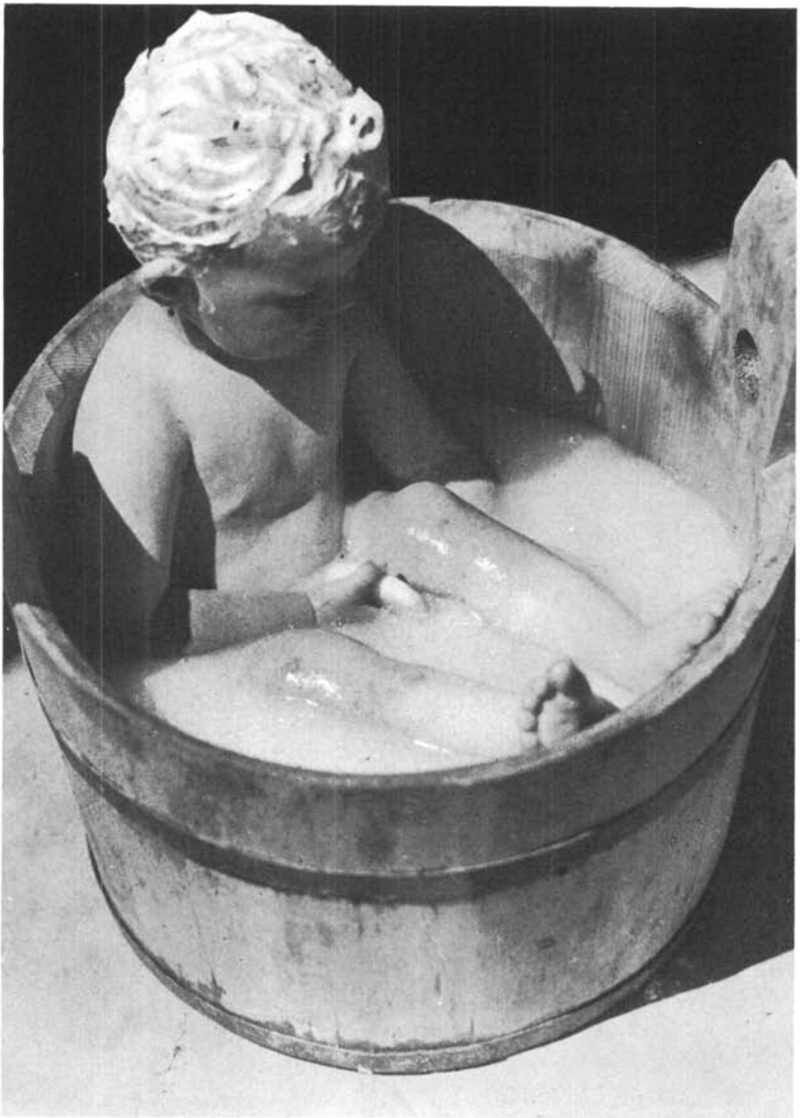


VADAS, BUDAPEST

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

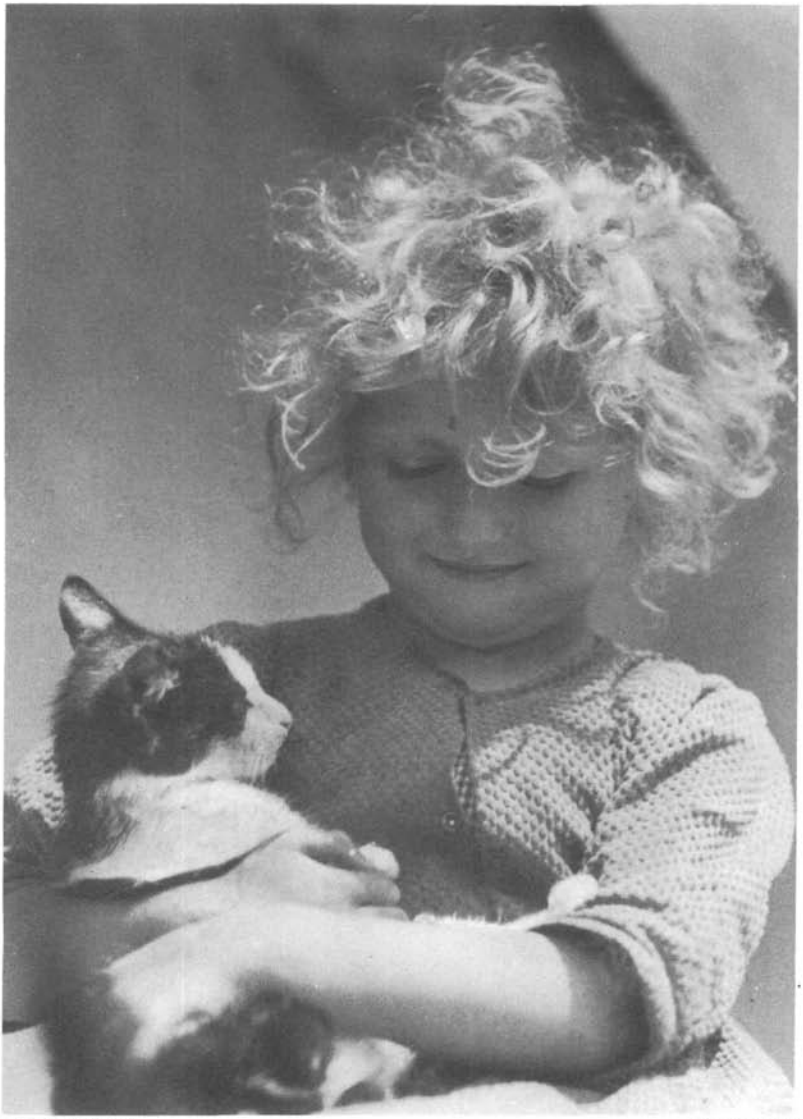
VANITY FAIR

BRASSAÏ, PARIS



ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

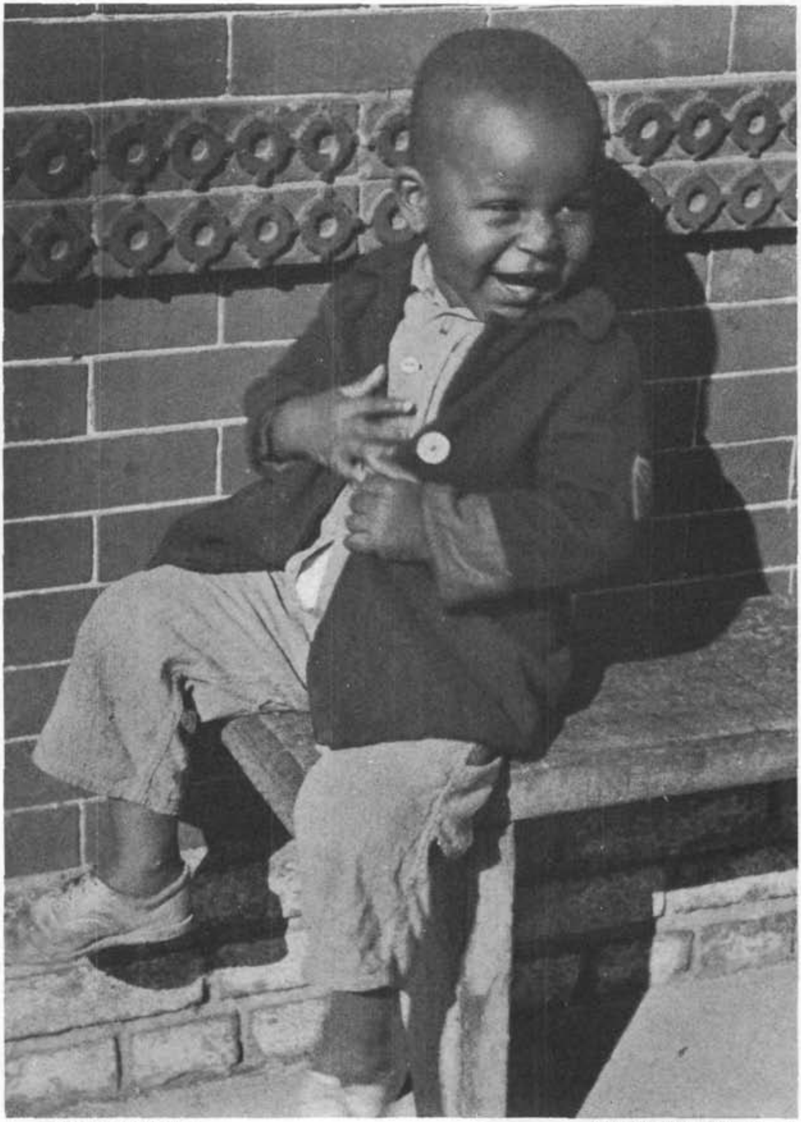
TUB BATH



ERNÖ VADAS BUDAPEST

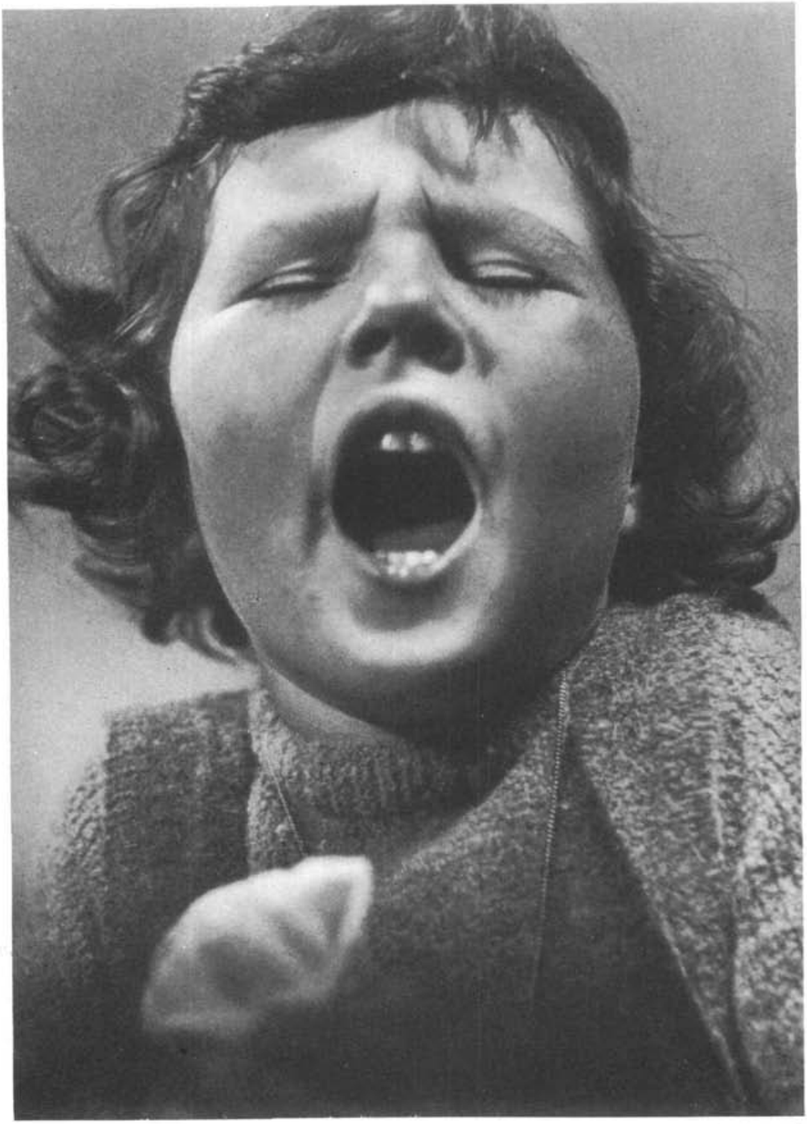
MOTHERLET

NOVEMBER, 1937



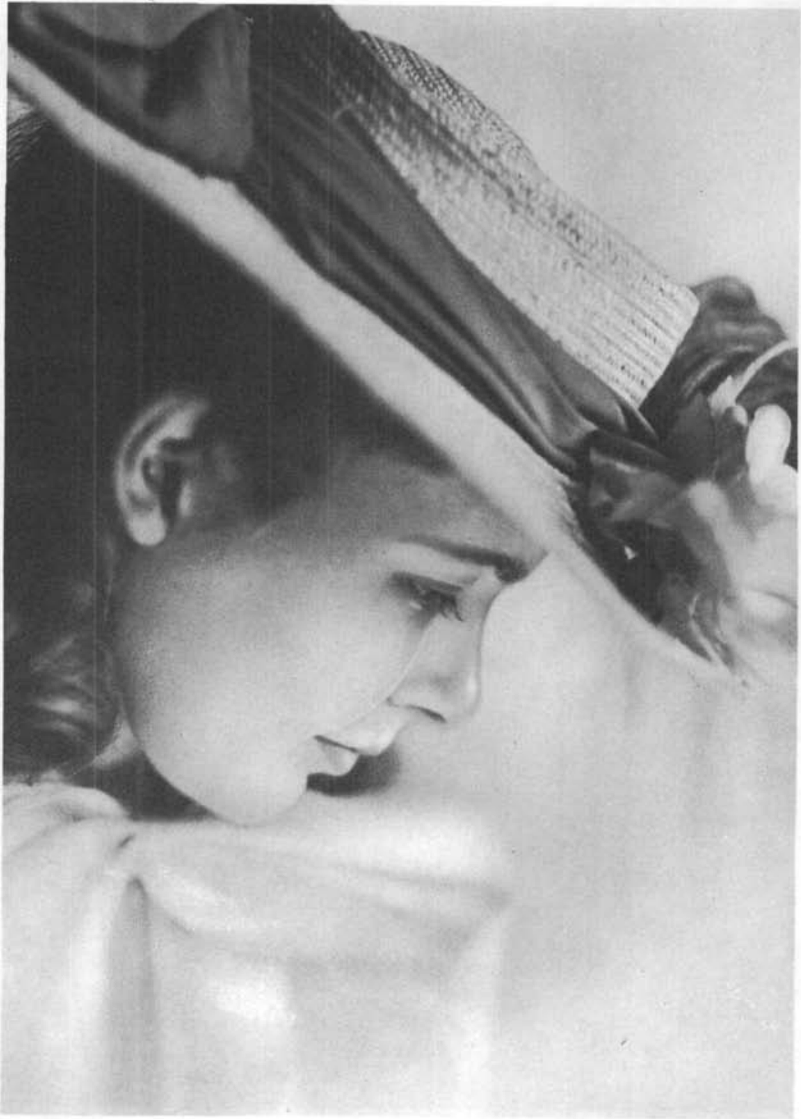
L. CHARLES-SMITH WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHADOW IN THE SUNSHINE



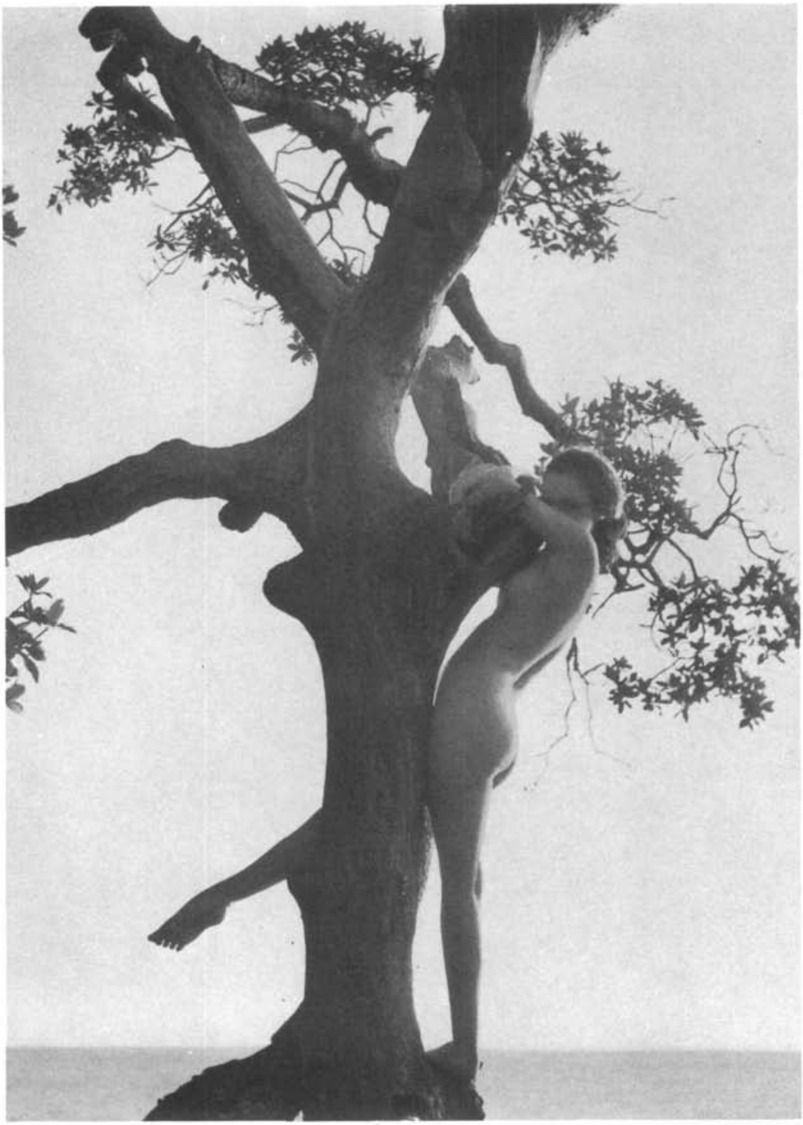
STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

GESUNDHEIT!



NELL DORR NEW YORK

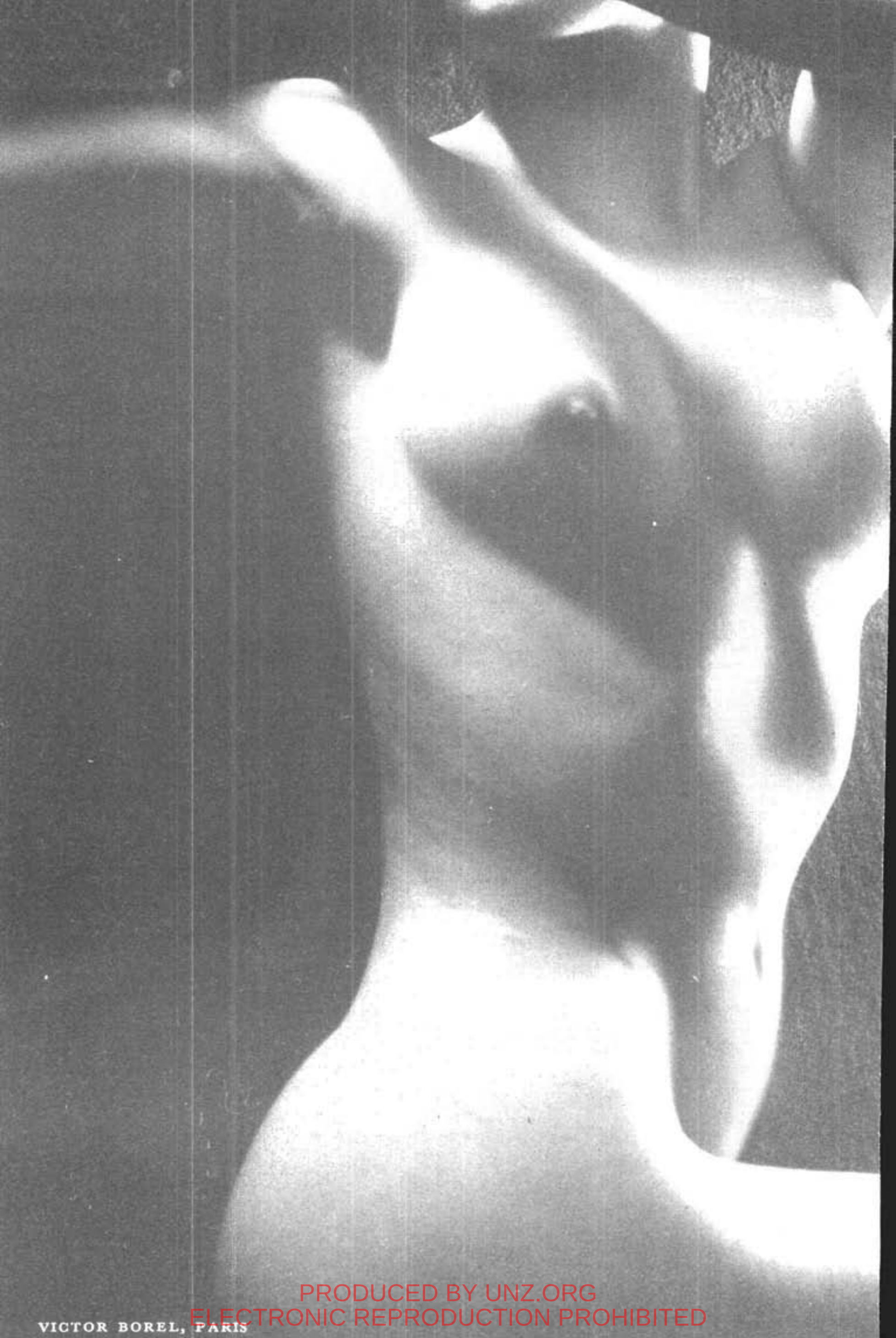
THE RENOIR HAT



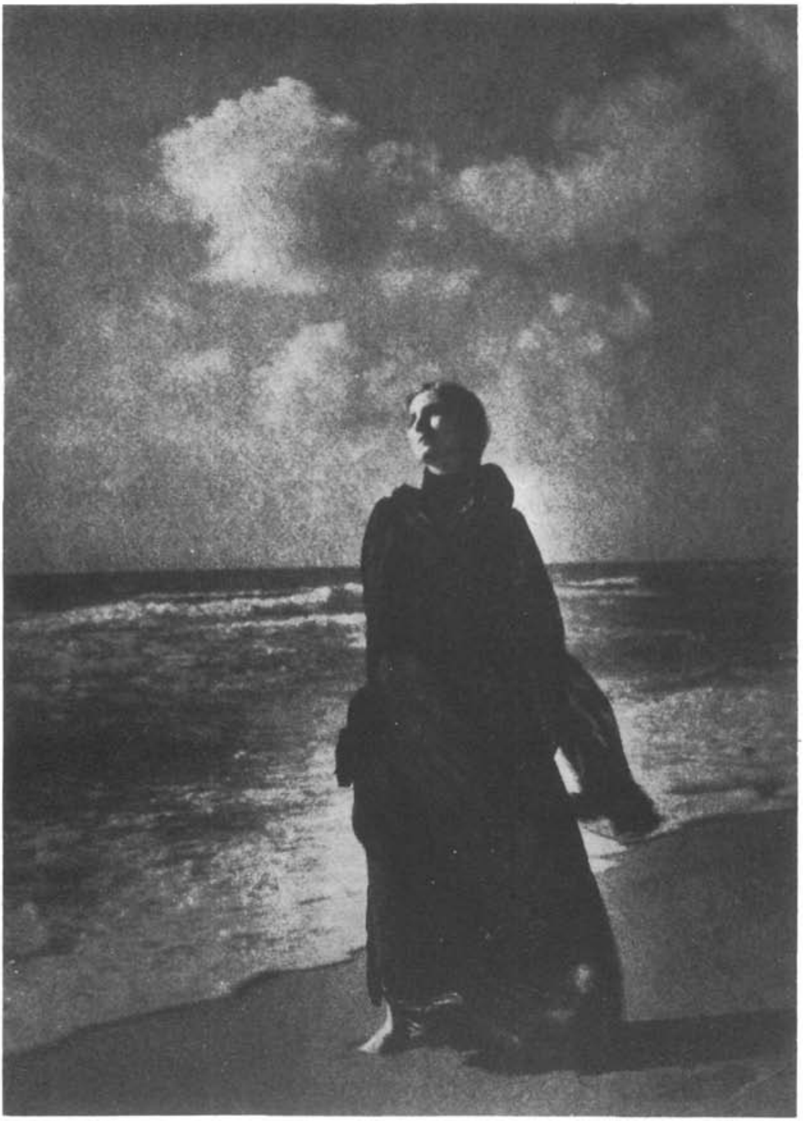
NELL DORR NEW YORK

WHITE MANGROVE

NOVEMBER, 1937



VICTOR BOREL, PARIS

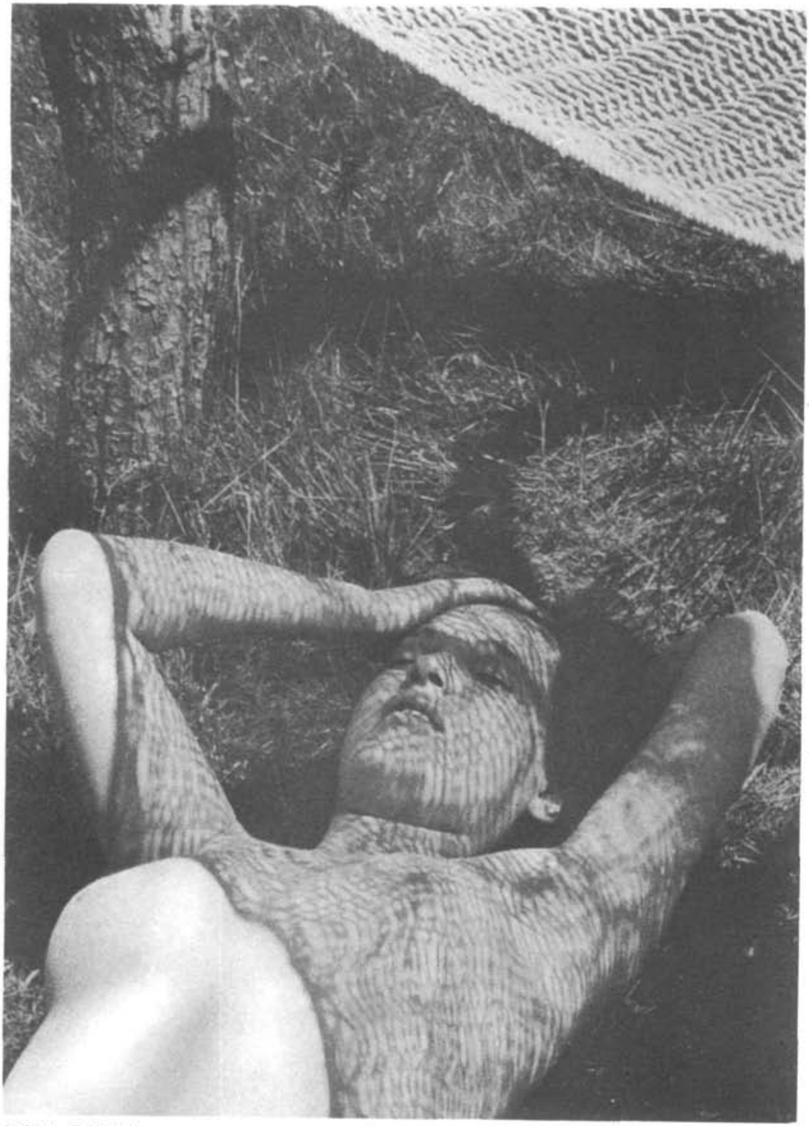


NELL DORR NEW YORK

"NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART"

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

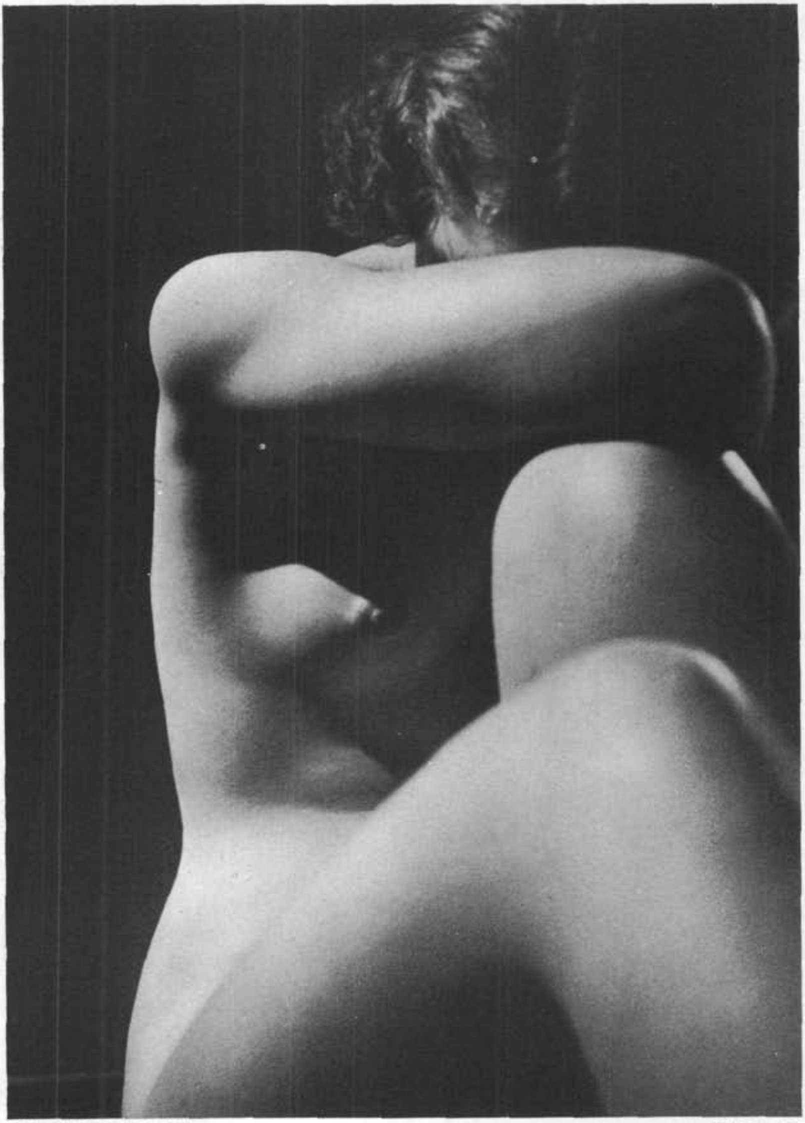
DAY DREAM



NORA DUMAS PARIS

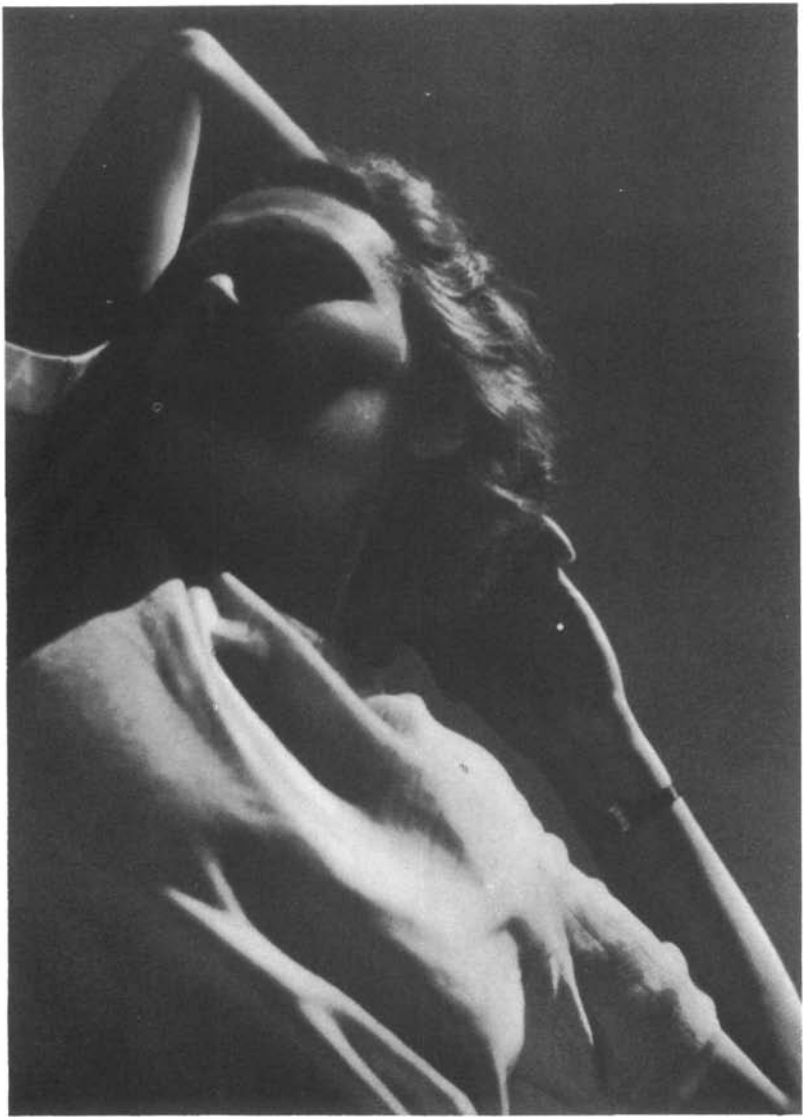
SHADOW SHAWL

NOVEMBER, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

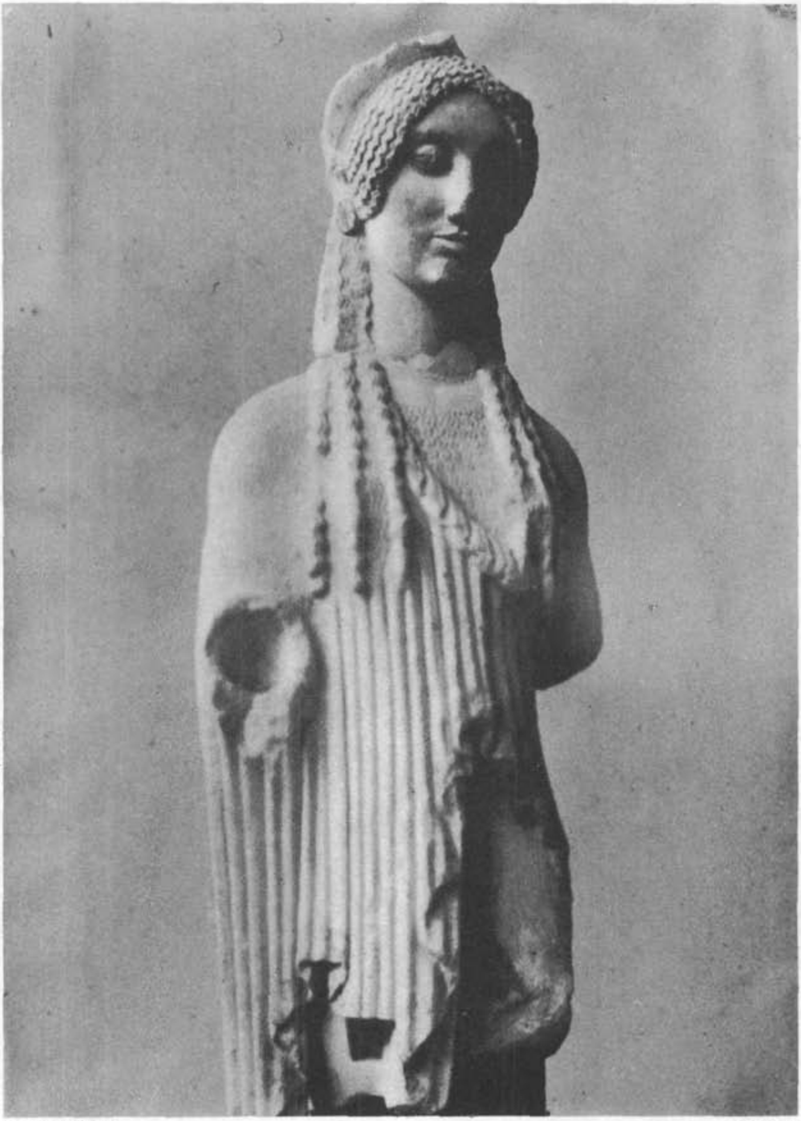
PENSEROSA



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

ALLEGRA

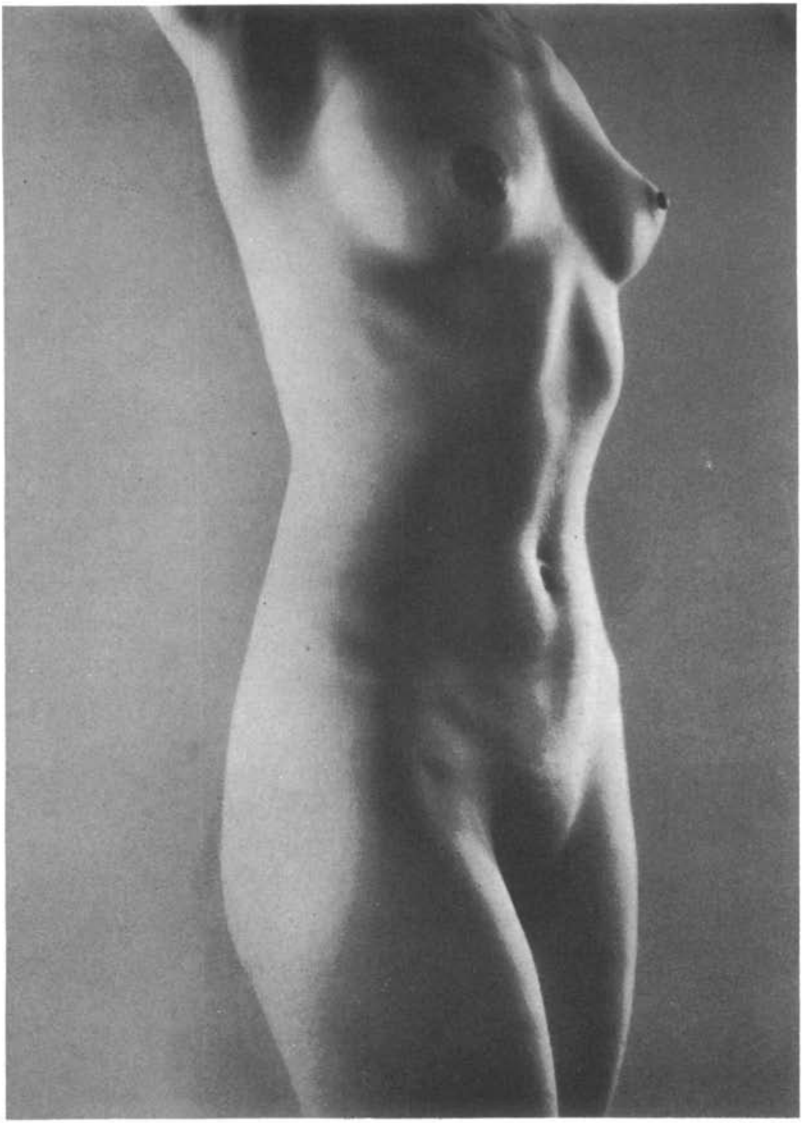
NOVEMBER, 1937



ELI LOTAR PARIS

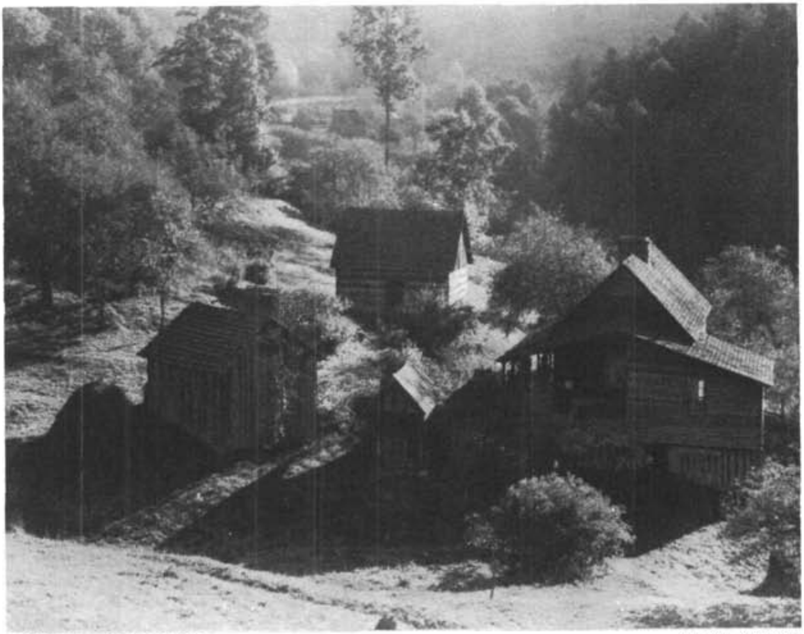
SCULPTURE

CORONET



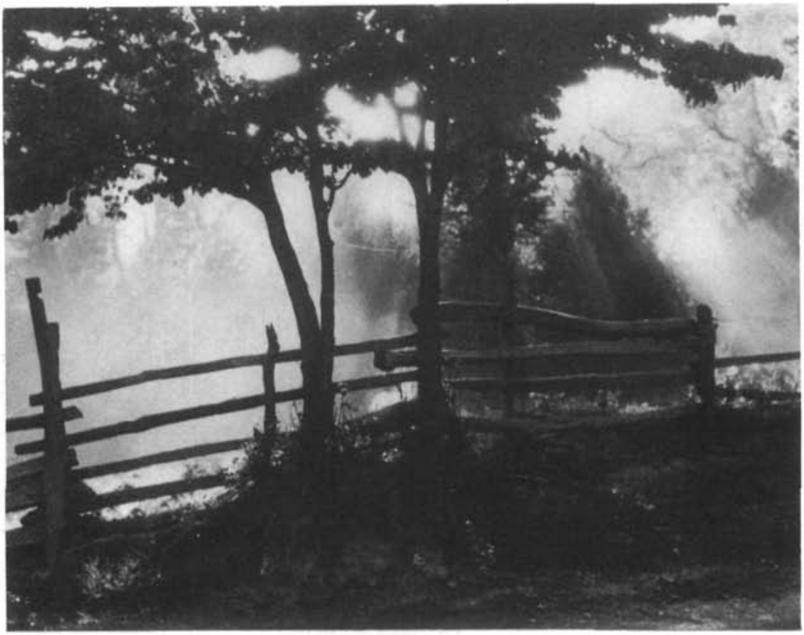
STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SCULPTURESQUE



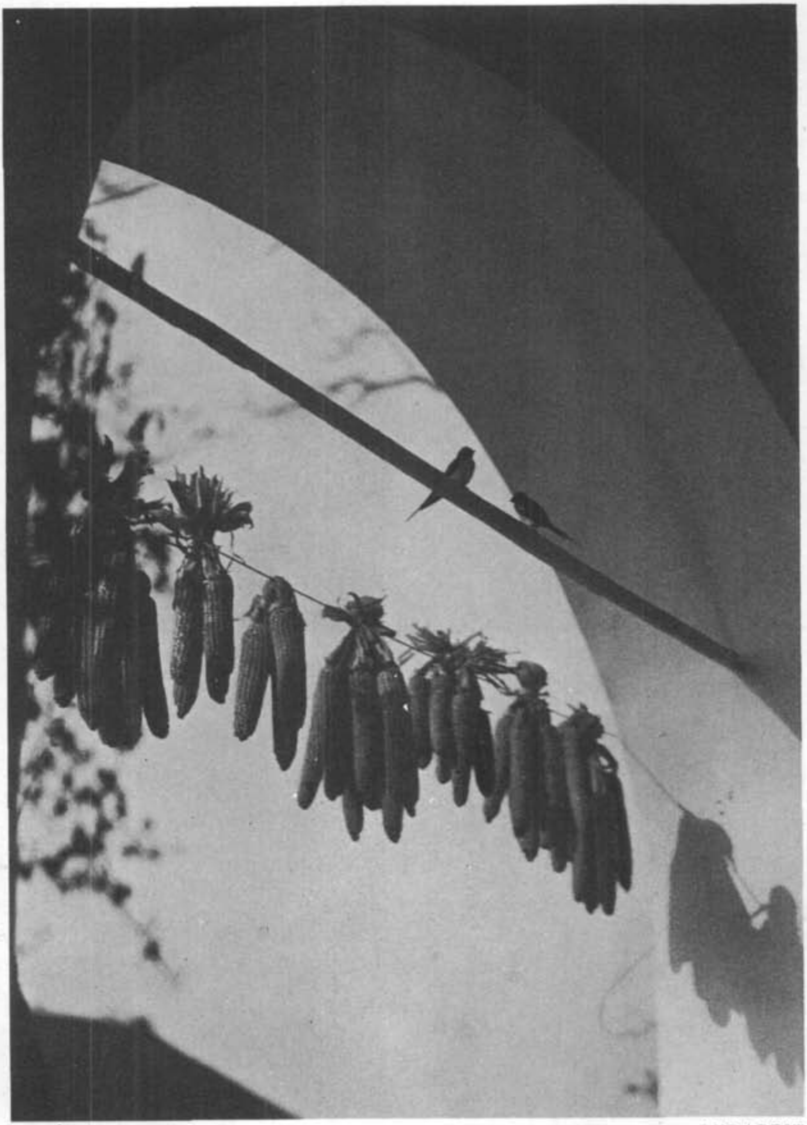
WHITING-FELLOWS NEW YORK

SUN-KISSED



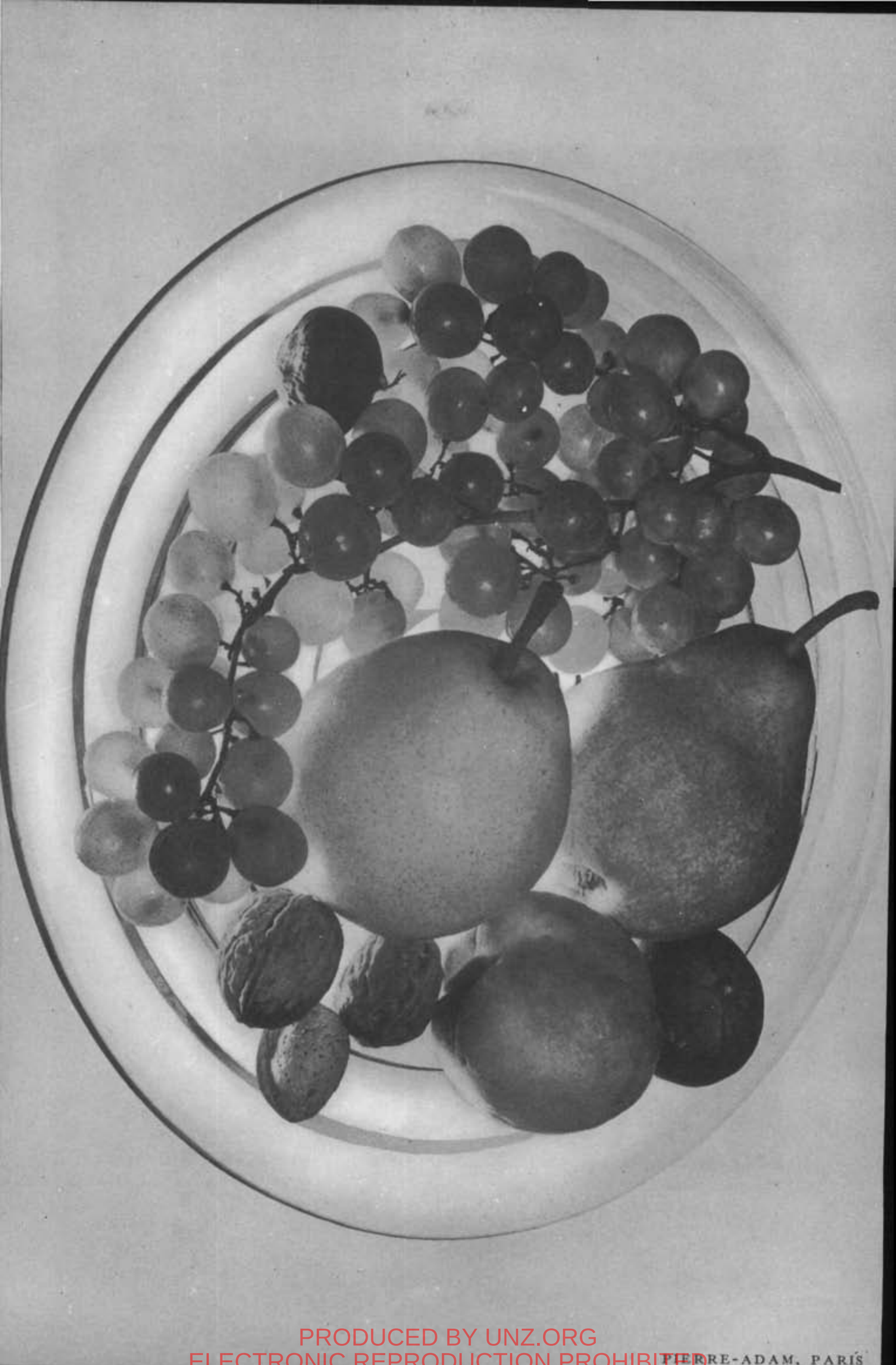
WHITING-FELLOWS NEW YORK

SUN-DRENCHED

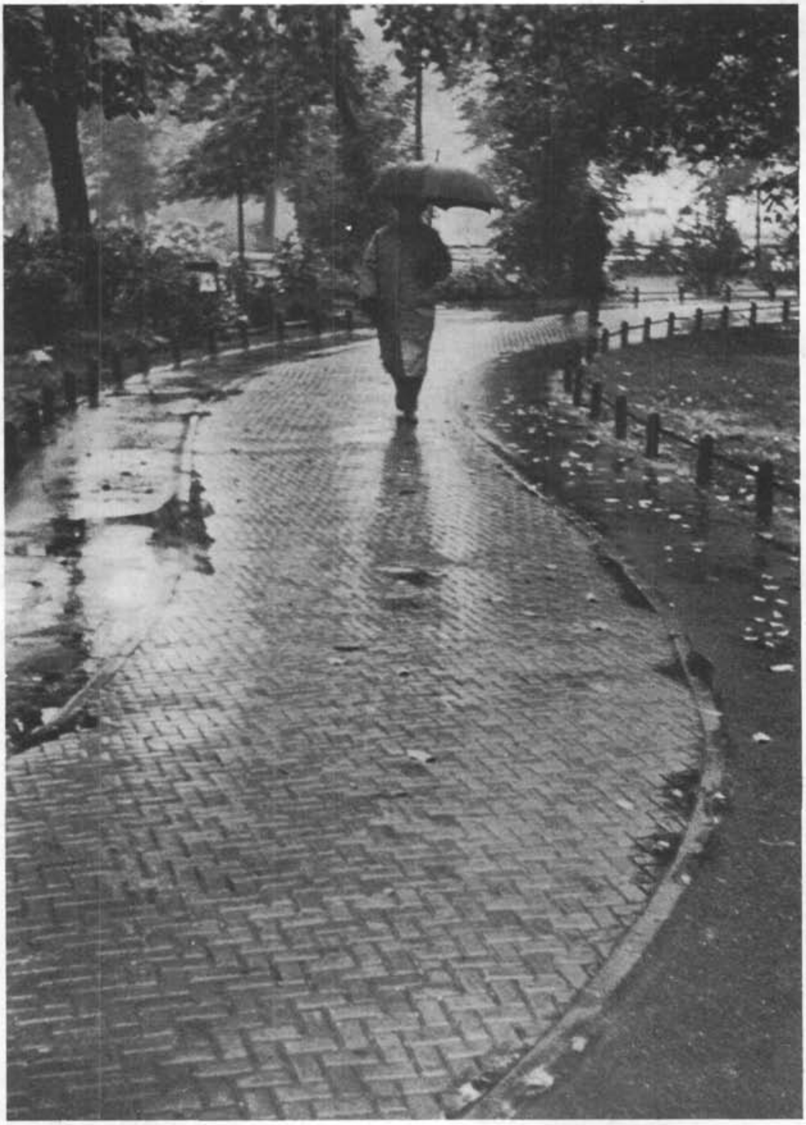


MIHÁLY EKE BUDAPEST

DRYING CORN



PIERRE-ADAM, PARIS



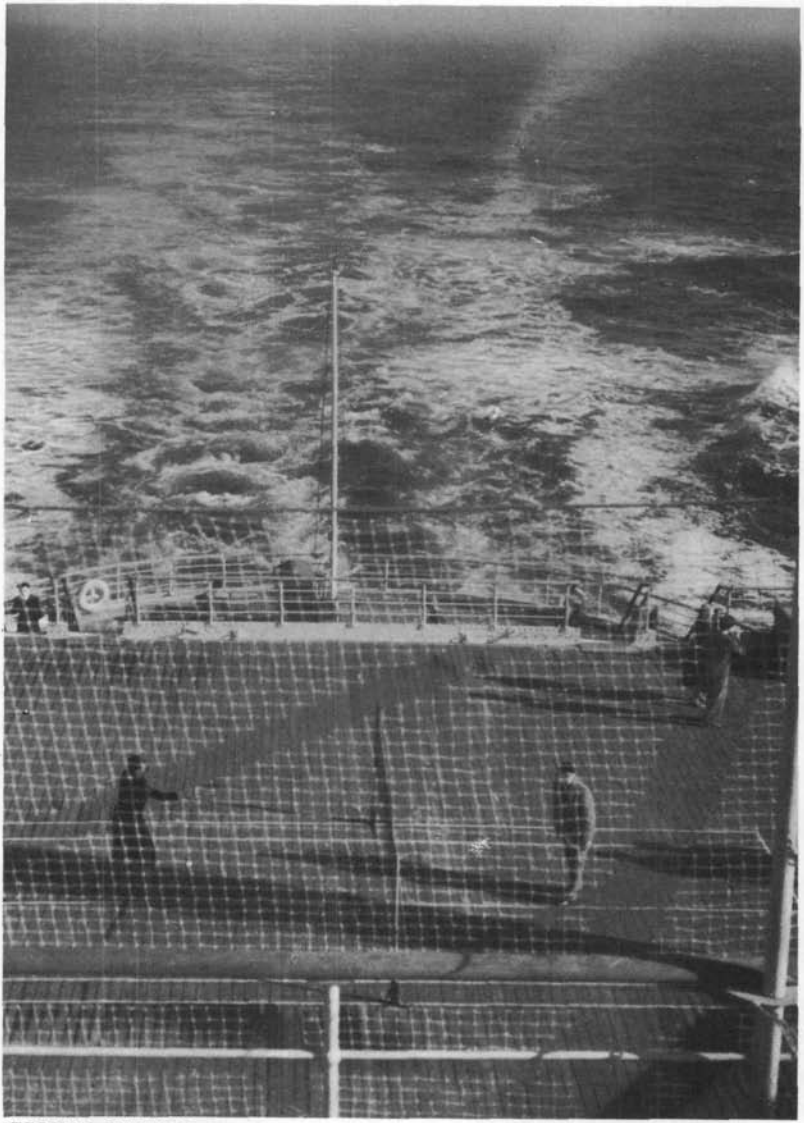
MIKLÓS TOLNAI BUDAPEST

AUTUMN RAIN

G. DE FRÉVILLE PARIS

BARE BRANCHES

NOVEMBER, 1937



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

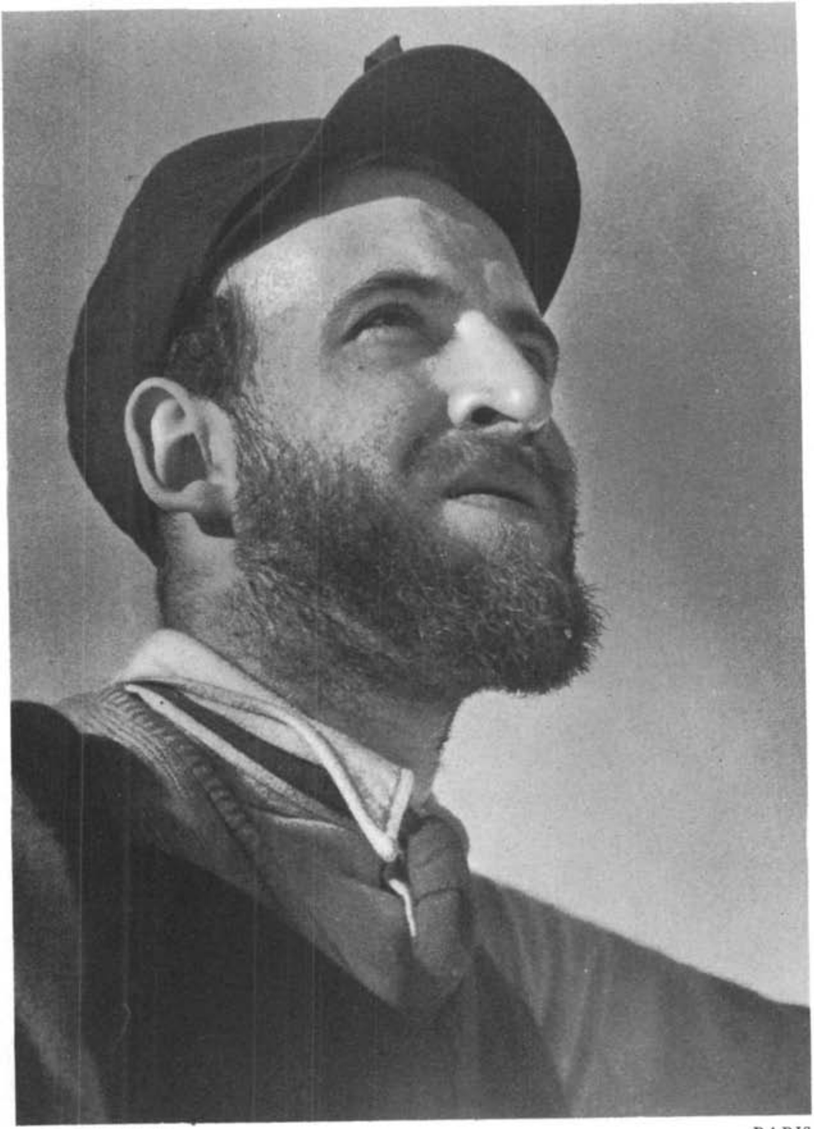
AFTERDECK: CHAMPLAIN

MAX EHLERT

FROM BLACK STAR

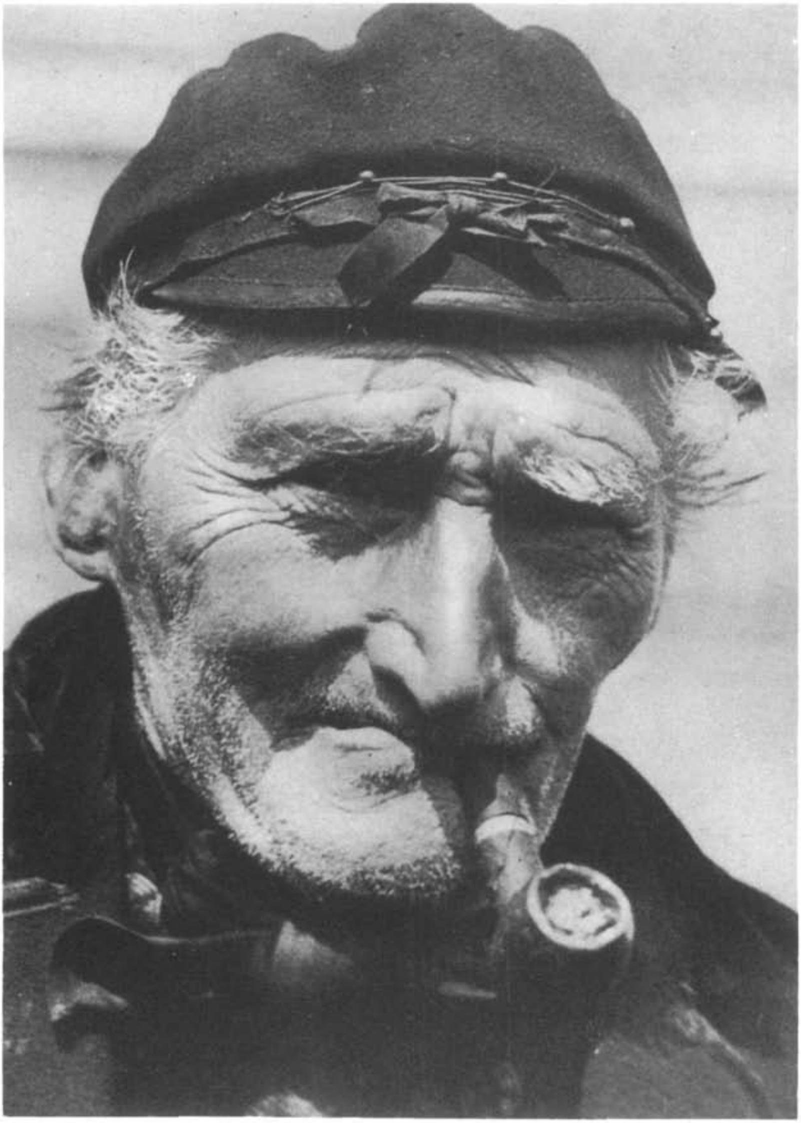
MOON WAKE

NOVEMBER, 1937



H. E. DEUTSCH PARIS

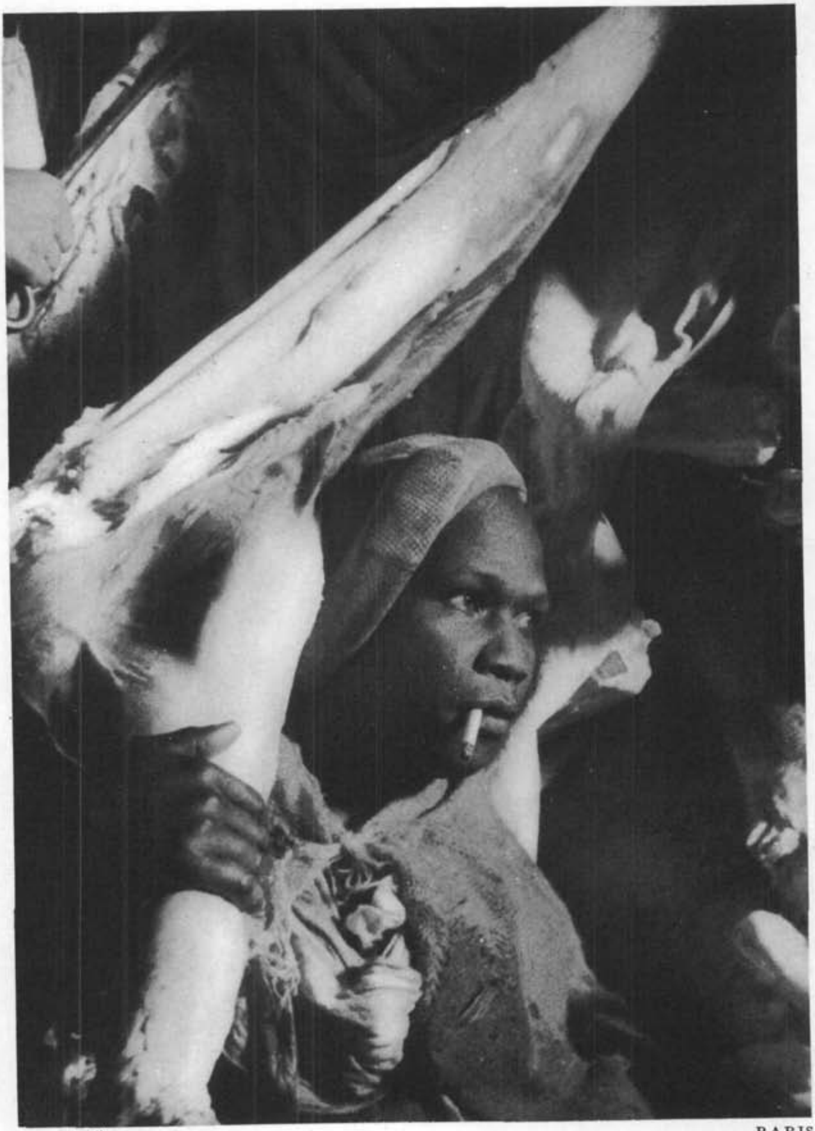
BEARDED YOUTH



KEYSTONE NEW YORK

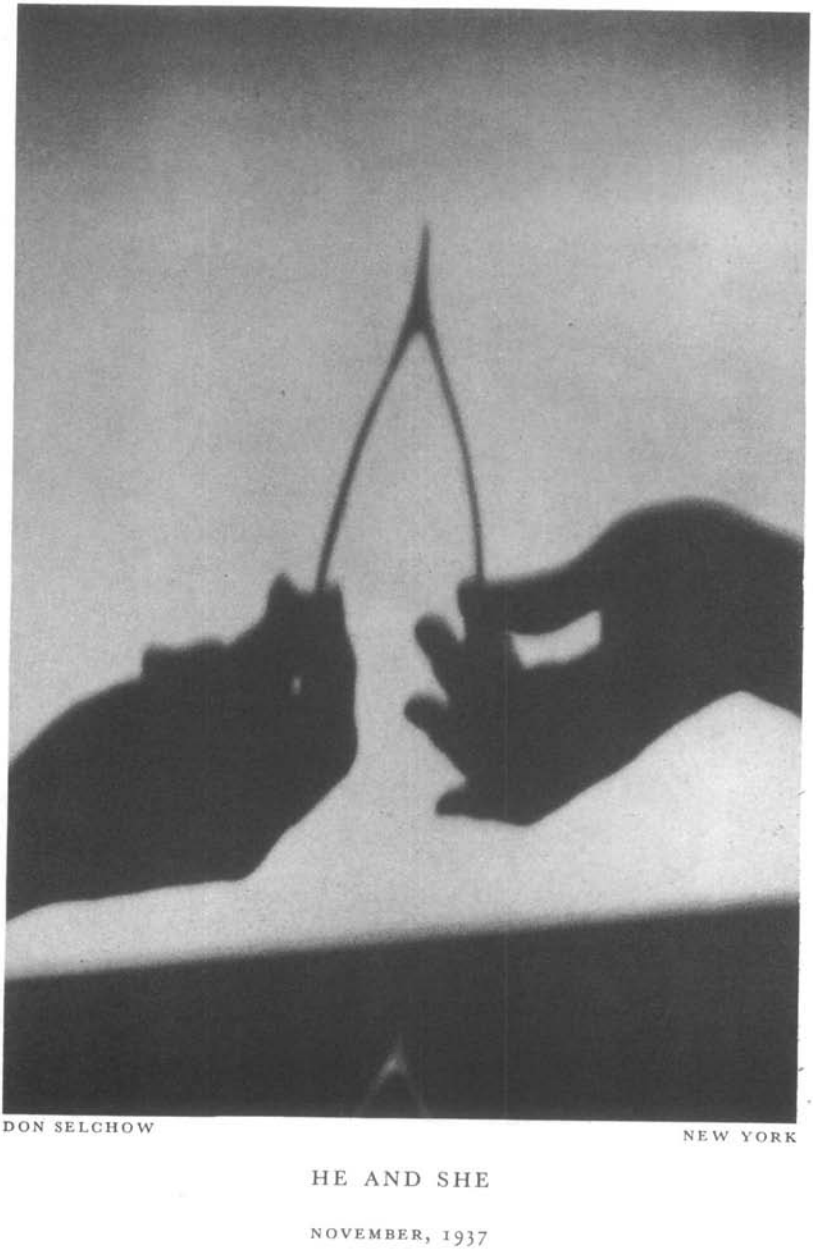
GRIZZLED GAFFER

NOVEMBER, 1937



BRASSAÏ PARIS

AUX HALLES

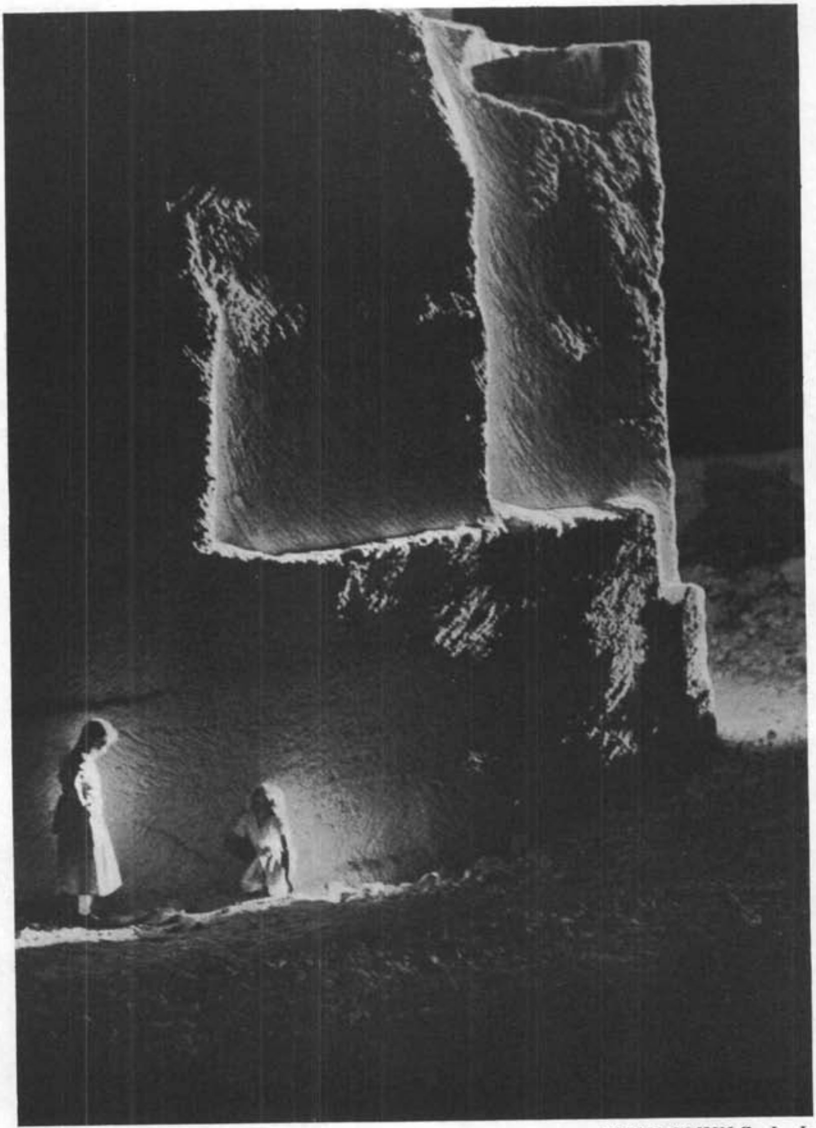


DON SELCHOW

NEW YORK

HE AND SHE

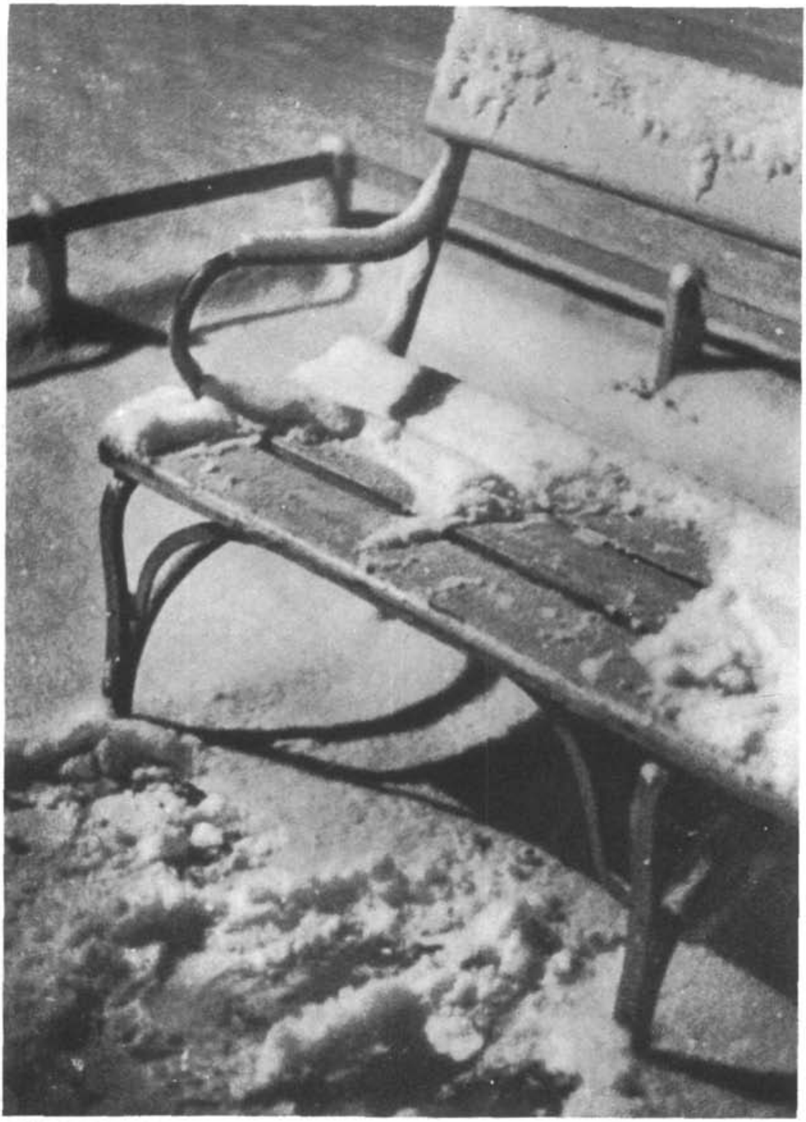
NOVEMBER, 1937



VADAS, BUDAPEST

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

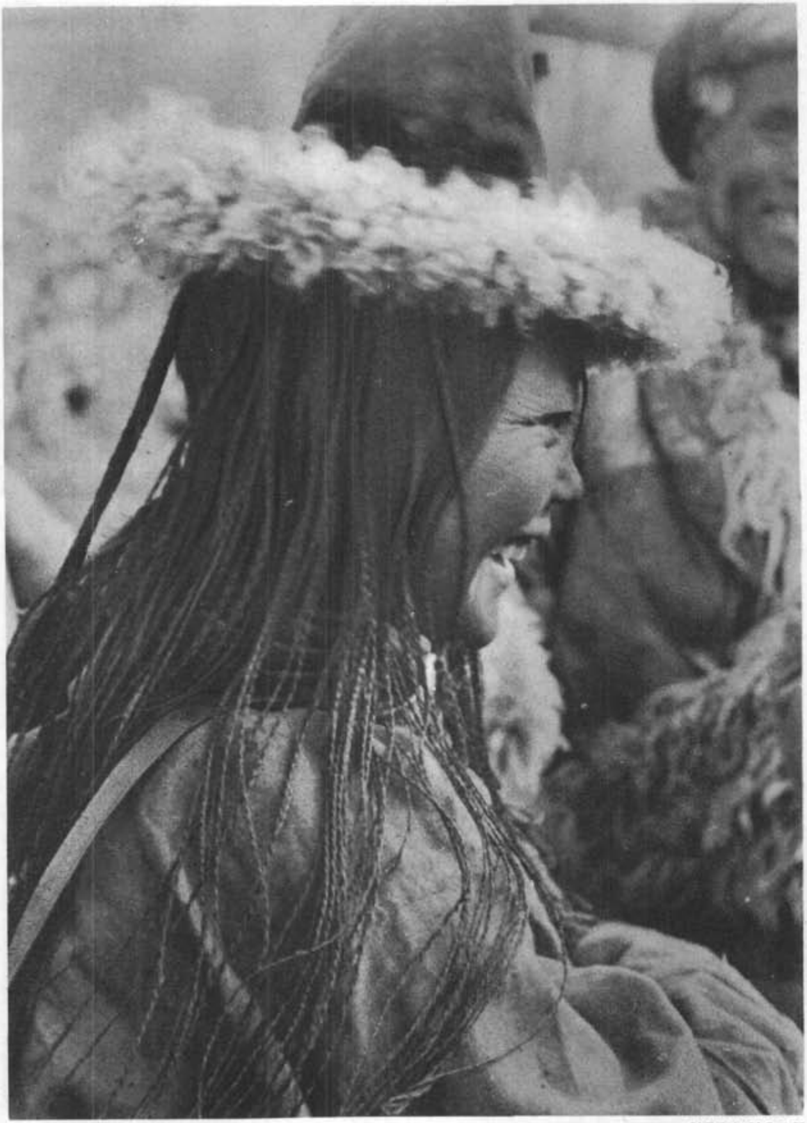
FAIRYLAND



DON WALLACE CHICAGO

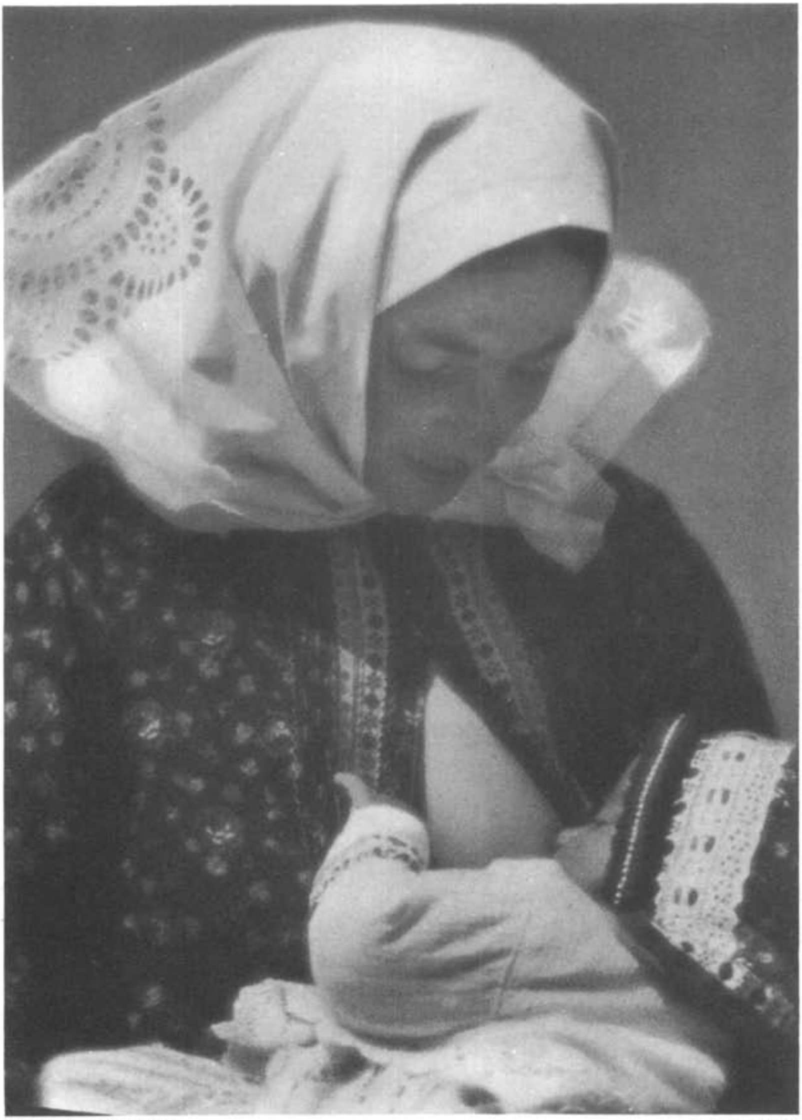
A WINTER'S TALE

NOVEMBER, 1937



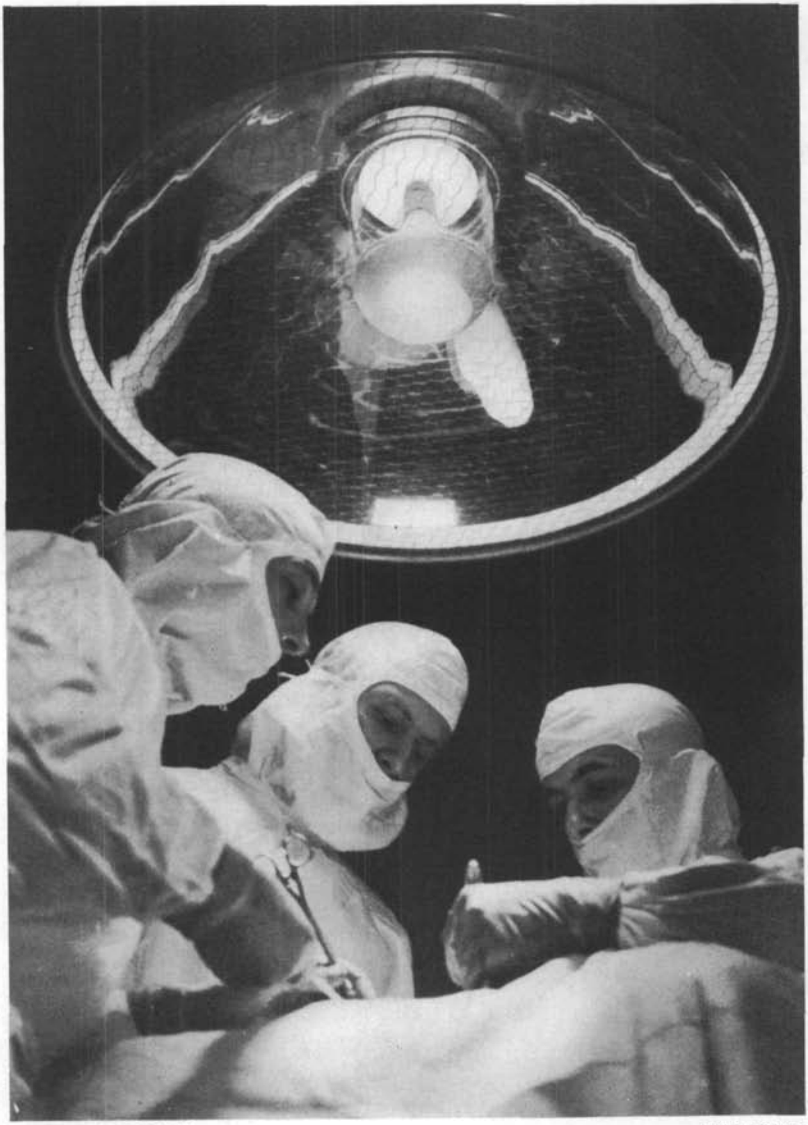
HARRISON FORMAN NEW YORK

TIBETAN COQUETTE



GYULA RAMHAB BUDAPEST

MAGYAR MOTHER



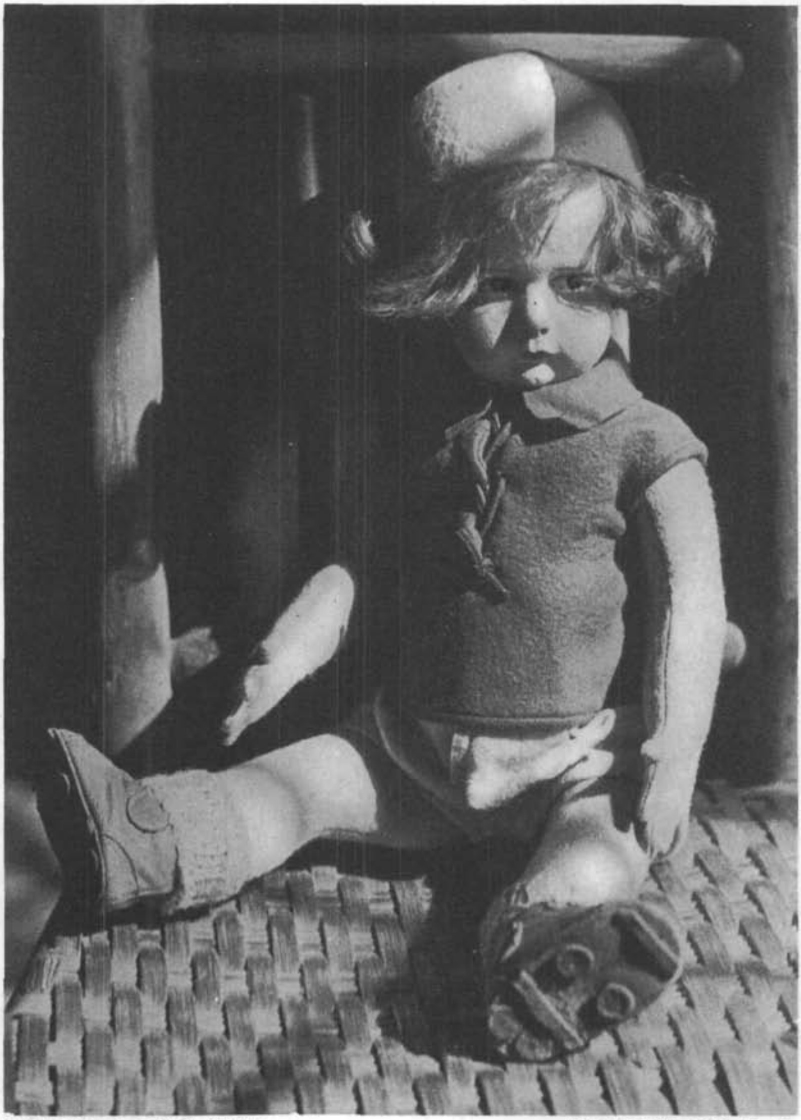
GYULA HALBERG BUDAPEST

THREE AGAINST DEATH

BRASSAÏ PARIS

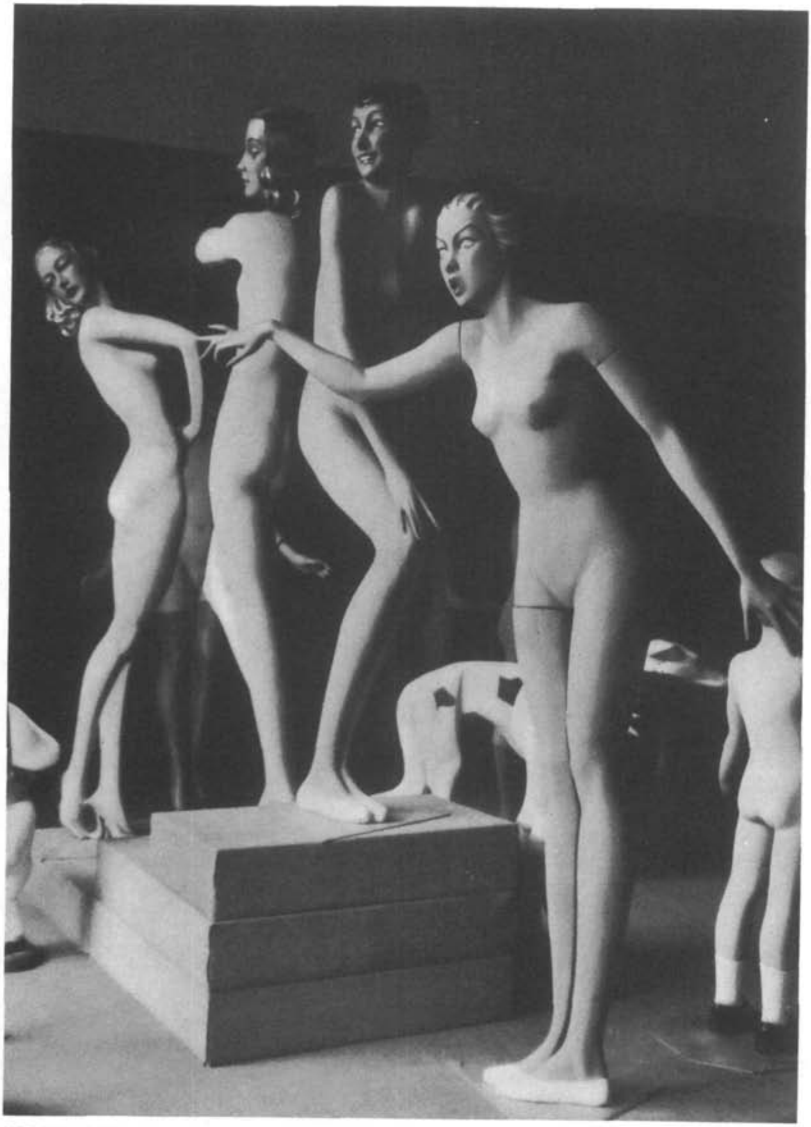
TIME'S HELPMEET

NOVEMBER, 1937



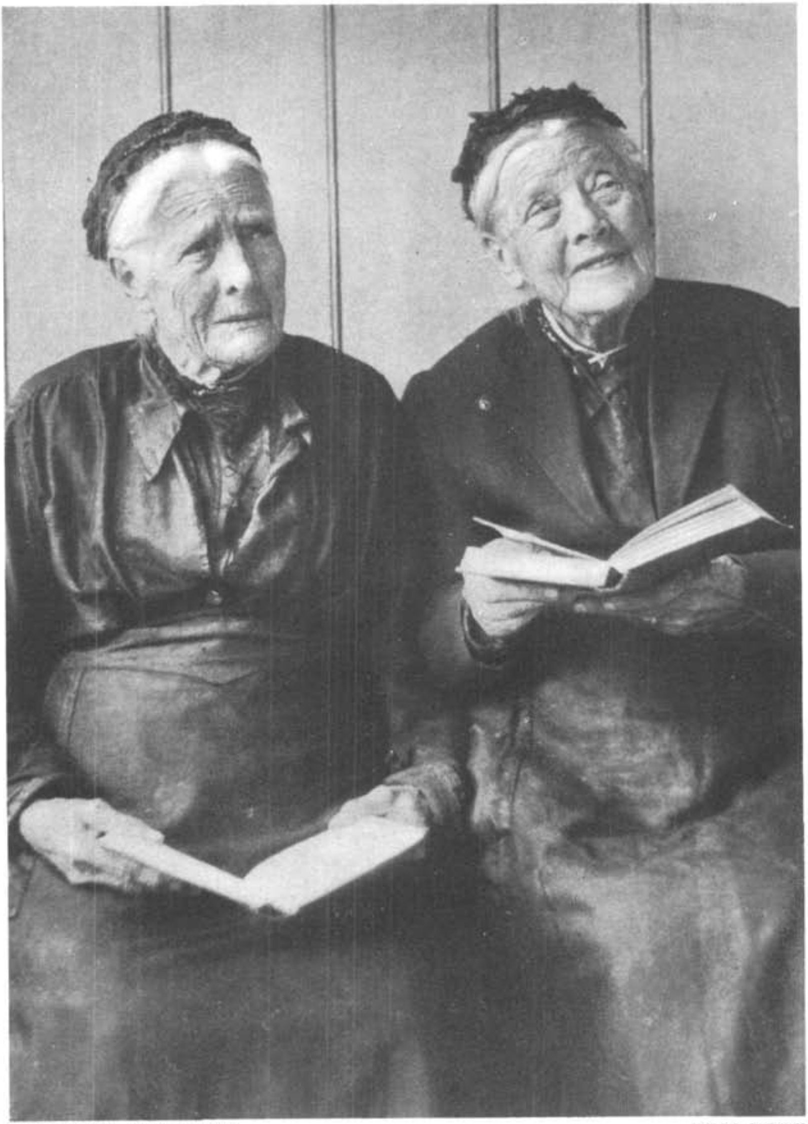
KENNETH DUDLEY SMITH STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

FORSAKEN



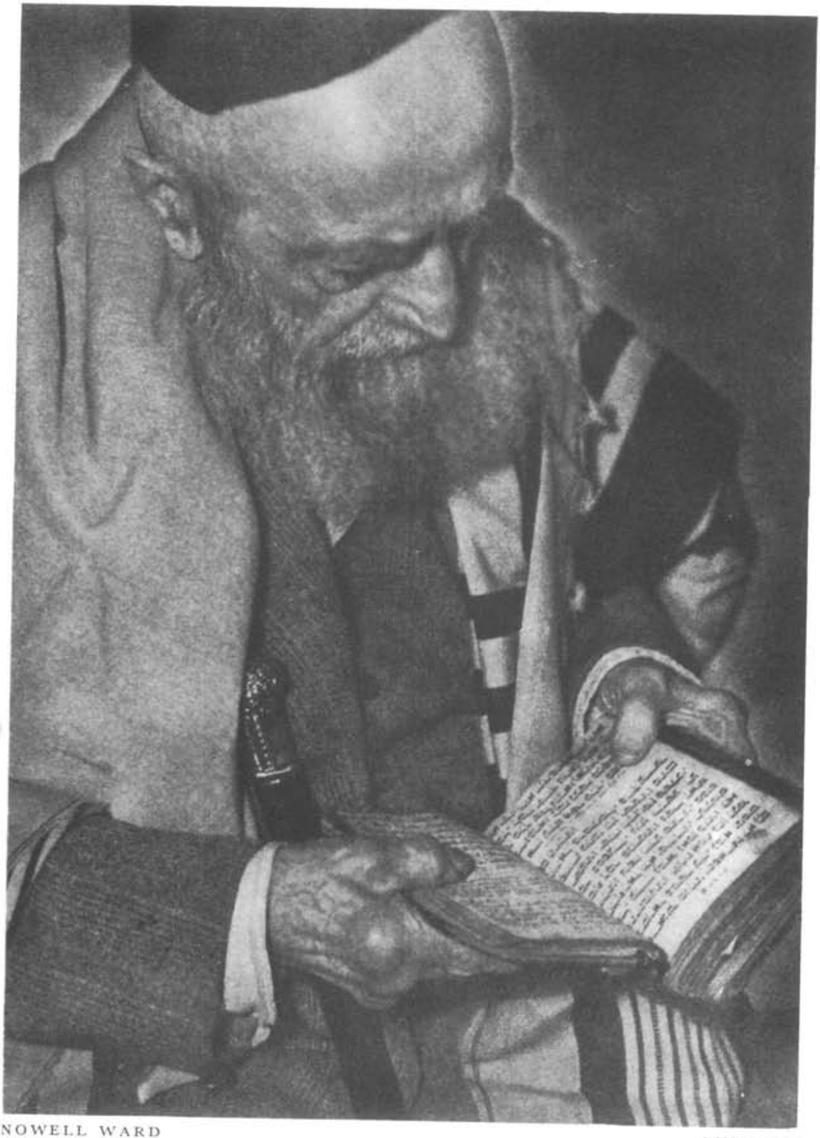
HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER FROM EUROPEAN

MANNEQUINS AT MIDNIGHT



PICTORIAL FEATURES NEW YORK

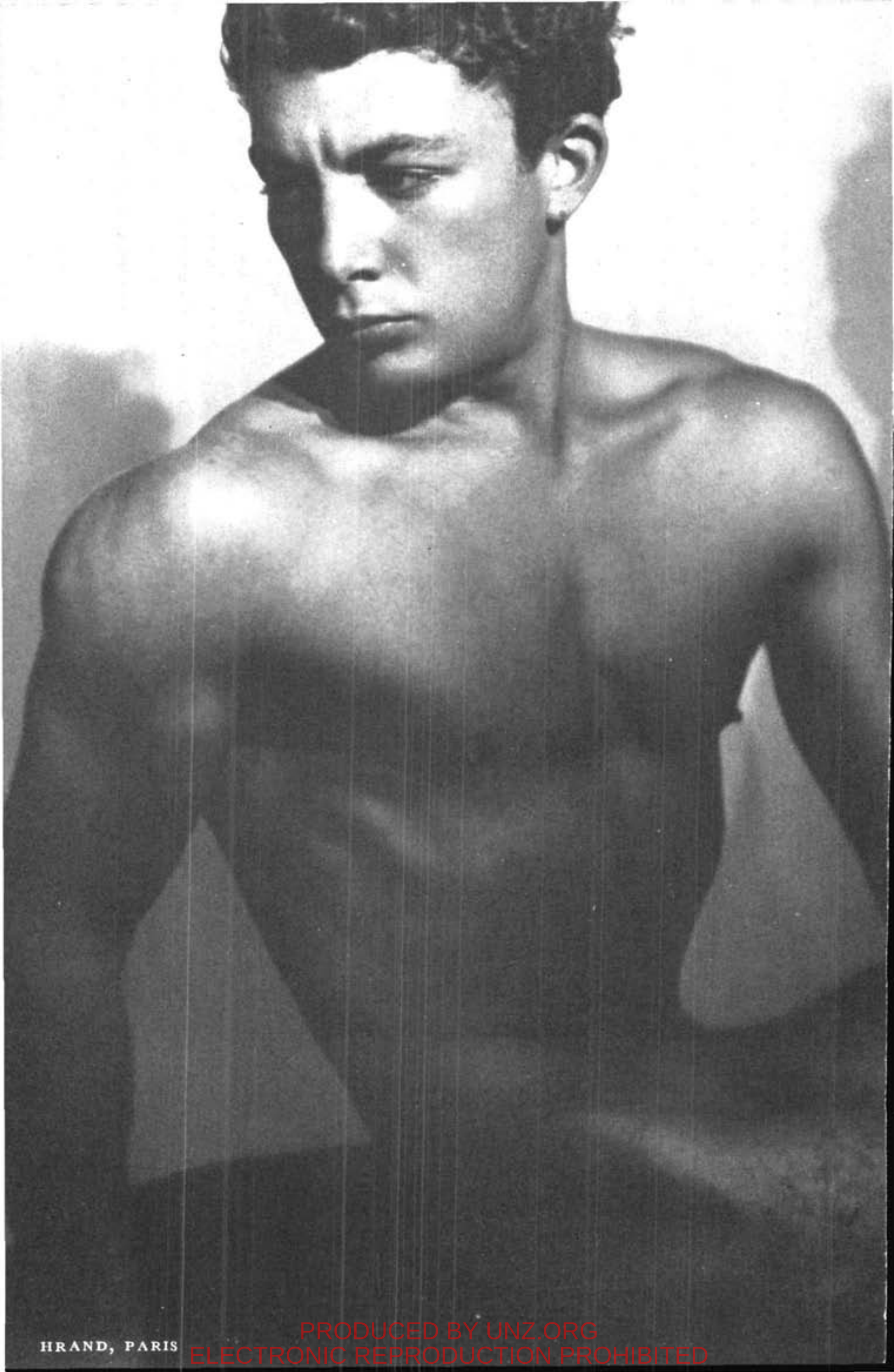
TWINS, 188 YEARS OLD



NOWELL WARD CHICAGO

THE OLD TESTAMENT

NOVEMBER, 1937



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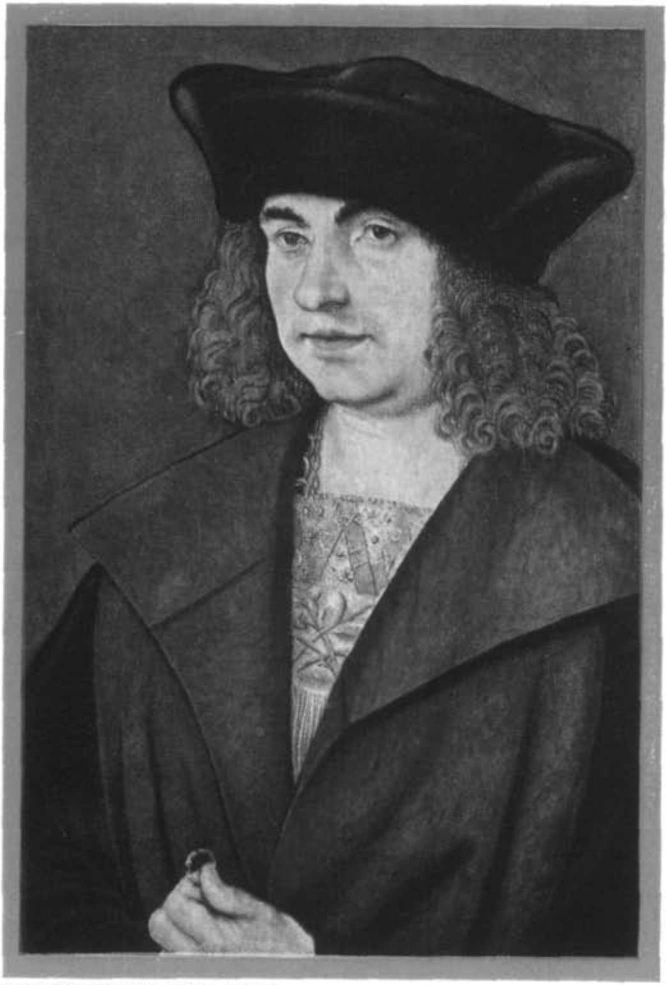
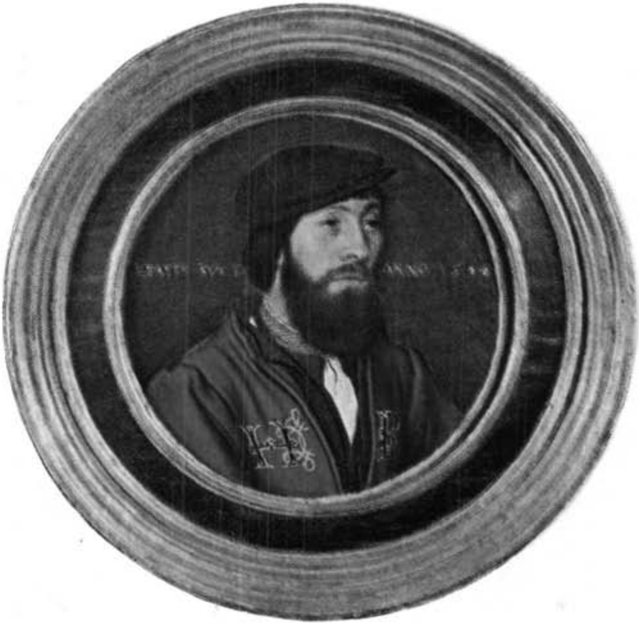


KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

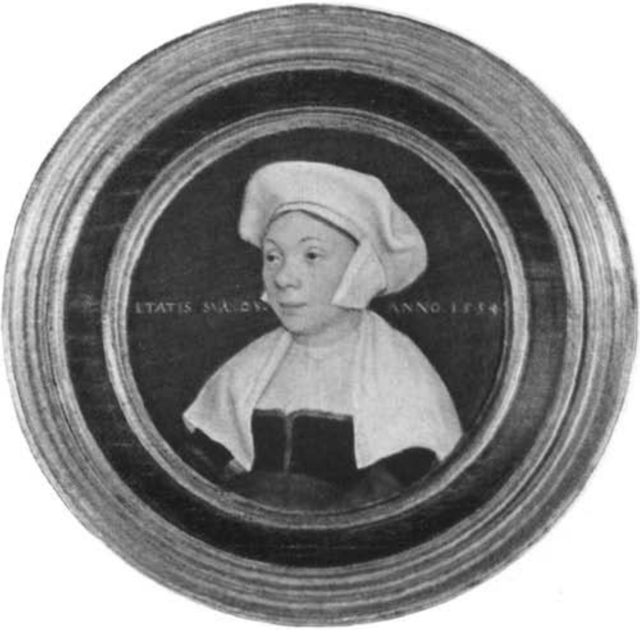
PORTRAIT BY HANS HOLBEIN THE ELDER

Descendant of a celebrated family of painters, Hans Holbein the elder (*c.* 1460-1524) did not break the chain of his artistic inheritance. To his more famous son, Hans Holbein the younger, he passed on in augmented measure his highly developed gift of lifelike portraiture.



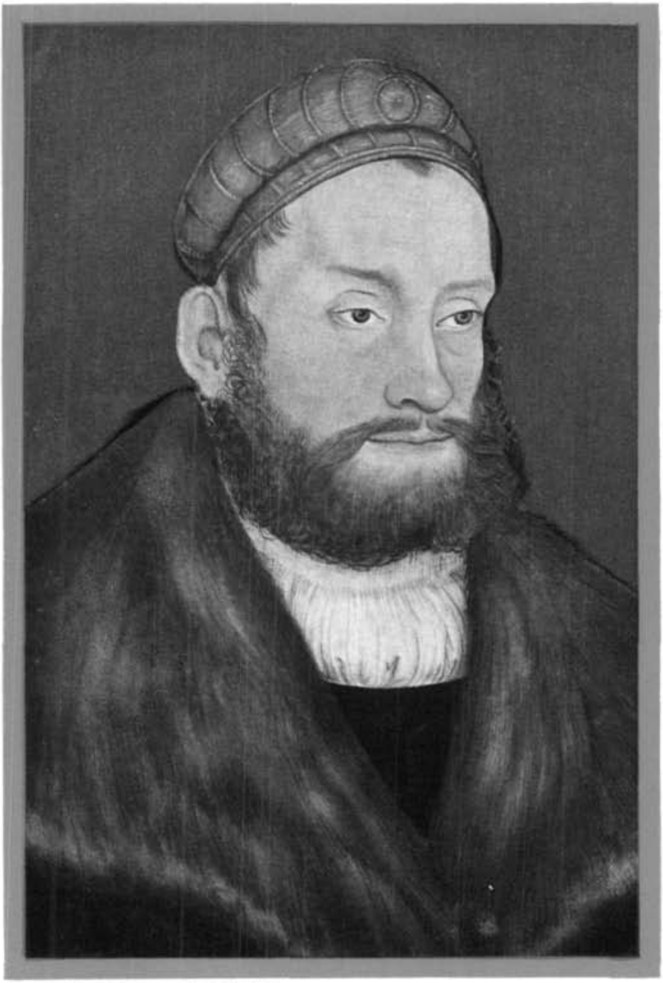
KUNSTHISTORISCHES
MUSEUM, VIENNA

PORTRAIT OF MAN AND WIFE . . .
Scarcely enamored with his father's impecunious existence in Augsburg, Hans Holbein the younger (1497-1543) sought his fortune in London, and found it under Henry VIII. But not once did success deflect the absolute objectivity of his brush. He never learned how to flatter.



. . . BY HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER

The last and greatest of the painting Holbeins was distinctly uninterested in perpetuating his family's artistic tradition beyond his own lifetime. Not exactly a model patriarch, he cut off his family in his will and made provision only for his illegitimate children.



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY LUCAS CRANACH

The scope of the Holbeins, father and son, as that of Lucas Cranach the elder (1472-1553), was hardly limited to portraiture, although that was the chief occupation of all three. Cranach was unequal to the younger Holbein in keenness of characterization, but who was not?

A NOTE ON DEBUSSY

THE GENIUS DIED BEFORE THE MAN, BUT HIS MUSIC WILL SING AS LONG AS MEN HAVE EARS

THEY were still fighting in the spring of 1918. The long range bombardment of Paris began late one March Saturday afternoon. From his room a sick man heard the rough, uncomfortable sound of shells bursting in beloved avenues below. He was too weak to be moved to a cellar. Yet he wanted to go, even as a private, to defend his Paris.

Two days later he died. The critical times made funeral orations superfluous. Those who followed his coffin were both sad and frightened. The rumbling in the distance never ceased. Military trucks dashed hither and yon. Patriots hurried over the pavements. The few who stopped to glance at the streamers on the wreaths remarked among themselves: "*Il paraît que c'était un musicien.*"

The musician was Achille-Claude Debussy, an artist unique among his contemporaries, a peerless citizen of Romain Rolland's "little Greece"—the "little Greece" of Mallarmé, Verlaine, René Ghil, Huysmans, Manet, Renoir, Degas, Pierre Louÿs, and the rest. It was indeed a sad ending for him, the connoisseur of beauty's substance, the contemplator of the ethereal, the distiller of the evanescent.

Debussy, as no musician before him, had explored and extended the borderland of consciousness, had painted the half-lights and drawn the shadowy figures there. To take his leave during those hours of brutality and destruction was indeed ironical for one who had always evidenced a supreme unconcern for the obvious and immediately significant . . . for one whose chief delight had been to catch the fading actuality of a dream, to know the tactile quality in the sea and the clouds, to speak for the faun . . . for one who had heard only the overtones and stroked only the stopped and muted strings of emotion.

But that had gone long ago. Disease and disillusionment had had their way. For years Debussy had been unable to write as he wanted. "It was," as he wrote his publisher, "disrespectful to tap on an empty head."

His productive years were not many. His genius filled only a few works. He spent, as Ernest Newman wrote at his death, "one-third of his life discovering himself, a second third in the free and happy realization of himself, and the final third in the partial, painful loss of himself."

The explanations are numerous: his attractions for passing things, his dislike for being in the spotlight, the disillusionment that must eventually come to every out-and-out sensualist, the cancer that attacked him ten years before his death, and the trend of world events, so painful to an artist who drew his inspiration from the free and subtle joys of the spirit.

But Debussy could not force his inspiration. Nor could he bring himself to repeat a thing he had once done. "Practice makes perfect," he said, "is a school-master's notion." He suffered, also, from the cult and the controversies that clung about him. "The Debussyists are killing me," he wrote a friend.

Fame brought him opportunities to earn money, but he was seldom able to capitalize on them. The commissions he accepted went unfinished. Amusing was his description of a Bostonian lady's order for a saxophone *rapsodie:* "The Americans are proverbially tenacious. The saxophone lady landed in Paris eight or ten days ago and is inquiring about her piece. Of course, I assured her that, with the exception of Rameses II, it is the only subject that occupies my thoughts." It wasn't finished at his death.

He did, however, for practical reasons collaborate on a ballet, the scenario and choreography by Nijinsky, when he had no respect for the dancer as a producer. After the ballet on his music *L'apres-midi d'Un Faune*, he wrote:

"Nijinsky's perverse genius is entirely devoted to peculiar mathematical processes. The man adds up demi-semi-quavers with his feet and proves the result with his arms. Then, as if suddenly stricken with partial paralysis, he stands listening to the music with a most baleful eye . . . It is ugly."

Debussy's royalties were less than fifty dollars a month when he was forty. To earn a living he had to do many things which he hated, such as teaching, playing the piano, conducting, being a music critic. He gave a piano lesson the morning of his wedding-day in order to pay for the wedding breakfast. He played *Tristan* and *Parsifal* on the piano for Paris society "for the same reason that a man carries a trunk—to earn a few coppers." In his own music he could make the piano sound as if it had no hammers, and that was exactly what he wanted.

His tours from London to Moscow conducting his own works were always distasteful. "Yes, in the beginning it's amusing to seek out the colors with the end of a little stick, but after a time it's like an exhibition and the greeting from the audience is not very different from the greeting a showman at a circus gets."

He concluded, finally: "I am not the composer to take my wares abroad. You are required to have the heroism of a traveling salesman."

Contemporary music was tending "more and more to play the part of a showman at the door of a booth behind which is displayed the sinister form of Mr. Nobody."

"The English," he decided, "have a merely official taste for music, the exigencies of which have, so far, been quite sufficiently met by Handel and Sullivan."

In Wagner's orchestration, he found "you can no longer distinguish the tone of a violin from that of a trombone." He proposed that street organs be manufactured worthy of playing the *Ring*, and after hearing it in Covent Garden he spent an evening at the Empire Music Hall "as a reward for good behavior."

"Of Wagner's music," he concluded, "some splendid ruins will remain, in whose shade our grandchildren will dream of the past greatness of a man who, had he been a little more human, would have been great for all time."

His own music, he reported, was "hissed by people blowing through keys that are properly domestic instruments, unsuitable as weapons of warfare."

He would have preferred the method used by butcher-boys of whistling through their fingers. But he did not hold a grudge, for "it is logical that I should displease people who are so devoted to one musical method that they remain faithfully blind to its wrinkles or cosmetics."

Personally he liked the very old music: "The art has a past whose ashes are worth stirring for within them lingers that unquenchable flame to which the present will always owe something of its radiance. Music is the sum total of scattered forces. I prefer the simple notes of an Egyptian shepherd's pipe; for he collaborates with the landscape and hears harmonies unknown to treatises. To hear the sun rise is more profitable than to hear the *Pastoral Symphony*."

Debussy heard music best when he was alone in the ancient forests near Paris. He did not like to be a wine-taster, nor did he want to pull it to pieces and be forced to stick his aesthetic nose in places where it had no business.

Perhaps the most exciting facts known about Debussy's life concern his relations to women. As a young student, he was in the employ of Madame von Meck, Tchaikovsky's *Beloved Friend*.

He taught her children, played four handed pieces with her, fell in love with her daughter, Sophie, whom he asked to marry. This failing, he was shortly in love with a beautiful and accomplished singer, the wife of an architect much older than himself. Debussy lived in their home, which provided him with the intellectual background he so desired and never had. He remained the friend of the husband who, if he knew that his wife was Debussy's mistress, overlooked it.

The composer of *Pelleàs* is described by André Suarés as "tall and neither robust nor delicate. He was well-covered, not to say stout, the lines of his figure all merging into each other. His beard was soft and silky, his hair thick and curly.

"His features were full, his cheeks plump. He had a bantering manner, but beneath there was a subtle shrewdness.

"He was an ironic and sensual figure, melancholy and voluptuous. His complexion was of a warm amber brown. Highly strung, he was master of his nerves, though not of his emotions—which must have affected him profoundly, especially as he tried to conceal them. In love's retreat and night's inveigling sweetness he must have known some passionate hours."

His companions included Gaby, whom gossips said he met "in some frivolous place," a young singer, a society woman, and finally his first wife, who was to shoot herself when he abandoned her five years later to live with the wife of a prominent financier, formerly the mistress of Gabriel Fauré.

Debussy, like Wagner, could not resist sensual pleasure. According to Lockspeiser, "In their dealings with women there was something of the difference between the gorging Tristan and the more hesitant Pelleàs."

★ ★ ★ ★

Pelleàs remains Debussy's greatest work. It is a setting so appropriate that to say the composer and the poet were perfectly matched is an understatement. It simply could not have been done in any other way. In it Debussy realized his ideal of the maximum of expression with the minimum of means. For the opera's supreme moment, when the lovers find themselves in each other and the world disappears for them, any other composer would have reserved his most insinuating music, but Debussy, at this point, writes no music at all. Pelleàs says, "*Je t'aime*" and Melisande answers in a low voice, "*Je t'aime aussi*," and that is all. These words stab the heart as no other love-duet in the whole range of opera.

It is pointless to enumerate Debussy's countless other strokes of genius, to describe his technical innovations, his suspension of chords in space, his powers of evocation. It is sufficient to know that he did not believe in the omnipotence of the eternal *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, that he put on paper music that hitherto had only been dreamed of. To hear his music is to know that what he had to say was worth saying, and that whatever the causes of the early decline of his powers, he never faltered in his belief that "discipline must be sought in freedom, and not within the formulas of an outworn philosophy only fit for the feebleminded."

He was true to himself and practised as he preached: "Give ear to no man's counsel, but listen to the wind which tells in passing the history of the world." —CARLETON SMITH

KAINGNIZINIA

TEN SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE ESKIMO: A PORTFOLIO OF NATIVE ART

KAINGNIZINIA was dying. Once he had been a mighty hunter, a wealthy trader, and a power in the Eskimo village of Kingegan at Cape Prince of Wales, westernmost point of the Alaskan mainland. He was seventy, when I arrived to assume the post of government school teacher.

He, who had once been the lustiest of the virile tribe that for centuries has fought for and controlled the trade of Bering Strait, now spent his days dozing in his igloo, dreaming of the past.

There I first met him, and from him learned something of the traditions of the Kingekmiu. Once I asked him to describe a ribbon seal, and taking a pencil from my hand, he sketched the animal in amazing detail. He sketched not with short, tentative lines, but with dots. Later, I learned he had never drawn pictures before, but in his younger days had been a skillful carver of ivory. He carried over to his drawing the sculptor's knowledge that once a line is carved it cannot be erased.

"Kaingnizinia," I said, "you are the wisest of the men of Wales, and know most about the 'old men's days.' Here are pencils, paper, a brush and colors. Draw pictures for me so that I may know of the old men's days too. Will you do this for me? Will you draw the pictures?"

And Kaingnizinia replied: "I don't know—maybe."

That is the Eskimo way of being modest. "I don't know—maybe" sounds noncommittal. Only when one learns to know the Eskimo can one translate the phrase correctly. What Kaingnizinia was saying was this:

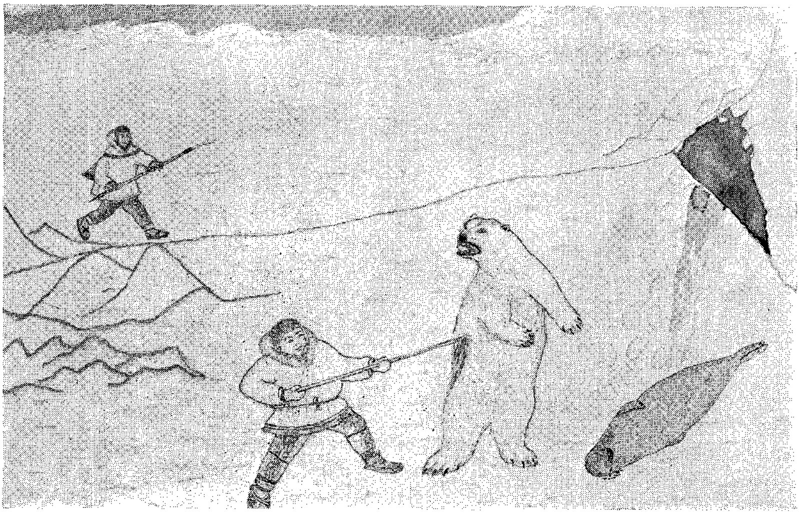
"Well, I will do my best. I will try to draw pictures; but I don't know whether they will be good enough for you. Maybe they will—maybe not."

And so through the winter while Kaingnizinia wasted away to skin and bones, he lived again the days of his youth. He died the next fall.

Here are some of the pictures he drew. I have lived long enough among Eskimos to know these sketches are accurate to the smallest detail. The Editors of CORONET liked them too, and asked me to explain them.

And like Kaingnizinia, I replied:

"I don't know—maybe."



The proudest moment of Kaingnizinia's youth—as it was of all Eskimo youths—was the day on which he killed his first polar bear. When the boy dragged its carcass back to the family igloo, he was hailed as a man. Then he was privileged to court the village belles openly.

Kaingnizinia had been hunting with his father Mazonna along the edge of the ice pack, and had hid behind the ice hummocks near a water hole to watch for seals. The picture shows them wearing their reindeer fur "parkas"—shirtlike coats with the hair inside, and ruffs of polar bear cub fur.

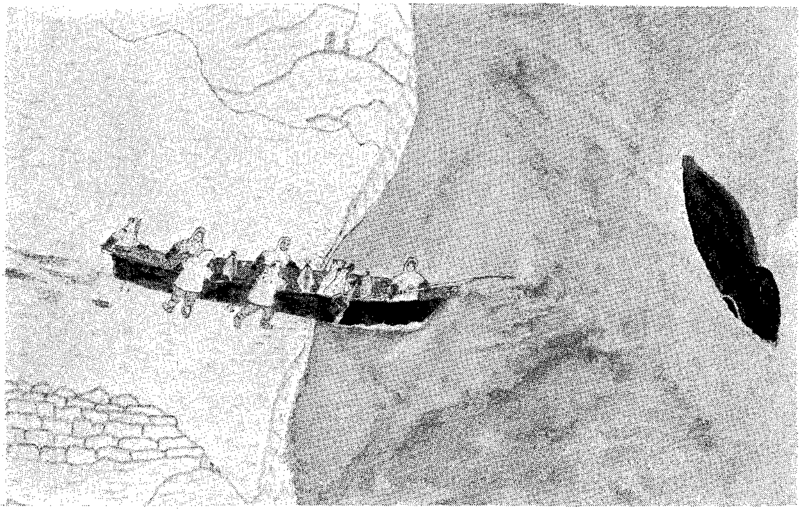
On their feet are "mukluks"—high boots made of sealskin, with crossed sealskin lacings.

As Kaingnizinia watched, a polar bear crawled to the breathing hole, speared a seal with a swipe of his claws and started to drag his quarry past the hummock where the young hunter was hiding. Kaingnizinia sprang out and plunged his spear into the bear's heart. The animal has reared up on his hind legs roaring with rage.

Mazonna, harpoon in hand, comes running to help if needed. But the boy's aim is accurate. The bear falls dead.

Lucky for Kaingnizinia! A bear and a seal at one spear thrust. That night, Mazonna boasted at the council meeting of his son's prowess.

Hunting the black whale is, to Kaingnizinia, the most exciting sport

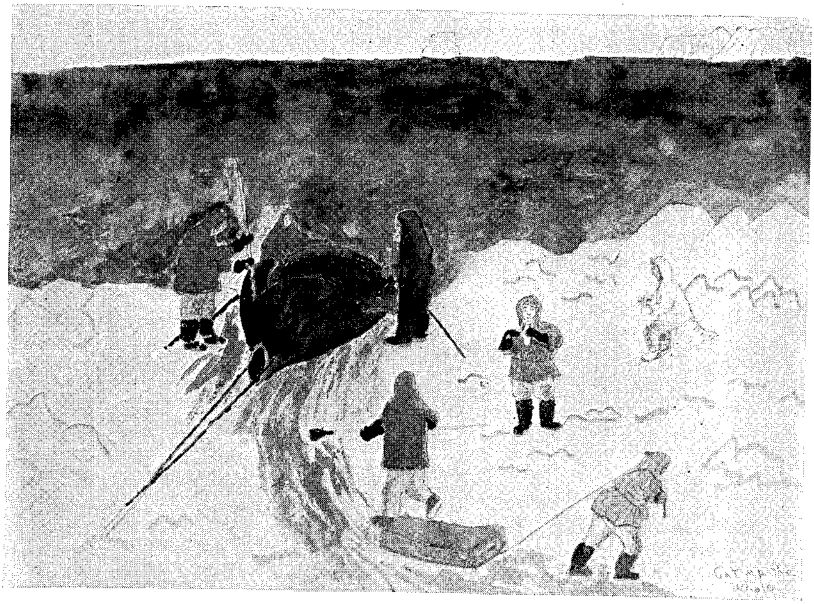


of all. Whales migrate northward through the narrow Bering Strait as soon as the ice starts breaking up about the middle of May.

Whaling is done by perfectly drilled crews of eight in walrus skin boats, or "oomiaks." The Eskimos in this crew are wearing waterproof over-parkas, made of translucent strips of walrus intestines sewed together vertically. The elbow length sealskin mittens are also waterproof. This crew has been waiting in ambush behind the wall of snow blocks seen in the lower left corner. The little pieces of ice stuck up along the water edge will mark the landing spot where the crew is to return. A whale is gliding by, blowing steam from the top of its head. Just a bit of its long curving mouth is visible above the water.

The launching of the oomiak is a rapid process, each man vaulting into place and starting to paddle the instant he reaches the edge of the ice.

The harpooner grasps the whale harpoon, to which is attached a long walrus hide rope. Should the whale "sound" after being hit, three inflated sealskin bags, or "pokes," attached to the end of the line serve as buoys to mark its location. As soon as the crew sights the pokes, they attempt to retrieve the line. Then, if they are successful, there begins a wild ride in a frail skin boat through flying spray, behind a gigantic steed gone berserk with pain and rage. Sometimes the ride lasts for forty-eight hours and covers many miles.

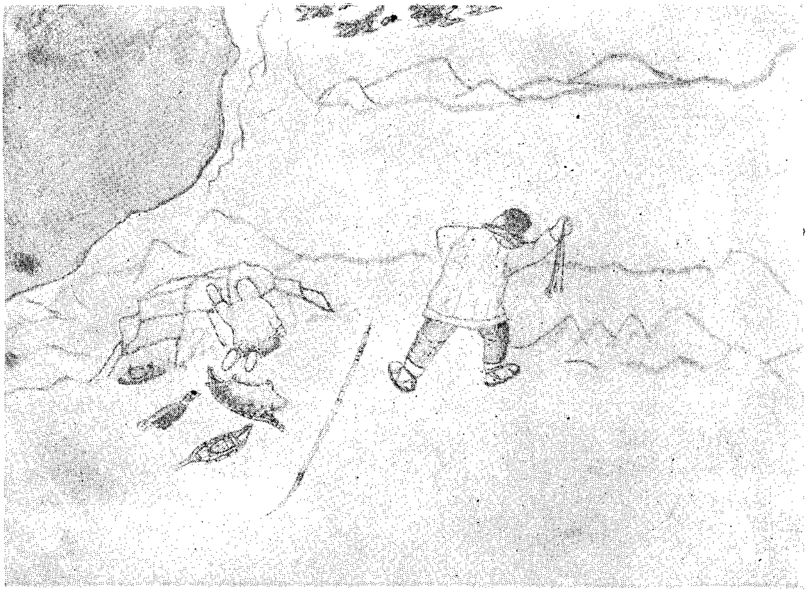


Once the whale is captured and towed ashore, the real climax of the hunt comes with the butchering. This whale was so heavy that not even the combined strength of all the villagers could pull it up on the ice. (Some black whales weigh as much as fifty tons.) The whalers have dragged it out of the water as far as possible, and anchored the thick walrus hide tow rope.

In the upper right-hand corner, Kaingnizinia has shown the Diomede Islands in the middle of Bering Strait.

The Eskimo butchers wear their waterproof gut parkas to protect their fur garments from blood and oil. One of the gut parkas is made with the strips of intestine sewed horizontally instead of vertically.

The butchers have already removed the tail, and now with special long handled knives are peeling off huge slabs of "muktuk." (Muktuk is the Eskimo term for the half-inch of black skin with about eight inches of blubber attached.) As the sections above water are cut off, they are dragged over the snow to the village leaving a bloodstained trail. The natural buoyancy of the whale causes the lightened carcass to rise in the water and en-

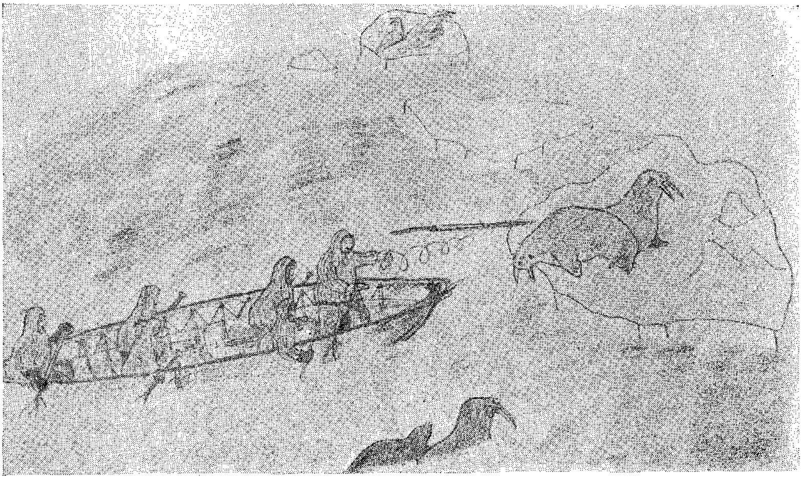


ables the crew to pull it bit by bit ashore. Two of the crew are shown eating slices of raw muktuk. It is regarded as a great delicacy by the Eskimos. Even white men living in the arctic find it palatable.

As more clear water opens up in the spring great flocks of water fowl fly northward, skimming low over the open channels in the ice field. Sometimes they take a short cut across the ice from one channel to another.

Here the hunters hide in ambush behind a blind of snow blocks, to watch for either seals or ducks. On the ground is an eider duck, two sealskin hunting bags, a pair of small, sturdy snowshoes, and a seal harpoon. When a flock of ducks flies close a hunter springs up. In his hand he holds a multiple sling made of bullet-shaped pieces of walrus jaw bone attached by cords of sinew to a tuft of feathers. By whirling these around, he can throw them fast and high into the flock—spectacled eiders in this case.

If the contraption comes in contact with a fowl, the force of flight causes the pellets to whirl around the bird's wing, entangling it and bringing it down to be retrieved and killed.



Although whale hunting is the most exciting sport, walrus hunting is the most important.

These animals often weigh more than a ton—a ton of material that is *all* usable. The meat itself is the staple food supply of the Kingekmiu. Oil rendered from the thick layer of fat or blubber under the hide provides heat, light, food, and even oil baths.

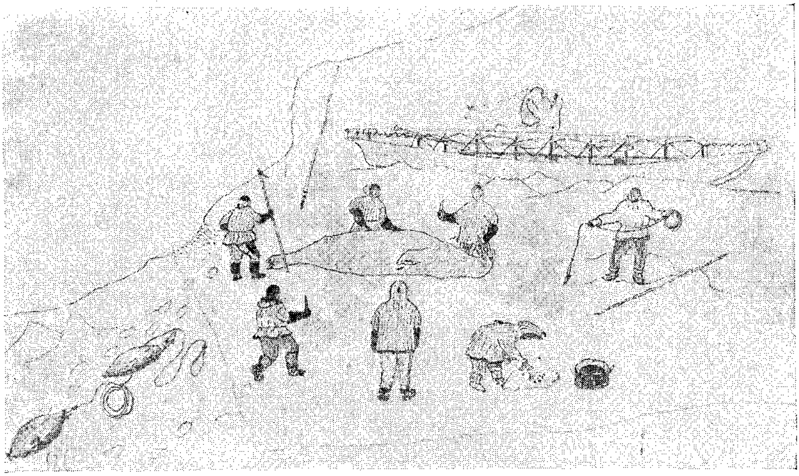
Walrus hides form the covering for the large oomiaks—three large bull hides will cover a forty-foot skin boat.

The large ivory tusks bring good prices from the teachers, or can be carved into tools and art work for sale. Even the jaw bone and teeth, the hardest portions of the animal, provide good material for making tools. The bladder stretched over a hoop, forms a drum for the pantomime dances which carry down the tribal history. Even the contents of the walrus' stomach, usually semi-digested clams, are considered a delicacy.

Again in oomiaks, the crew paddles among the drifting ice cakes until they spot a herd of walrus asleep on the ice.

The men paddle very quietly but swiftly, close enough for the harpooner to hurl his weapon, which is attached to a coil of seal rawhide.

In the foreground is a mother walrus carrying her baby on her broad back.

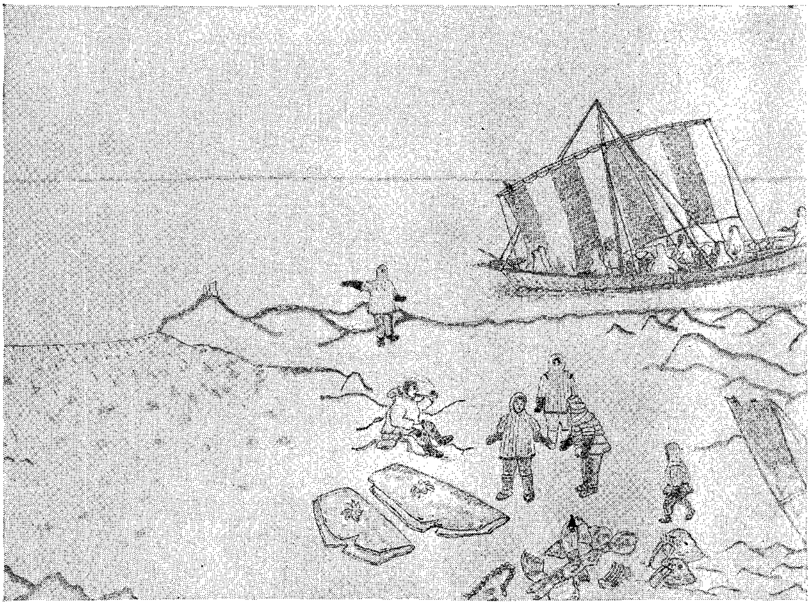


After a walrus has been killed out in the open water, it is towed to the closest large ice cake for butchering. The inflated seal pokes shown in the lower left-hand corner have been used to keep the animal afloat. To make it easier to haul the animal out of the water, the Eskimos have chipped a runway across the high edge of the ice cake, using the long-handled ice chisel left standing in the snow.

A hole has been slit in the walrus' flipper through which the Eskimo at the left has inserted his ivory boat hook while dragging the animal onto the ice. Two of the hunters are beginning the butchering. One is making an incision in the belly to remove the hide. Another is about to cut off the head. A third is coiling up the harpoon line with the harpoon point attached. The hole below the flipper shows where the walrus was hit.

The detail of the oomiak is quite perfect, with the paddles sticking through the proper places. Kaingnizinia has shown how the skin is stretched over the side and laced to the framework. On the far side of the oomiak one of the hunters is blowing out a walrus-gut rain parka before donning it to keep the blood off his caribou skin parka. Another is cutting up dried meat from the wooden bowl, using a woman's semi-circular knife, called an "ooloo."

Now that the hunt has ended successfully, they can take time off for lunch.



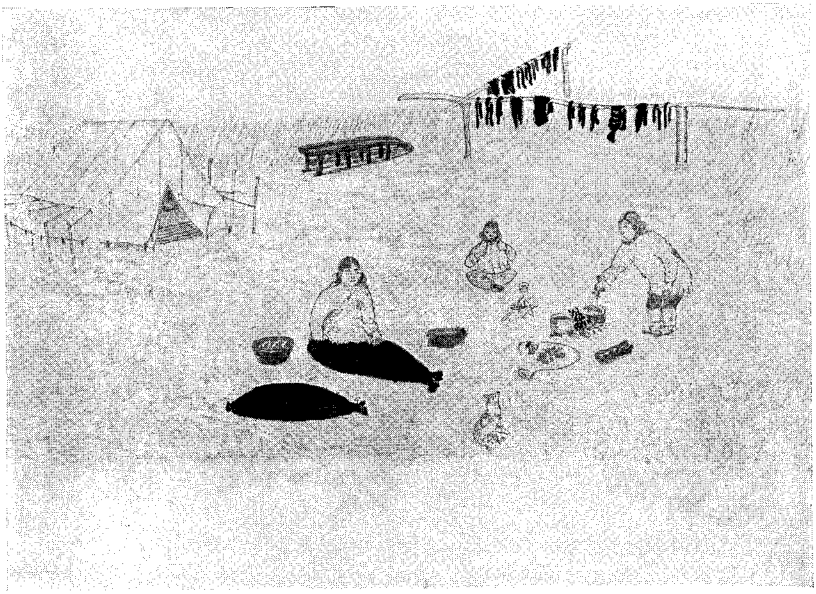
Two walrus have been cut up—one larger than the other as indicated by the size of the hides and heads.

On the hides, which still have a three-inch layer of blubber attached, are the livers. They have been serrated, to cut all the veins, and rinsed in salt water to remove all traces of blood. Later the livers will be cut into small pieces, and fermented until very sour, to make delicious Eskimo pickles.

The rest of the meat shown consists of: four flippers, a piece of back meat with the ribs attached, and an intestine scraped clean and made into a chain for ease in handling.

Kaingnizinia pictures himself as the boy watching the two men standing in the foreground discussing the division of the various parts of the walrus among the members of the crew. Another hunter sits on his waterproof parka while he enjoys an Eskimo pipe. Still another is showing the crew of a passing oomiak where the walrus herd probably has gone.

The sail of the oomiak is made of woven grass, with alternate strips dyed for decoration. This grass was obtained from the swamps along the edge of the lagoons in the summer time. Nowadays, canvas sails are used.



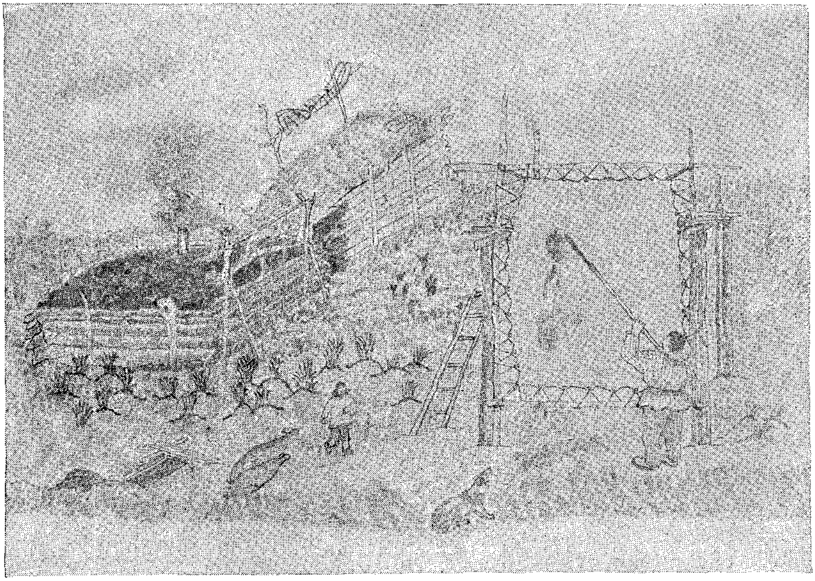
The Kingekmiu have adopted few modern devices, but even when Kaingnizinia was a boy, the tribe had begun to use canvas tents for portable summer living quarters.

In this summer scene the women are canning meat—Eskimo style. Some strips of walrus or oogruk are shown in the background, hanging on the poles to dry. (The oogruk resembles the sea lion.)

When dried, the meat is cut into small pieces with the chief kitchen utensil of the Eskimo, the ooloo. A whale shoulder blade, shown in front of the fire, is used as a cutting board on which the meat may conveniently be sliced.

Beside the fire are two wooden pots of blubber fat which the woman is stirring with heated bones to render the oil. The chopped meat mixed with the oil is stuffed into a sealskin bag or "poke," by the woman with her arm bared to keep her parka from getting greasy. When full, the bag is sewed up and stored away for special feasts or emergencies. It can be kept for years, the contents improving with age, like some old cheese.

In the background is a dog sled, overturned as it is not now in use.

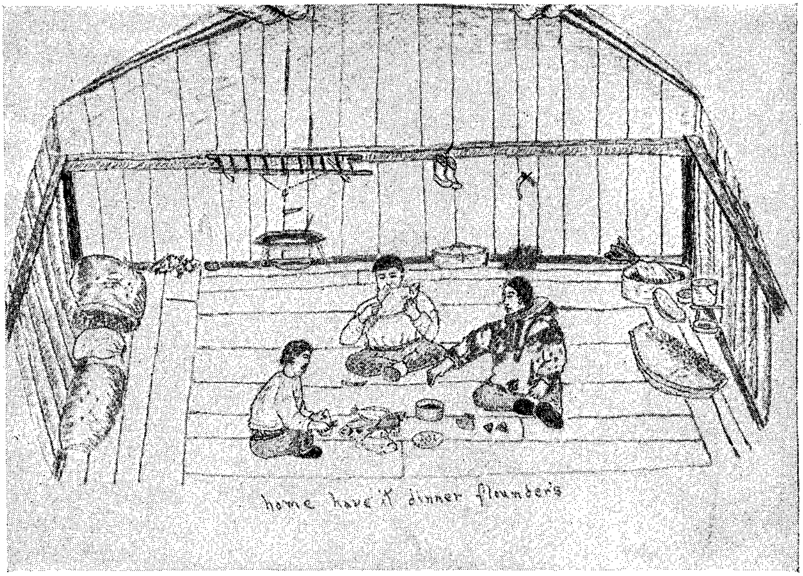


Above is an Eskimo igloo in the summer. It is lined with logs and covered with strips of sod, held in place with whale rib bones. The entrance is at the far end, leading through a tunnel to the main room, which has a skylight made of strips of walrus intestines sewed together. There is also a skylight in the top of the tunnel. To the left of the entrance is a crude fireplace for heating dog food. A dog sled is suspended above the roof to keep the dogs from eating the rawhide lashing.

Seen below the igloo is a cistern-like meat pit filled so full of meat that the juices come to the top. It will be covered with sticks and then dirt, so that the meat will be protected while it ferments. Some pits are famous for the distinctive flavors they produce, like certain cheese caves. Beside the pit are two seal pokes filled with meat.

On the cache frame is stretched a walrus hide that has been soaked in urine until the hair will slip. The man is scraping the hair and epidermis from the hide.

A calico dog is watching the scraping process. These dogs are a strain developed by many cross breedings to produce a vari-colored mottled coat, a type highly prized by Eskimos.


home have it dinner flounder's

Kaingnizinia and his mother and father are eating a meal of frozen flounders inside their home. Frozen raw, the fins, bones, head, and all crunch up easily, so that the entire fish is eaten. However, as frozen fish are somewhat flavorless, his mother is dipping her fingers into a bowl of blubber oil which serves as a condiment. Also, there is a little dish of leaves or berries that have been preserved in seal oil. His mother wears a spotted reindeer fur parka.

The floor of the igloo is of driftwood slabs, hewn flat. Because the family has to sleep, eat, and work in this one room, and sometimes will include as many as twelve members, there is no space for furniture.

Around the wall are: two rolls of reindeer fur to be spread out for beds; a sack of eider-down feathers for a pillow; a burning seal-oil lamp, with a rack for suspending kettles over it; a man's tool box, with a pair of mukluks and an adze hanging above; a walrus flipper thawing out in a wooden bowl; several wooden utensils; and a seal hide with the blubber still attached. In such a home Kaingnizinia lived and drew these pictures.

—WILLIAM ALBEE

NOTHING that we have ever done has provoked so much protest as our action in accepting advertising. Hardly had the October issue had time to reach the subscribers before we began to be barraged with pleas to reconsider. One letter, typical of many, expressed the general disappointment this way. "We have not felt that CORONET was only a magazine but rather that it was a lasting addition to our library, worthy of a permanent place on our shelves along with our most cherished books. We were passive in reading the discussion about the possibility of including advertising, but now, greeting it in print, we are aroused to record our feeling that advertisements are as out of place in our copies of CORONET as they would be in, say, our set of Shakespeare. May we hope that, if enough people feel as we do, the ads will be removed in the near future? After all, you were not afraid to reverse yourselves once before, when you found out how the *actual* majority of your readers *really* felt about the abolition of the nudes. Here's another chance to show how big a little magazine can be!" Or, as another reader put it for a great many more: "Money talks, in cases of this kind, so I don't suppose I've got a chance to make my small voice heard above the jingle of the almighty advertising dollars. But I only want you to know that I for one would gladly pay twice as much per copy if that were the only way by which I could get my CORONET 'straight'."

Need we go on? These two letters tell, as well as two thousand, how the advent of advertising was protested by the CORONET audience. Unhappily, advertisements for this issue had already been accepted before the October issue reached its readers. Happily, however, CORONET does not depend upon advertisers for its continued existence, though it does, obviously, depend upon its readers. Let theirs, then, be the deciding word. Almost four thousand, so far, have spoken up out of four hundred thousand. But so unmistakably have they registered their opinions that we do not quibble about accepting their will as that of the overwhelming majority. Next month, therefore, we will revert to our former policy. The December issue will carry no advertising.

★ ★ ★

NOW that you've settled that, maybe you'll decide something else for us. Do you want us to continue the service of supplying salon-size contact prints, matted for framing, of the CORONET photographs at $1 each? We've carried that service for some months now and we'll go on with it if you want it, although it's a mighty nuisance in the eyes of the bookkeeping department. Who cares about that?

★ ★ ★

The new issue of CORONET appears on the newsstands on the 25th of each month.

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for
NOVEMBER
1937

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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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